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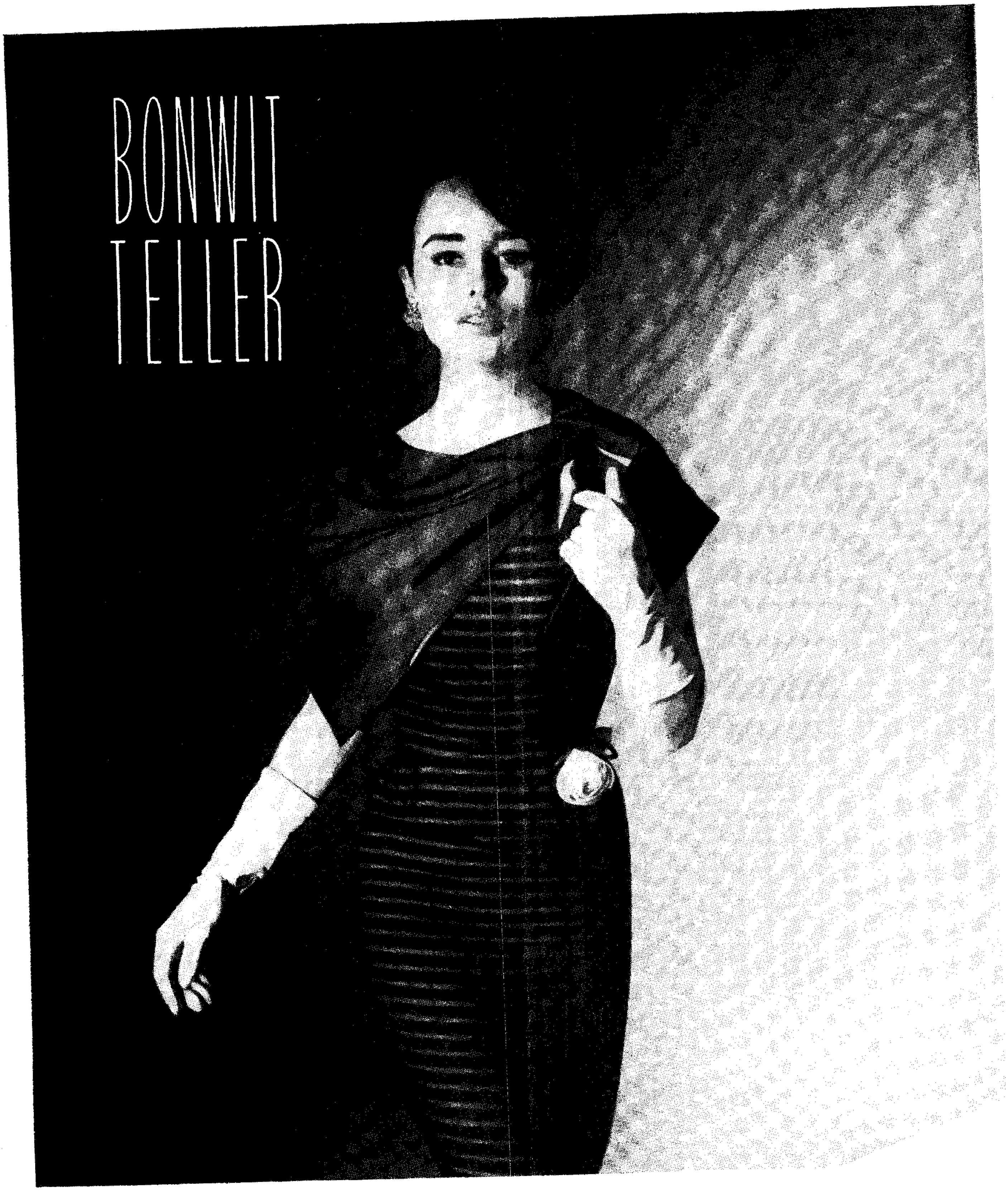

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Aspern Papers—Michael Redgrave's adaptation of the Henry James tale about a publisher in pursuit of some elusive documents of a deceased American literary light. It may be attenuated, but it has excellent performers, such as Maurice Evans, Françoise Rosay, Augusta Merighi, Jen Nelson, Clifford David, and a particularly glowing star, Wendy Hiller. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Gideon—This Paddy Chayefsky drama about the way things were when God was making a famous warrior out of the celebrated Old Testament herdsman is intermittently entertaining, and Fredric March and Douglas Campbell do well by the central roles. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A Gift of Time—Henry Fonda turns in a highly capable performance as a writer doomed by an incurable cancer, but the play itself, adapted by Garson Kanin from a book by Lael Tucker Wertenbaker describing the details of her husband's death, is not as moving as the theme might lead you to expect. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

A Man for All Seasons—An English drama, by Robert Bolt, that is far and away the best play around. Witty, literate, and captivating, it outlines some high points in the career of the sixteenth-century Roman Catholic martyr Sir Thomas More, who, as played by Paul Scofield, is an enormously interesting character. George Rose, Thomas Gomez, Albert Dekker, William Redfield, Keith Baxter, and David J. Stewart are of great help in the cast. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Night of the Iguana—Tennessee Williams occasionally gets in some telling dramatic licks in this play about a clutch of queer people holed up in a fleabag on the west coast of Mexico, but it is for the most part fragmentary and aimless. Margaret Leighton, Patrick O'Neal, Shelley Winters, and Alan Webb head the able cast. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Passage to India—A dramatization by Santha Rama Rau of E. M. Forster's masterpiece dealing with the difficulties that the Indians and British had in establishing empathy with each other back in the early part of the century. Not up to the original, but an interesting play for all that. Eric Portman, Gladys Cooper, Zia Mohyeddin, and Anne Meacham, who take the leading roles, are all splendid. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Purlie Victorious—Some of the scenes and lines in this farce about a Negro preacher who changes the old rules on the old plantation are uproarious, and some are a bit heavy-handed. Ossie Davis, who wrote the play, appears in it as the preacher, and Ruby Dee and Godfrey M. Cambridge are very funny indeed in subsidiary roles. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

ss—John Mills does a good job of portraying awrence of Arabia from his days of triumph the desert to the period when he was a ble airman, but the Terence Rattigan , despite some effective scenes, never esolves the puzzle of Lawrence's per- (Hudson, 44th St., E. JU 6-2237. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21

A Shot in the Dark—Harry Kurnitz's adaptation of Marcel Achard's "L'Idiote," which turns on the question of who murdered a Spanish chauffeur during a moment of dalliance with a steamy maid. The scene is the chambers of an examining magistrate in Paris, and while the question-and-answer business has a lulling effect at times, Julie Harris (the maid), William Shatner (the magistrate), and Walter Matthau and Louise Troy (Miss Harris's employers) are pretty droll when they get a chance. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sunday in New York—A lot of useless palaver (should a girl remain virginal and scare off the boys, or surrender and lose her self-respect?) mars the first act of this play by Norman Krasna, but in the second act things improve for about a quarter of an hour, when mistaken identity is introduced, with some wild consequences. Pat Stanley, Robert Redford, Conrad Janis, and Sondra Lee are among those present at the debate. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

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Take Her, She's Mine—This comedy, by Phoebe and Henry Ephron, about the agitation of a West Coast father who doesn't quite know what his daughter is up to at an Eastern college, and suspects the worst, is as fragile as standard television stuff, but Art Carney and Elizabeth Ashley are attractive as the father and daughter. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Thousand Clowns—Jason Robards, Jr., as a fugitive from Madison Avenue who finds that he may have to go back to the cave of the winds in order to convince some doubtful social workers of his capacity to serve as guardian of a beloved twelve-year-old nephew. As written by Herb Gardner, this is a rather loose-hinged but funny enough affair, and fortunately has splendid performances by Mr. Robards, Sandy Dennis, Barry Gordon, A. Larry Haines, William Daniels, and Gene Saks. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Write Me a Murder—Frederick Knott's mystery drama gets a grip on the spectators' interest just often enough to be mildly diverting. James Donald, Kim Hunter, Denholm Elliott, Torin Thatcher, and Ethel Griffies turn in worthy performances. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, April 14.)

Long Runs—come blow your horn: A comedy about a couple of young men who prefer play to the work (making artificial fruit) that their father wants them to do. With Hal March, Joel Grey, Lou Jacobi, Pert Kelton, and Arlene Golonka. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.). . . **mary, mary:** Barbara Bel Geddes, Barry Nelson, Edward Mulhare, and John Cromwell are in this Jean Kerr comedy about an estranged couple trying to get back together. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

All American—Ray Bolger returns to town as a refugee professor who becomes the football coach of a Southern college. A disappointing show that is often strenuous when it should be lively, cynical when it could be sharp, and embarrassing when it tries to be titillating. Mr. Bolger does get a few chances, though, to display his unbeatable hoofing, and Jo Mielziner's sets are most impressive. The music, by Charles Strouse, and the lyrics, by Lee Adams, are pleasant enough. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying—Abe Burrows, Frank Loesser, and a couple of collaborators are responsible for this funny show about a young man determined to reach the top of the ladder in the business world. Robert Morse gives a galvanic performance as the ambitious youth, and Rudy Vallée is hilarious as the president of World Wide Wickets, Inc., a citadel of industry. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

I Can Get It for You Wholesale—Jerome Weidman has adapted his scathing, funny novel about the garment business into a musical that is just as scathing and funny. Harold Rome's songs are, with a couple of exceptions, tuneful, varied, and ebullient. The performances—singing, acting, and dancing—by all concerned are quite wonderful. Elliott Gould, Barbra Streisand, Harold Lang, and Lillian Roth head the cast. (Shubert, 44th St.,

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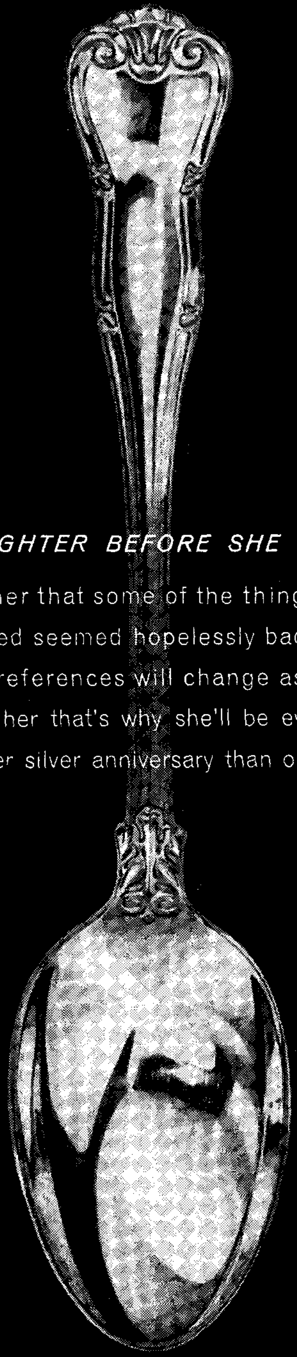

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Milk and Honey—Eight widows, all eager to take another plunge into matrimony, on the loose in Israel. Their adventures are hardly enthralling, but there is a lot of boisterous folk dancing by the natives. The book was written by Don Appell, and the music and lyrics—pleasantly rendered by a cast that includes Robert Weede, Mimi Benzell, and Molly Picon—are the work of Jerry Herman. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

No Strings—A show that affords every conceivable treat for ear and eye. The songs (lyrics, too) are by Richard Rodgers; the settings—Paris and various spots *au bord de la mer*—are by David Hays; and the choreography is by Joe Layton, who also handled the direction. The only flaw is in the book, by Samuel Taylor, which deals, in part, with the literary frustrations of an expatriate novelist. Richard Kiley, as the writer, and Diahann Carroll, as a Paris *Vogue* model, make an appealing pair of lovers. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, April 15.)

Subways Are for Sleeping—A soporific, concocted by Adolph Green and Betty Comden, and numbering Orson Bean, Phyllis Newman, Carol Lawrence, and Sydney Chaplin in its cast. The music, which isn't memorable, was composed by Jule Styne, and the sets, which are lively, were designed by Will Steven Armstrong. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**CAMELOT:** Julie Andrews plays Susanna, and William Squire and Robert Goulet are among the Elders. Patricia Bredin will succeed Miss Andrews on Monday, April 16. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **CARNIVAL:** Tent shows, jugglers, puppets, an embittered puppeteer, and a lovely waif. With Anna Maria Alberghetti, James Mitchell, Pierre Olaf, Jerry Orbach, Henry Lascoe, and Kaye Ballard. Susan Watson will replace Miss Alberghetti starting Friday, April 20. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **MY FAIR LADY:** Michael Evans and Margot Moser are the principals in this musical version of Shaw's "Pythagoras." (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. After Saturday, April 14, no performances until Wednesday evening, April 18, when the show will reopen at the Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St., CI 7-7992.). . . **THE SOUND OF MUSIC:** Martha Wright in a Rodgers and Hammerstein confection based on the escape of the famous Trapp family from Austria just after Hitler moved in. Donald Scott is Papa Trapp. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Venus at Large—A comedy by Henry Denker, starring David Wayne and William Prince. The producer is Joel Schenker, the director Rod Amateau. Opens Thursday, April 12. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, xcept Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night cur-
n at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and
rdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

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advisable.)

lbert & Sullivan Company—Final
of the season—"H.M.S. Pina-
y and Friday, April 12-13, at
April 14, at 2:30; and Saturday, April 21, at 8:30. . . . ¶ "The Mikado": Saturday, April 14, at 8:30; Sunday, April 15, at 1 and 5:30; and Friday and Saturday, April 20-21, at 2:30. . . . ¶ "The Gondoliers": Wednesday and Thursday, April 18-19, at 8:30, and Sunday, April 22, at 8:30. . . . ¶ "Iolanthe": Friday, April 20, at 8:30, and Sunday, April 22, at 2:30. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

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APA Repertory Company—A limited engagement of a three-play repertory by a very good company. The schedule through April 21: George M. Cohan's "The Tavern," Thursday and Friday, April 12-13, at 8:30, and Saturday, April 14, and Saturday, April 21, both at 7 and 10. . . . ¶ Sheridan's "The School for Scandal," Sunday, April 15, at 3 and 8, and Tuesday through Thursday, April 17-19, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Chekhov's "The Seagull," Friday, April 20, at 8:30. (Folksbiene Playhouse, 175 East Broadway. AL 4-2211.)

The Blacks—Jean Genêt's sometimes stunning, sometimes windy sleight-of-hand attempt to depict, in many-layered symbols, the agonies that lie between the Negroes and the whites of the world. The direction, by Gene Frankel, is not all it might be; the cast of thirteen, an all-Negro one, is better. A maddening, capricious, and indelible evening. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Brecht on Brecht—An assortment of scenes, songs, and other fragments from the works of Bertolt Brecht, selected by George Tabori, who also translated most of them. The six actors in the company—especially Lotte Lenya and George Voskovec—manage (with the help of the author) to generate quite a lot of excitement. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

A Chekhov Sketchbook—Joseph Buloff in three farces adapted from short stories by Chekhov. Mr. Buloff's comic style may be a little too broad for everyone's taste, but he certainly never misses a trick. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. MU 6-9630. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

The Connection—Jack Gelber's curious and compelling play about dope addiction and a number of other things. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Thursday and Friday at 8:30; Saturday at 7 and 10:30; and Sunday at 2:40 and 8:30. Closes Sunday, April 15.)

Dear Liar—Jerome Kilty and Cavada Humphrey in a revival of the two-character comedy adapted by Mr. Kilty from the correspondence of G. B. Shaw and Mrs. Patrick Campbell. (Theatre Marquee, 110 E. 59th St. PL 3-2575. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Thursdays at 2.)

Entertain a Ghost—A play by Louis Peterson. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

The Fantasticks—A pretty little musical comedy, by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, in which the whimsey is as thick as *that.* (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Fly Blackbird—A musical comedy whose theme is segregation but whose spirit is high and saucy. Avon Long, gray-haired now, is as sinuous and beguiling as he was as Sportin' Life a generation ago, and the other members of the almost all-Negro cast are attractive, too. C. Jackson and James Hatch collaborated on the music, book, and lyrics. (Mayfair Theatre, 235 W. 46th St. CI 7-6180. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

The Golden Apple—A revival of the John Latouche-Jerome Moross musical. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

The Hostage—A revival of Brendan Behan's rollicking comedy about an English soldier who is held captive in a Dublin lodging house and about everything else on earth. Geoff Garland leads the cast. (One Sheridan Square, between Sixth and Seventh Aves. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

King of the Whole Damn World!—George Panetta's musical treatment of his play "Comic Strip." The music and lyrics are by Robert Larimer, and Tom Pedi heads the cast. Previews Thursday and Friday, April 12-13, at 8:40. Opens officially on Saturday, April 14. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 4 and 8.)

Little Mary Sunshine—A satire on old operettas that is much too amiable to achieve a great deal in the way of parody but is good fun all the same. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-3951. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

The Long and the Short and the Tall—There are some lively moments in this rather familiar war play about a British patrol in Malaya, but you may find yourself several steps ahead of the action all the way. The actors, a troupe from Canada, are uniformly competent. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8:30.)

Man Out Loud, Girl Quiet—A comedy by William Herman. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Moon on a Rainbow Shawl—A good Negro cast headed by Vinnette Carroll and James Earl Jones lends spirit and dash to an essentially tame script about a group of Trinidadians on the move. The setting is a back yard in Port of Spain. (East Eleventh Street Theatre, 206 E. 11th St. SP 7-8383. Thursday and Friday at 8:40; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 3 and 8:40. Closes Sunday, April 15.)

Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad—A young playwright named Arthur Kopit, a young actress named Barbara Harris, and a veteran director named Jerome Robbins split the limelight in this disturbing farce about a man-eating mother, her spindly son, and a girl who tries to seduce him. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th

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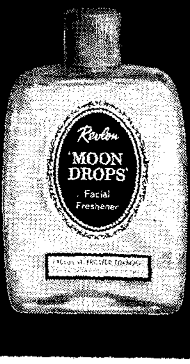
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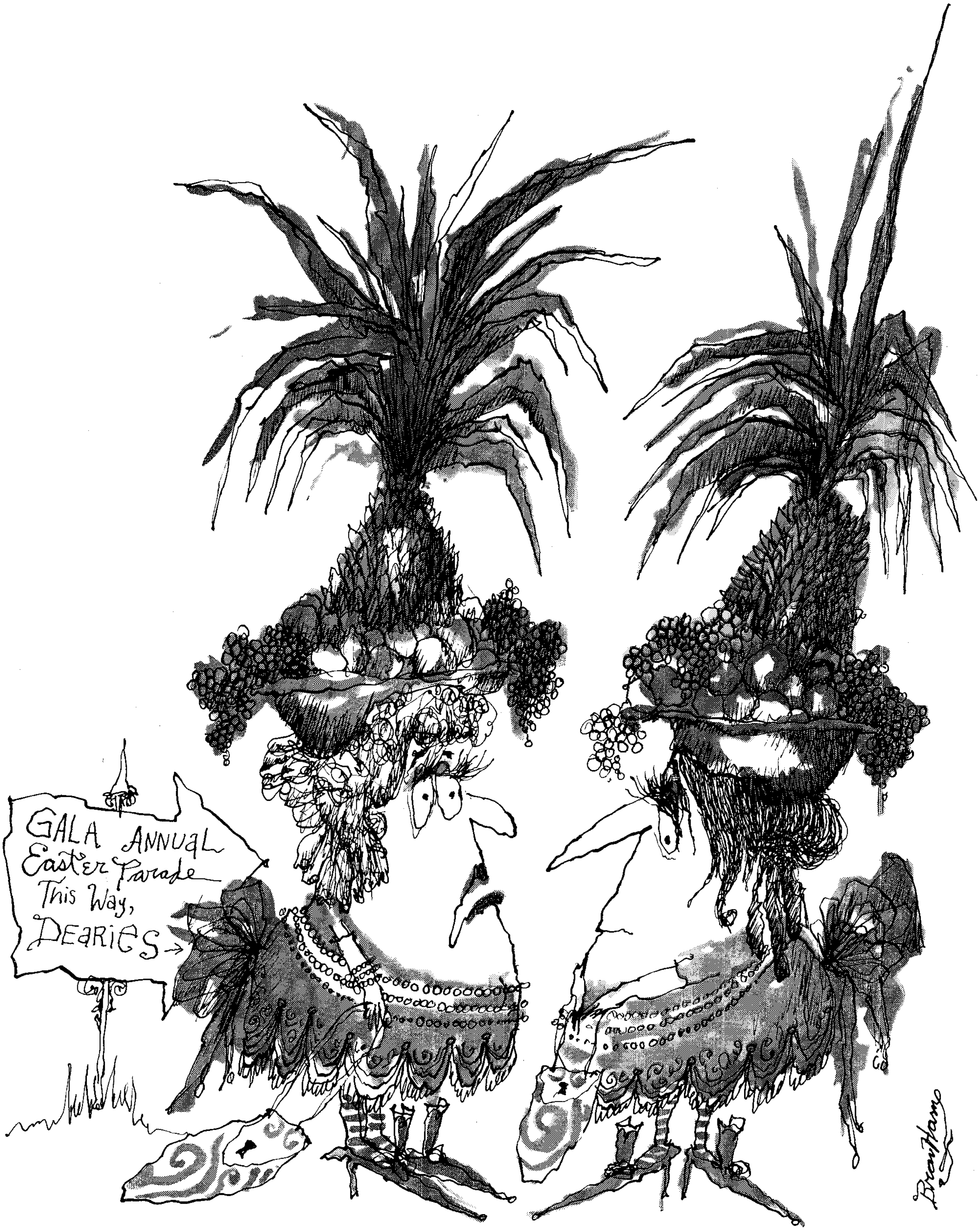


***"I can forgive you the bonnet, the baubles, the bag—
but the same Easter stockings? Never!"***

Never have trusted you, Eugenia. Not since you made off with my recipe for rutabaga soufflé. And now this! With all the marvelous new tinted stockings in the shops (blessings on thee, Du Pont Nylon!) you wear *my* color to the Easter Parade. Ah well, I suppose tints now belong to the world. Even you (have you gained weight, dear?) have finally realized that—**every fashion needs a stocking all its own!**

DU PONT

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Plays for Bleecker Street—Three new one-acters by Thornton Wilder: "Someone from Assisi," "Childhood," and "Infancy." "Childhood," in which a father makes a wish that he can be an invisible witness at his children's games and becomes a participant instead, is Mr. Wilder at his magical, almost best; and Dana Elcar, Susan Towers, Debbie Scott, and Philip Visco do him proud, as father and children, respectively. José Quintero is the director. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays at 9:30; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Red Roses for Me—Sean O'Casey's play. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8.)

Rosmersholm—A revival of Ibsen's play, translated by Carmel Ross and starring Donald Woods, Nancy Wickwire, Patrick Waddington, and Bramwell Fletcher. David Ross is the producer-director. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. AL 4-7954. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

This Side of Paradise—A charming adaptation of Fitzgerald's novel about youth and innocence and complexity and love on and off the Princeton campus. Herbert Berghof's direction is most inventive. Paul Roebling is Amory come to life, and Sydney Sloane, who did the adaptation, makes a bright and touching Rosalind. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

This Was Burlesque—A revival of the locally obsolete entertainment, starring Ann Corio as mistress of ceremonies and, in the next-to-closing spot, as nostalgic stripper. The girls are young, the routines are old, and the veteran comedians—Steve Mills, Charley Robinson, and Mac Dennison—are sometimes funny and sometimes just dirty. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 11:25. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Note—A revue without music, partly extemporaneous, always contemporaneous, and, in general, offhandedly diverting, is being presented at the Premise, 154 Bleecker St., a coffeehouse whose method of staging is as entertaining as its spoken words. (LF 3-5020.) The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 8 and 10:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo—Friday, April 13: "Les Sylphides," "The Comedians" (New York première), "Grand Pas Classique," Act II of "The Nutcracker," and "Gaîté Parisienne." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 14: "Swan Lake," "España" (New York première), and "Don Quixote Pas de Deux." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Evenings at 8:30.)

Ceylon National Dancers—Returning to New York for a single performance. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, April 14, at 8:30.)

Freda Miller Memorial Concert—A dance program performed by, among others, Paul Draper and the companies of Talley Beatty, Charles Weidman, and John Butler. A benefit for the Freda Miller Memorial Fund. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Monday, April 16, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—The animals march past two by two. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Mondays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 6:30. Matinées daily at 2. Through Sunday, May 13. The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around among the sideshows and the menagerie in the basement.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—Some people just can't seem to break themselves of the habit. Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra provide dance music for anyone who happens to get restless.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Cotillion Room is taking life easy these nights. The prescription is plenty of dance music by Stanley Melba's orchestra and Phil Wayne's trio, and a cheerful interlude—harmless and rather pretty prancing by Bill and Midge Haggett, very earnest arias by Betty Madigan—at dinner and supper during the week, only at dinner Sundays. Mondays are nights off for all hands and all feet. . . . ¶ The Café Pierre, from cocktails through supper, is a bustling spa in which Stanley Worth's minuscule group of musicians extends invitations to the dance all week long. An able substitute fills in on Mondays.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The new young lady in the Persian Room is Shani Wallis, who could pass—in style and attitude—for an American singer of ballads; only her nice, clipped British accent gives her away. Anyhow, she's handsome and lively, so what the hell? Emil Coleman's big dance band, which can lay great emphasis, and Mark Monte's set of eager beavers look after the customers' maneuvers. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Love-letter piano, by Kurt Maier, is performed every afternoon but Monday in the Palm Court from four to six-thirty and again in the Edwardian Room from seven-thirty to nine-thirty. . . . ¶ The pomp-and-circumstance Rendez-Vous is a playground for the small dance bands of Payson Ré and Nick D'Amico. Closed Mondays.

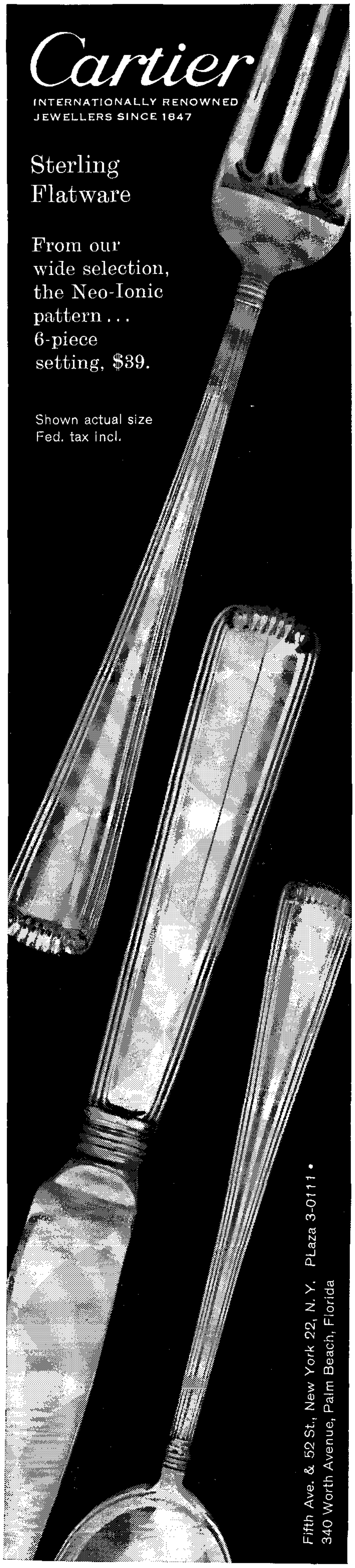
Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Lenny Herman's dance band is uncorking like Old Faithful in the Grill. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Health, wealth, and happiness (or maybe it's *wealth*, health, and happiness) are the basis of the impeccable Maisonette, whose stately walls ring to the whirligig breathings of Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba swizzlers when Georges Ulmer, a recent Danish import, isn't singing for his dinner and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the minute and adjoining La Boite, where dinner for two can seem like a state banquet, piano and violin think pleasant thoughts right through suppertime. Closed Sundays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—After eight-thirty, the noble Columns offers sailing along on Moonlight Bay (which in this case could easily be the Bay of Naples) to the dance music of Gunnar Hansen's circumspect orchestra. Sitting-down tunes between seven and prancing time, and no tunes at all on Sundays. . . . ¶ In the Savoy Room, a dim and glorified forest of rosewood trees, Ray Hartley's piano parses the phrases of our favorite arias in a grammar that is pleasurably his own. He's around from cocktails through supper every night but Sunday.

Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The tomorrow-we-fly set, which is definitely not open stock, infiltrates the Embassy Club (where, from eight-thirty to two, Lazaro Quintero's orchestra speaks with a Latin accent and Roger Steele's orchestra sounds just plain *norteamericano*), and the Knight Box (where Jani Sarkozi's violin begins a vigil at eight). Both arenas are closed on Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The speaker of the house known as the Empire Room (which will be shut down after Saturday, April 14, until Easter has run its course) is Alan King, whose recapitulation of current affairs—business as well as matters of the heart—often defies the conventions of the Broadway humorist's trade. Milt Shaw's and Emery Deutsch's orchestras



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

play on, play on for the guests' exercises. . . . ¶ Joan Bishop, modest violet, toys with Peacock Alley's piano every night but Sunday between five and twelve-thirty.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): Doctors, lawyers, merchant chiefs, and the rest of us sit shoulder to shoulder at bar and table. Budd Gregg plays piano after eight. Beware! Mondays are now Twist nights. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK**, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): This, the third of Mr. Hawkins' playgrounds for children, is providing its guests with the same fare as before: the romantic piano of Bob Printz from five-thirty to eight; the romantic piano of Wayne Sanders or Mr. Hawkins from eight until midnight; then busting-out-all-over double piano from Mr. S. and Mr. H. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): One end of the bower is presided over by a flourishing green bay tree, and the other by Cy Walter, who has an even-tempered clavichord at the tips of his eloquent fingers. His music is on tap at cocktails, dinner, and supper. Forrest Perrin is the Sunday and Monday handyman. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Puccini, Leoncavallo, and the rest of their mob dined here and wrote down tunes on the table cloth, which is now ensconced on the music rack. The principal boy is Aldo Bruschi, who doubles on piano, concertina, oboe, and basso profundo. The resolute little opera company goes through hell and high water, Italian sector, every night, and Mr. B.'s dance trio operates after ten Thursdays through Sundays. Closed Mondays. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): An almost incurable case of flamenco, done from the heart. Dancing for the customers, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Cast out the moat in the eye of the beholder as he crosses the drawbridge into this toyland, and you have an up-to-date restaurant, whose tables are circumnavigated by Norbert Faconi's Casanova violin. No music Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A companion piece to the Château Henri IV (q.v. *supra*) and, like it, decorated in a fashion that is full of the oddest bodkins. From throne room to pavilion and back again, a violinist and a pianist are steadily on the go. No music Sundays. . . . **WALLDORFKELLER**, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000): A hunting lodge in the Austrian Tyrol, staffed all evening by a chef who believes that calories can be fun, by a zither man who loves to pull strings, and (after ten) by Greta Keller, whose songs and manner are both *echt Wien*. Closed Sundays. . . . **MALMAISON**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Any number of three-hours-for-dinner clubs are apt to be in conference. To help the talk along, Jules Kuti plays conversational piano from five to eleven in the bar. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Midsummer nights in a long-lost but awfully happy Budapest, where silence is a vacuum abhorred not only by the singers (one is the feminine, feminine Lili France) but by the massed voicings of fiddles and zimbalons. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **LEFT BANK**, 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): In this small parlor, the minstrels, due at ten, are Andy Hamon, who lends a lush-life tenor to his ballads; the Cecil Young duo, which is likely to be bumptious; and the agile soprano named Dottie Reid. Until then, one may study the roguish gallery of art on the walls. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A seat of the mighty, and suitably upholstered. The Cinzano-with-lemon-peel is interlaced, between eight-thirty and maybe two, by George Feyer's pin-the-tail-on-the-donkey piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY**, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Somewhere within a forest of Moorish arches and columns is a piano that's casually stroked by Conrad Monjoy. In addition, on Fridays and Saturdays, Eddie Lane's trio plays for dancing from ten until one. Silence on Sundays. . . . **RITZ BAR**, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): On the quarter-deck of the ship-of-state bar in the Carlton House sits Victor del Monte, who placidly addresses his piano between cocktails and one in the morning. No music Sundays. . . . **VIENNESE LANTERN**, 242 E. 79th St. (TR 9-7760): A good deal of this particular Vienna is simply travelogue by people who couldn't fight their way out of a paper guidebook. Vicky Autier, though, is a bit of honest-to-goodness French allspice, and she sings like a *oiseau*. Closed Mondays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Appian as the day—or, rather, the night—is long. Up and down the Way wanders a stream of earnest violinists, trailed (at a respectful distance) by two accordionists. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the unassuming bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a sentimental gentleman, applies his piano to the London airs he brought over the ocean with him and to the tunes he's picked up in this country. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The eighth hill of a famous city on the Tiber. The music, which, like the cuisine, is wholly regional, comes from a closely knit group of melodists who operate from six until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The vast acreage embraced by the Casino-on-the-Park offers, between cocktails and supper, Steven Weltner's piano, a judicious mixture of sentiment and science. His night off is Sunday. . . . **LA ZAMBRA**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Hard-core but soft-pedal Madrid, which doesn't really come to life (i.e., guitar, piano, song, and flamenco footwork) until long after sunset. Closed Sundays. . . . **LIBORIO**, 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): No Spanish moss grows under the feet of the Andalusian singers and dancers who find their way to the tiny stage now and then. Between their eruptions, a piano muses in a corner. Saturdays and Sundays there's tea dancing from two to seven. . . . **CAFÉ PICARDIE**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Fasts can be broken here in elaborate surroundings from six in the evening until one, and often to the tune of Marty Berns' warmhearted piano. No music Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): A very small package, and a new one, whose purpose is to nourish the inner customer while piano and violin whisper at one another. Once in a while, Rita Dimitri, who gave up musical comedy to become a homebody, runs a duster casually across a stack of songs. Closed Mondays. . . . **STANHOPE GATE**, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Décor of the even-in-your-wildest-dreams sort is the major amusement of this cubbyhole bar, though there's also piano of sorts from nine-thirty to one every evening but Monday.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): *La dolce vita* in a climate so salubrious that the young ladies can go about in whatever they happen to have, or not have, on. They're in league, to an extent, with the Latin Quarter's customary display of excelling European variety acts—everything from a most comical pantomimist to an aerial ballet and the commanding Helen Traubel, who consents to do a couple of current ditties even though her heart belongs to Bayreuth. Dancing. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Saturday, April 14, is the jumping-off place for the McGuire Sisters, who break into close harmony at every opportunity, and Lenny Maxwell, another of those funnymen. On Monday, April 16, the all-powerful Peggy Lee will start a new series of song recitals. Closed Sundays.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Dick Gregory, a message center with an owlish, sort of sassy delivery, has firm opinions about everything, and pretty valid ones, too. . . . ¶ After ten, the lounge is devoted to the we're-all-friends-here soirées of Bobby Short, whose ballads and piano are full of abiding joy until dawn's early light. He stays home Saturdays so that he can do a Sunday matinée from five to eight. Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan are the valiant participants in his trio. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Julius Monk's newest report to the nation, the revue known as "Seven Come Eleven," covers a multitude of

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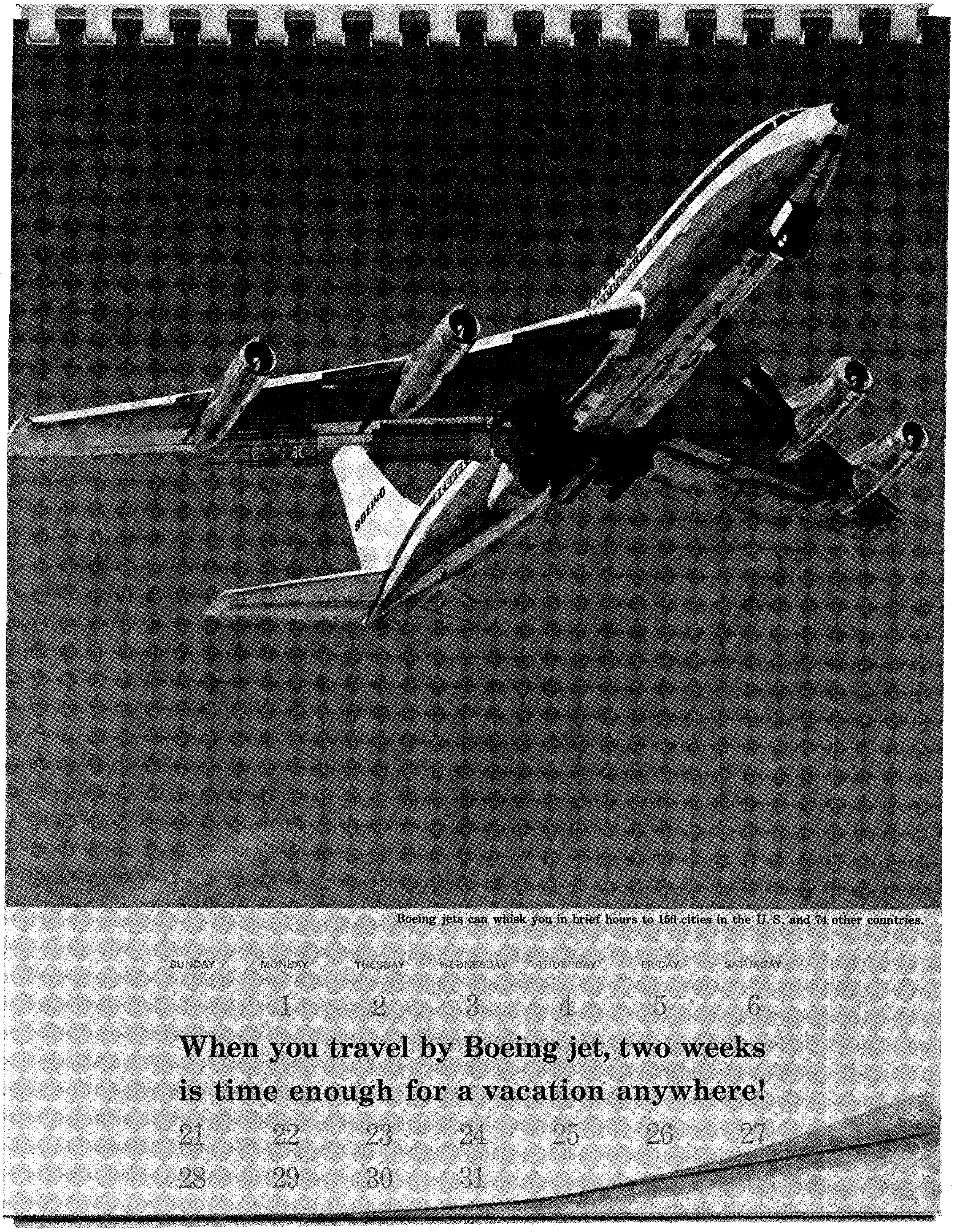
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

sins, human and inhuman, in the course of an extremely sly ninety-minute catechism. The leading narrators are Ceil Cabot and Mary Louise Wilson, both of them sharp as needles; their new and brisk aides are Rex Robbins, William Bogert, Donna Sanders, and Steve Roland. It goes on at nine-fifteen and midnight. William Roy and Carl Norman are the life-giving piano accompaniment. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): A smaller Monk revue happens twice a night, too, and three times on Fridays and Saturdays. The central heating is the work of a girl gazelle named Freddie Weber; the touch of Venus is the work of a doe named Lovelady Powell; the efficient male hustle-and-bustle comes from Jim Sheridan and Dick Riddle. Double piano is set forth by Robert Colston and Robert Milrad betweentimes, and this music begins around nine. Closed Sundays. . . . **STROLLERS THEATRE CLUB**, 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): The second folio of "Time, Gentlemen Please!," a splendidly mounted re-creation of Victorian London night life, mingles respect for tradition with the proper amount of archness. A perfect master of ceremonies, Fred Stone, is supported by a cast, all from London's Players Theatre, in which Sheila Bernette and Archie Harradine are exceptional. There are performances Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine; Fridays and Saturdays at eight-forty-five and eleven-forty-five; and Sundays at seven-thirty. In the bar, there is piano from seven until nine and from ten-thirty until closing. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Angel Mancheno, a proud little lighter-than-air missile, is the *premier danseur* of the squadron of Latins now in residence, and with good reason. The dancing of the customers, which is practically compulsory when Pupi Campo's band really warms up, is an extra dividend. The Sunday *thés dansants* defy both description and the law of gravity. . . . ¶ Off the bar is a retreat so tiny that thirty's a most matey crowd, and herein flamenco songs by José Moreno and flamenco guitar by Pedro Cortes thrive abundantly. . . . **SECOND CITY AT SQUARE EAST**, 15 W. 4th St. (AL 4-0480): The triumph of mind over matter of the gravest import is accomplished by a troupe of mimes (Eugene Troobnick, Lynda Segal, Andrew Duncan, Howard Alk, and—for the late shows—Barbara Harris and Alan Arkin) who are delegates at large representing Chicago's Second City, and their turn of wit is often supernal. They perform above and beyond the call of duty twice Tuesdays through Fridays; thrice on Saturday nights; and twice Sunday nights. The late shows Tuesdays through Thursdays are spur-of-the-moment. Mondays are their vanishing points. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): This old Village green is beginning to look more verdant now that some of its original cast is assembling again—to wit, Phyllis Diller, a humorous girl with all the fury of a woman scorned not only by life but (to judge from the intramural stories she tells) by herself; Isobel Robins, a troupial of high degree; and Tiger Haynes' Three Flames, in whose music madness lies. The one newcomer, Adam Keefe, is a monologuist still in training, but an individualist for all that. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): An old Condon alumnus, Tony Parenti, is running the quintet that's in residence. Sammy Price, who's on piano, is another Condon graduate. Mr. C. himself is now and then visible, and even audible. The Twist is done on Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Bill Rubenstein's trio, which is built around the pyrotechnics of his burgeoning piano, sometimes goes it alone, sometimes serves as consort to Carol Sloane, who sings out her modern ballads with huge enthusiasm and no nonsense. Lurking (and that's the word) in the wings is Lenny Bruce, commissioner of his own private department of public health, who is quite a talker now and will be quite a statesman if he ever grows up. The entire cast secedes on Sunday, April 15; the band of Miles Davis, whose attitude toward jazz is almost absentee ownership, will be among the arrivals on Tuesday, April 17. An extra session meets on Sundays from four-thirty to seven, but nothing doing Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Old Home Week is being run off by such nineteenth-century monuments as Danny Barker, Lee Blair, and Johnny Windhurst. Don Frye is the intermission pianist, and every Monday night he, Cecil Scott, and Zutty Singleton sign on to offer counterpoint to the other incumbents. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Wild Bill Davison's horn, a magnificent ordeal by fire, rouses his band (Vic Dickenson, Dick Wellstood, and Buster Bailey are three of its reliables) to the defense of music as it was in the beginning. Closed Mondays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Bill Evans, who plays piano in the trio behind the big old bar, finds the *mot juste* for every turn of phrase that makes up his modernist vernacular. Chuck Israel is his bassist. No sound on Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): The board of directors has voted an extra dividend—Jack Teagarden's band (tradition) and Dizzy Gillespie's group (taradiddle). It's payable through Thursday, April 19; next evening, Gene Krupa's platoon is due. Guests work this street on Sundays. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday nights, there's Twist music, and the tribal rites that go with it, upstairs in the haymow. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Slide Hampton's band (Swiss-watch movements) and Junior Mance's trio (joy of living) depart on Wednesday, April 18; next evening brings along Gerry Mulligan's group. Extra-curricular sessions Mondays, when the regulars cut out. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Clark Terry and Bob Brookmeyer, two mighty men-at-arms, have a quintet going in a log cabin that is definitely an outpost of civilization. They shut up shop on Sunday, April 15; on Tuesday, April 17, Stan Getz, who manages to be both stalwart and sentimental, arrives with his foursome. Closed Mondays. . . . **JAZZ GALLERY**, 80 St. Marks Pl., west of First Ave. (AL 4-4242): Sonny Rollins cuts magnificent freehand scrollwork whenever he solos with his quartet. James Moody's sextet does the rest of the music. There are, for those who are behind in their nightwork, extra sessions Sundays from four to seven. Mondays are for visiting musicians. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): A manual for the instruction of the young in the ways of traditional thinking and playing. On Friday and Saturday, April 13-14, the crew of instructors should include Buck Clayton, Tyree Glenn, Max Kaminsky, Zutty Singleton, Eddie Barefield, Dick Hyman, Garvin Bushell, Johnny Letman, and Panama Francis. Dancing. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): The music comes from the Modern Jazz Quartet, and no higher praise is possible. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): Roy Haynes' trio (off Mondays) and Roland Kirk's quartet (off Tuesdays) have the run of the place.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Yvonne Backus—Small abstract bronzes; through Saturday, April 21. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

Ernst Barlach (1870-1938)—A loan exhibition of sculptures and drawings by the German artist; through Friday, April 20. (St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

Thomas Blagden—Semi-abstract landscape paintings; through Saturday, April 21. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ralph Blakelock (1847-1919)—Paintings by Blakelock, supplemented by the works of such contemporaries as Albert P. Ryder and Louis Comfort Tiffany; through May 5. (Lewison, 50 E. 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Hans Boehler (1884-1961)—Late drawings by this Austrian-born artist; through April 30. (Artists', 853 Lexington Ave., at 65th St. Closed mornings.)

Emile Branchard—A loan showing of paintings by a now overlooked but talented American

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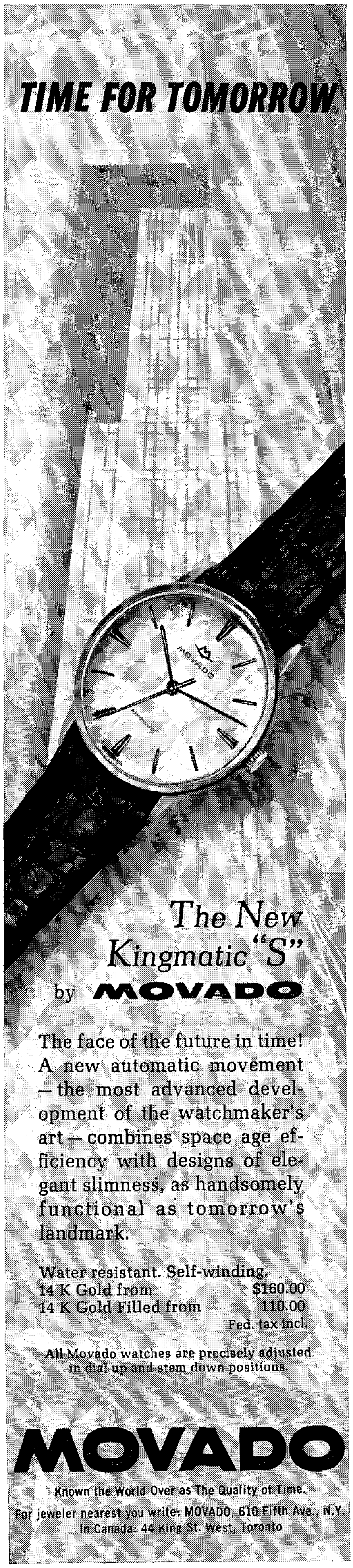

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

primitive artist; through Saturday, April 14. (Zabriskie, 36 E. 61st St.)

Lawrence Calcagno—Abstractions based on nature; through April 28. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alexander Calder—Mobiles and stabiles, impressively large in scale; through Saturday, April 21. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jean Chabaud—Abstractions by a young French artist; through April 28. (Thibaut, 799 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Nicolai Cikovsky—Landscapes, still-lifes, interiors, and figures; through Saturday, April 21. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

Carroll Cloar—Realist landscapes and figures; through Saturday, April 14. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

Alphaeus P. Cole—A retrospective show of oils, water colors, and drawings; through Saturday, April 14. (Roerich, 319 W. 107th St. Weekdays, 2 to 5.)

Leon Dabo (1868-1960)—A retrospective of paintings and drawings; through Saturday, April 21. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Horia Damian—Non-objective oils by a Rumanian painter; through Saturday, April 21. (Cordier & Warren, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Enrico Donati—Abstract paintings done in a mixture of sand and oil; through Saturday, April 21. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Max Ernst—Colorful, inventive new paintings and sculptures, marking the beginning of his seventy-second year; through April 28. (Iolas, 123 E. 55th St.)

Antonio Frasconi—Woodcuts and drawings on Bertolt Brecht; through Saturday, April 21. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

Estelle Goodman—Semi-abstract sculptures, mostly cast in bronze; through Saturday, April 14. (Selected Artists, 903 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.)

Balcomb Greene and David Hare—Landscape and figure paintings by the former, figurative metal sculptures by the latter; through Saturday, April 21. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Chaim Gross—Bronzes and drawings, in his first exhibition in five years; through Saturday, April 14. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Marsden Hartley—Oils, drawings, and pastels; through Saturday, April 14. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Patrick Heron—Abstract oils by a British artist; through Saturday, April 21. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

Irving Kaufman—Abstract Expressionist oils; through Saturday, April 14. (Rehn, 36 E. 61st St.)

Paul Klee—Forty-two paintings (none of which has been shown here before) from the collection of Klee's son, Felix. For the benefit of the Rudolph Steiner School Scholarship Fund. Through Saturday, April 21. (E. & A. Silberman, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

John Laurent—Still-lifes and landscapes; through Saturday, April 21. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Jan Lebenstein—Abstract variations on the human figure by a contemporary Polish artist. First one-man show in New York; through Wednesday, April 18. (Chalette, 1110 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.)

Henri Matisse—Forty etchings of 1929; through April 28. (Deitsch, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Edward Melcarth—Figure paintings and pictures of Venetian, New York, and other scenes; through Saturday, April 21. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

Henry Moore—A ten-year survey of fifty-nine bronzes by the British sculptor; through Saturday, April 21. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Simon Moselsio—First one-man show in New York of non-objective paintings by an artist better known for his sculptures; through Saturday, April 21. (Juster, 154 E. 79th St.)

Reuben Nakian—Terra-cotta and bronze sculptures, most of them revolving around Greek legends; through May 19. (Egan, 313 E. 79th St. Closed noon to 2.)

I. Rice Pereira—Geometrical abstractions; through April 28. (Amel, 63 E. 57th St.)

Reginald Pollack—Paintings; through May 5. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Leo Rabkin—Non-objective oils and water colors; through Saturday, April 14. (Alexander, 36 E. 61st St.)

Dan Rice—Abstract Expressionist oils; through Saturday, April 21. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Ridley and Licio Isolani—Large canvases by the first and sculptures in plastic by the second; through Thursday, April 19. (Carmel, 84 E. 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

Dwight Ripley—Constructions, collages, and gouaches; through April 28. (De Nagy, 149 E. 72nd St.)

Kurt Schwitters—Fifty collages by one of the originators of the method; through May 5. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Raphael Soyer—An exhibition of drawings and water colors being shown in conjunction with the publication of his book, "A Painter's Pilgrimage;" through Saturday, April 21. (Crystal, 54 E. 58th St.)

George Tooker—Paintings; through Saturday, April 21. (Isaacson, 22 E. 66th St.)

David Weinrib—Abstract sculptures in enamelled steel and painted wood; through April 28. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

Robert Vickrey—Landscapes, figure studies, and portraits; through May 5. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

Taro Yamamoto—Large non-objective canvases; through Saturday, April 21. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Manoucher Yektai—Landscapes, still-lifes, and figures; through Saturday, April 21. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Modern French Paintings—Works by Cézanne, Renoir, Modigliani, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century masters, borrowed from museums and private collections. For the benefit of the Art Scholarship and Grant Funds of Brandeis University. Through April 25. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

American Watercolor Society—The ninety-fifth annual of water colors, gouaches, caseins, and pastels by artists from all parts of the United States, plus the first exchange exhibition of London's Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours; through April 22. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: "Abstract Painting in America 1903-23," an exhibition of sixty-five items by such gallery artists as Davis, Demuth, Hartley, and O'Keeffe; through Saturday, April 21. . . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 67th St.: Part II of a show called "The Continuing Tradition of Realism in American Art," with paintings and sculptures by, for instance, Richard Diebenkorn, Charles Burchfield, and Laura Ziegler; through Saturday, April 21. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **WILLARD**, 23 W. 56th St.: "Dynamics of Black and White," paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Morris Graves, Mark Tobey, Lyonel Feininger, Ezio Martinelli, and others; through April 28. (Closed Mondays.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Show—"The Selective Eye," an exhibition of small works by artists ranging from Modigliani to Jim Dine; through April 26. (Anderson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS**, 41 E. 65th St.: Victor Pasmore, Kenneth Martin, Mary Martin, Anthony Hill, Stephen Gilbert, and John Ernest are represented in a travelling exhibition entitled "British Constructivist Art;" through May 7. (Closed Saturday mornings.) . . . **BRANDT**, 11 E. 57th St.: From Madrid, paintings by Rafael Canogar, Maximo de Pablo, Hernandez Mompo, Antonio Suárez, and José Vento; through Saturday, April 21.

Latin-Americans; Group Show—Oils, water colors, drawings, and prints by twelve artists; through Saturday, April 21. (Galería Sudamericana, 10 E. 8th St. Open Friday evenings until 9:30.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Art of Fabergé," a loan collection of turn-of-the-century precious objects (Easter eggs, miniature articles of furniture, carved figures, and such) designed by the Imperial Russian Court jeweller. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Two hundred and fifty drawings by Frank Lloyd Wright—perspective renderings, elevations, designs for automobiles and coffee cups, and so on—make up a retrospective of his work from 1895 to his death in 1959; through May 6. . . . ¶ Drawings from Brazil, France, Germany, Guatemala, Poland, and the United States, with examples by, among others, Redon, Picasso, Boccioni, and Miró; through Aug. 12. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The Thirteenth National Print Exhibition, comprising examples by about a hundred and twenty-five artists from every section of the country; through June 3. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Donnell Library, 20 W. 53rd St.—The theatre of Bertolt Brecht, Lotte Lenya, and Kurt Weill as seen in a display of photographs, drawings, posters, and other memorabilia; through May 15. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 9; Saturdays, 9 to 6.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—"American Figure Painting—the Last Five Years," an exhibit of works (by Robert Beauchamp, Lester Johnson, Richard Diebenkorn, and others), on loan from various galleries and collections; through April 26. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Five large canvases by the French Cubist Fernand Léger, together with some hundred preliminary and related paintings and drawings; through April 29. . . . ¶ Large abstract paintings by Antoni Tàpies, one of the younger Spanish artists; through April 29. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Collaboration: Artist and Architect," an exhibit of contributions to present-day American architecture through sculptures, tapestries, mosaics, stained glass, and wall panels. Richard Lippold, Isamu Noguchi, and Costantino Nivola are three of the participants. Through May 13. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"Gods with Fangs," a display of stone sculptures, textiles, gold ornaments, ritual vessels, and ink rubbings of stone reliefs, from the Chavin empire that thrived in the Andes about three thousand years ago; through May 6. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Pieces by Dorothy Dehner, Jason Seley, Richard Stankiewicz, and nine other New York sculptors; through April 29. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—"Geometric Abstraction in America," an exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and hanging constructions, dating roughly from 1930 to the present, by seventy artists, including Stuart Davis, I. Rice Pereira, and Sidney Gordin; through May 13. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Following an expedition to Boston, the company will enter its final week of the season here on Monday evening, April 16: "La Gioconda," with Eileen Farrell, Rosalind Elias, Lili Chookasian, Umberto Borsò, Robert Merrill, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, April 17: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Gianna d'Angelo, Carlo Bergonzi, Lorenzo Testi, and Norman Scott. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, April 18: "La Fanciulla del West," with Dorothy Kirsten, Sandor Konya, and Walter Cassell. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 19: "Elektra," with Gerda Lammers, Regina Resnik, Frances Yeend, Walter Cassell, and Karl Liebl. . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 20: "Orfeo ed Euridice," with Kerstin Meyer, Gabriella Tucci, and Laurel Hurley. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 21: "La Traviata," with Anna Moffo, Barry Morell, and Mario Sereni. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 21: "Madame Butterfly," with Dorothy Kirsten, Helen Vanni, Carlo Bergonzi, and Theodor Uppman. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Carnegie Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting—Thursday, April 12, at 8:30; Friday, April 13, at 2:15; Saturday, April 14, at 8:30; and Sunday, April 15, at 3 (all with Isaac Stern, violin). Performances of Bach's "St. Matthew Passion" on Thursday, April 19, at 8:30; Friday, April 20, at 2:15; Saturday, April 21, at 8:30; and Sunday, April 22, at 3 (all with Adele Addison, soprano; Betty Allen, mezzo-soprano; David Lloyd and Charles Bressler, tenors; Donald Bell, bass-baritone; William Wildermann, bass; the Boys' Choir from the Little Church Around the Corner; and the Collegiate Chorale).

Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra—Max Rudolf conducting, with Lorin Hollander, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 13, at 8:30.)

Virtuosi di Roma—Renato Fasano conducting. (Town Hall. Thursday, April 12, at 8:30.)

Ars Nova Orchestra—Robert Mandell conducting an all-Mozart program, with Ellen Faull and Nadja Witkowska, sopranos; Willard Pierce, tenor; and Daniel Ferro, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, April 16, at 8:30.)

American Opera Society—Nicola Rescigno directing a second performance of Rossini's "La Cenerentola" in concert form, with Elizabeth Carron, soprano; Teresa Berganza and Edith Evans, mezzo-sopranos; Charles Anthony, tenor; Fernando Corena, bass-baritone; and Ezio Flagello, bass. The final concert of the season. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, April 17, at 8.)

Collegium Artis—Vaclav Nelhybel directing a chorus and an orchestra in a program of the music of Claudio Monteverdi, with Virginia Babikian, soprano; Elaine Bonazzi and Sophia Steffan, mezzo-sopranos; Chester Watson, bass-baritone; and others. (Town Hall. Tuesday, April 17, at 8:30.)

Helvetia Maennerchor—A Swiss male chorus, directed by Walter Stamm. (Town Hall. Saturday, April 14, at 8:30.)

Canterbury Choral Society—Charles Dodsley Walker directing a performance of Mozart's Requiem Mass in D Minor, with Ellen Faull, soprano; Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo-soprano; Mallory Walker, tenor; Chester Watson, bass; and an orchestra. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, April 15, at 4. No tickets necessary.)

Don Cossack Chorus and Dancers—Serge Jaroff directing. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 15, at 8:30.)

A Festival of Bach—Thomas Dunn directing the Festival Orchestra and Chorus in a performance of "The St. John Passion," with Judith Raskin, soprano; Shirley Verrett-Carter, mezzo-soprano; Charles Bressler, tenor; Thomas Paul, bass-baritone; Spiro Malas, bass; and Albert Fuller, harpsichord. The final concert of the series. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 20, at 8.)

RECITALS

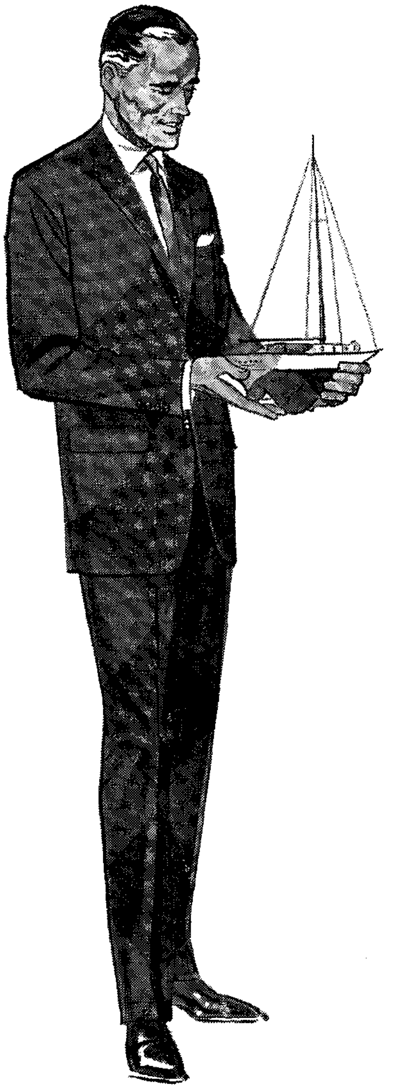
Gary Graffman and Berl Senofsky—Piano and violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, April 13, at 8:30.)

English Consort of Viols—A program of Renaissance music. (Town Hall. Friday, April 13, at 8:30.)

Artists' Choice Concert—Milton and Peggy Salkind in a program of piano music for four hands. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Friday, April 13, at 8:30.)

New York Pro Musica Instrumental Ensembles—A program of Renaissance music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, April 14, at 8:30.)

Miriam Burton and Vivian Scott—Soprano and



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

piano. (Town Hall. Sunday, April 15, at 5:30.)

Anna Moffo—Soprano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Sunday, April 15, at 8:30.)

Four Seasons Consort—A four-member instrumental ensemble, with Sonya Monosoff, violin. The last in a series of concerts. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, April 15, at 8:30.)

National Association for American Composers and Conductors—A program of music by various composers, among them Clinton Elliott and Robert Starer, performed by Grace Gimbel, piano; the American Brass Quintet; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, April 17, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Town Hall Festival of Music—A string-quintet concert, played by the Lenox String Quartet and Ralph Hersh, viola. The last in a series of programs. (Town Hall. Thursday, April 19, at 8:30.)

Josh White—Folk singer. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, April 21, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Jazz Concerts—Cal Tjader, the Herbie Mann Afro-Jazz Sextet, and others. (Town Hall. Sunday, April 15, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ The Dave Brubeck Quartet. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, April 21, at 8:30. For tickets, call LO 4-6990.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At the POLO GROUNDS: Mets vs. Pittsburgh, Friday and Saturday, April 13-14, at 2, and Sunday, April 15, at 2 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Mets vs. Houston, Monday and Tuesday, April 16-17, at 2. . . . ¶ Mets vs. St. Louis, Wednesday and Thursday, April 18-19, at 2. . . . YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Cleveland, Saturday, April 21, at 2.

Hunt Racing—Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. Saturday, April 14, and Saturday, April 21.) . . . ¶ My Lady's Manor Point-to-Point. (Monkton, Md. Saturday, April 14.) . . . ¶ Grand National Point-to-Point. (Butler, Md. Saturday, April 21.)

Indoor Polo—Two games every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 8:30.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Thursday, May 31. The Excelsior Handicap, Saturday, April 14, and the Wood Memorial, Saturday, April 21. . . . LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays, except Good Friday, at 1:30; through Thursday, May 3. The Chesapeake, Saturday, April 14, and the Laurel Handicap, Saturday, April 21.

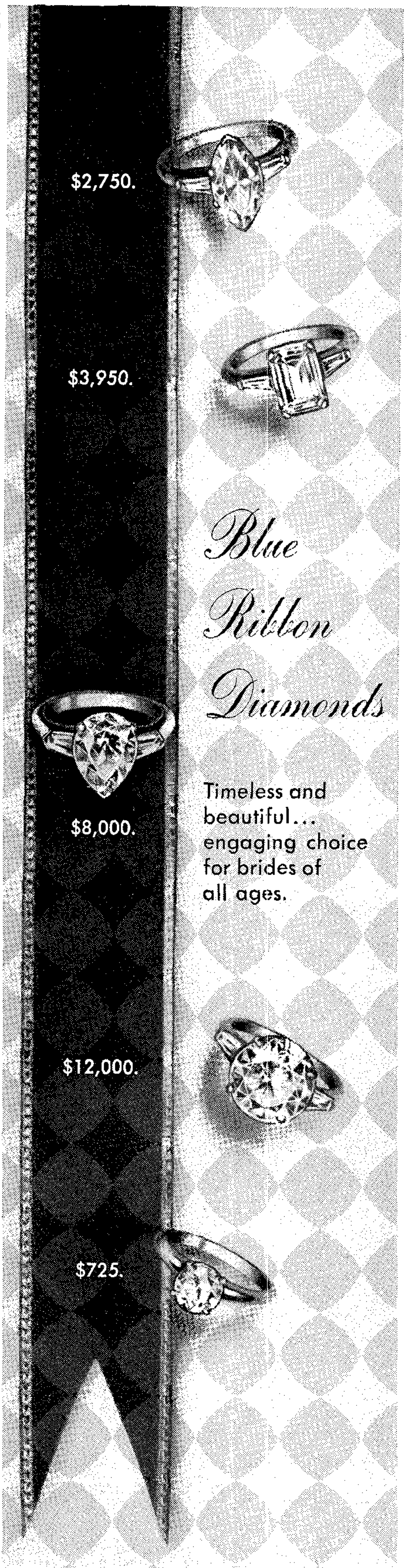
Track—Boston Marathon, starting in Hopkinton, Mass. (Thursday, April 19.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Saturday, May 19. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 6:43 and 7:06, and Saturdays at 6:43.)

FOR CHILDREN

Opera—The Amato Opera Company presenting "Hansel and Gretel." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, April 21, at 11.)

Stage Shows—By CAVKAP PRODUCTIONS: "The Three Pigs." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0282. Saturdays at 1, 2:15, and 3:30, and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) . . . CHILDREN'S FINE ARTS GUILD: "Beauty and the Beast." (Masque Theatre, 442 W. 42nd St. CH 4-1350. Saturday, April 14, at 1 and 3.) . . . HARNICK-ADAMS PRODUCTIONS: "Young Abe Lincoln." (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Saturdays at 11 and 1.) . . . MERRI-MIMES: "The Littlest Tailor." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturdays at 1, 2:30, and 4.) . . . MUSIC BOX THEATRE FOR CHILDREN: "Tom Sawyer." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30. For tickets, call JU 6-3707.) . . . PEPPERMINT PLAYERS: "Ali Baba and the Thieves." (Martinique Theatre, Broad-



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way at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturday, April 14, at 1 and 2:30, and Sundays at 1.)... ¶ "Sleeping Beauty." (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Saturday, April 14, at 1 and 2:30, and Sundays at 1.) ... PILGRIM PRODUCTIONS: "The Pied Piper." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, April 14, at 2:30.) ... POCKET PLAYERS: "Emil and the Detectives." (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. MU 4-8312. Saturday, April 14, and Thursday through Saturday, April 19-21, at 1:30 and 3:30.)... VERA-DEE PRODUCTIONS: "Petey and the Pogo Stick." (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Saturdays at 1 and 3.) ... GIA WALLACE PUPPET THEATRE: "Punch and Judy" and "The Circus." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. Saturdays and Sundays at 2. For tickets, call WA 9-0485.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"How to Look at Sculpture," an exhibit of more than a hundred works, dating from early Egyptian times to the twentieth century, together with displays demonstrating the sculptor's basic materials and techniques. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "Astronomy in Color;" through April 30. (Thursday and Friday, April 12-13, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Saturday, April 14, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Sunday, April 15, at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Monday, April 16, at 2 and 3:30; Tuesday and Wednesday, April 17-18, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Thursday, April 19, at 12, 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Good Friday at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 8:30; and Saturday, April 21, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Children under five not admitted.)... ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

Movies—"Mr. Belvedere Goes to College," with Clifton Webb and Shirley Temple. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Saturday, April 14, at 1:30. Admission is free.)

Note—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, will be open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under for the last time this season on Saturday, April 14, from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

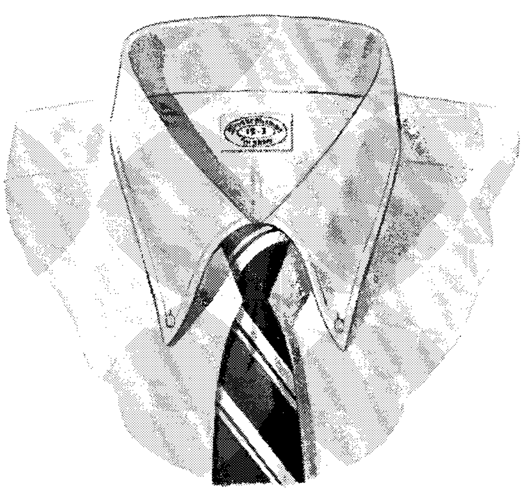
United Nations—Visitors may attend sessions of the Economic and Social Council (which is tentatively scheduled to adjourn Thursday, April 19), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—Robert Frost reading from his own works. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Sunday, April 15, at 8:30.)

New York Antiques Fair—The annual spring show includes French Easter eggs, Meissen figurines, English commemorative plates, and New England hooked rugs. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Thursday and Friday, April 12-13, from 1 to 11, and Saturday, April 14, from 1 to 6.)

New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park—This year's Easter display will comprise a Dutch bulb field and canal, the customary Easter cross of lilies, and hundreds of other spring flowers in the conservatory. (Saturday, April 14, through Monday, April 30. Daily, 10 to 4:30.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Saturday, April 14, at 10:30 and 1:45: Early American furniture, paintings, and decorative objects, belonging to John M. Gourgas and others.... ¶ Wednesday, April 18, at 8: Old Masters and later canvases by Rubens, Van Dyck, Lawrence, and others, together with a collection of Byzantine icons; the property of Patrick A. Valentine, Spyros A. Vontetsianos, and others. Exhibition starts Saturday, April 14.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

La Belle Américaine—All heaven breaks loose when a poor young couple in Paris contrive to purchase an enormous American automobile. Robert Dhéry, Colette Brosset, and innumerable colleagues, human and canine, keep this *comedy rolling at ninety miles an hour* for a hundred minutes. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through April 18, tentative.)

Breakfast at Tiffany's—A rich, richly colored, hollow, and occasionally very funny picture, derived from, but not in the least resembling, the famous Capote *novella.* Audrey Hepburn is beautiful, and George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Buddy Ebsen, and Martin Balsam are some of the people she quaintly flutters among. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through April 17.... ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting April 16.)

The Day the Earth Caught Fire—A plausible English thriller, laid in a future that, thanks to our having set off too many bombs, threatens not to last very long. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; and Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through April 17.... ¶ R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; and R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; starting April 18.... ¶ Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; and Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; starting April 18, tentative.)

La Dolce Vita—Each of the dozen or so sequences of this movie tells a separate story, and deals with a separate aspect of present-day Roman life—high, low, or café—as seen through the satiric eyes of Federico Fellini. His direction is masterly, his cast is splendid, and his picture, which runs for about three hours, is handsome and exciting from start almost to finish. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408.)

Judgment at Nuremberg—Stanley Kramer has produced and directed a slam-bang inquiry into the meaning of justice, as practiced directly by Nazis judging Jews and Americans judging Nazis, and indirectly by young post-Nazi Germans judging their American conquerors. Spellbinding, and with crafty performances by Spencer Tracy, Richard Widmark, Burt Lancaster, Marlene Dietrich, Maximilian Schell, Judy Garland, and Montgomery Clift. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626. Nightly at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:15. Reserved seats only.)

The Kitchen—A short, ugly, extremely impressive rendering of life among the hard-pressed help of a big and probably dreadful London restaurant. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting April 18, tentative.)

Last Year at Marienbad—Alain Resnais, who made "Hiroshima, Mon Amour," is apparently trying to find out how far you can go with a camera in depicting states of mind, and the evidence of this exquisite film is that you can go pretty far. Delphine Seyrig is the lovely heroine, and the man who either is or is not her lover is played by Giorgio Albertazzi. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

Les Liaisons Dangereuses—A high-spirited translation into modern speech and dress of a famous and shocking eighteenth-century novel. Jeanne Moreau and Gérard Philipe are the couple who corrupt, and the victims include Jeanne Valerie and Annette Vadim. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Murder She Said—Homicide is practically a parlor game in the Agatha Christie country, where *this extremely funny comedy* is laid. Margaret Rutherford makes an incomparable sleuth, golfer, and housemaid. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

The Night—Michelangelo Antonioni tells us, in a thousand accumulated images, that life is stale, flat, and unprofitable. He is convincing enough, but at the expense of making his own art flat, if not unprofitable. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

One, Two, Three—James Cagney huffing and puffing and driving everybody crazy in a truly comic picture about West Berlin, Coca-Cola, and young love. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through April 15.... ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through April 17, tentative.)

Only Two Can Play—Peter Sellers is a very funny fellow, and he makes this English import seem a good deal livelier than it really is. But then the setting is Wales and the problem is sex, and Welsh sex may be more hilarious than other kinds. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Purple Noon—A French thriller, laid in Italy, about a group of well-heeled young American wastrels, one of whom carelessly murders a couple of the others. Well acted and pretty to look at. Alain Delon is the wicked hero. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through April 17, tentative.)

A Summer to Remember—What it feels like to be five years old and gain a new father and a new brother and fear to lose one's mother and then almost lose all three is shown in, and through, the eyes of a Russian child-actor named Borya Barkhatov. A beautiful picture. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting April 18, tentative.)

Through a Glass Darkly—Tolstoy's celebrated dictum about unhappy families is spelled out in bleak beauty by Ingmar Bergman, who wrote and directed the picture, and Harriet Andersson, Gunnar Björnstrand, Max von Sydow, and Lars Passgård, who enact it. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Tomorrow Is My Turn—Two French prisoners of war resolve their personal dilemmas on the far side of the Rhine, which, for one of them, turns out to be the right side. Charles Aznavour is superb as a sad little pastry cook, and Georges Rivière is equally good as a bold and jaunty journalist. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through April 17, tentative.)

A View from the Bridge—The poor can be as wretched as the rich, especially where sex is concerned, and in this very satisfactory adaptation of the Arthur Miller play the suffering is something to behold. With Raf Vallone, Maureen Stapleton, Carol Lawrence, Jean Sorel, and Raymond Pellegrin. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; through April 14.... ¶ DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431; through April 16.... ¶ Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; through April 17.)

Viridiana—A powerful and sometimes shocking Spanish picture, written and directed by Luis Buñuel and featuring Silvia Pinal as a young girl who wishes to become a nun and is destroyed by the perfection of her innocence. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

West Side Story—Lots of young men in tight pants leaping over fences and caterwauling to beat any band. Far too loud and long, but the New York settings are wonderful and so are the songs, which you no doubt remember from the Broadway show. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2:30, and Saturdays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

REVIVALS

L'Atalante (1934)—Jean Vigo's poetic account of a young barge captain on the Seine, who takes a bride and loses her and nearly goes mad before he gets her back. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210.)

Casablanca (1942)—Intrigue in North Africa. With Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 12.)

Hamlet (1948)—Laurence Olivier is the melancholy Dane in this English picture. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting April 17.)

Hiroshima, Mon Amour (1960)—A French film that describes the doomed love of a Frenchwoman for a Japanese. Directed by Alain Resnais, and with Emmanuelle Riva and Eiji Okada in the leading roles. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590.)

The Idiot (1948)—Gérard Philipe in a French interpretation of the Dostoevski novel. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 12.)

The King and I (1956)—Deborah Kerr and Yul Brynner in the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; April 12, tentative.)

The Lavender Hill Mob (1951)—Alec Guinness and Stanley Holloway making off with the assets of the Bank of England. An English picture. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting April 17.)

Saturday Night and Sunday Morning (1961)—Alan Sillitoe's own adaptation of his novel about a defiant young factory worker in a British provincial city. With Albert Finney. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting April 13.)

Shane (1953)—How the wicked cattle raisers tried to keep the noble homesteaders from settling on their range. With Alan Ladd, Jean Arthur, and Brandon de Wilde. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 12.)

The Third Man (1950)—A melodramatic tour of postwar Vienna on the heels of Joseph Cotten, Orson Welles, and Alida Valli. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 13-14.)

Zero for Conduct (1933)—A forty-four-minute-long comedy-fantasy on life among schoolchildren, written and directed by Jean Vigo. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series of films directed by William Wyler—Through April 14, showings at 3: "Dead End" (1937), with Sylvia Sidney and Joel McCrea; and "The Memphis Belle" (1944), a documentary film.... ¶ Starting April 15, showings at 3 and 5:30: "Jezebel" (1938), with Bette Davis and Henry Fonda. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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15	16	17	18			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through April 18: "The Children's Hour," Audrey Hepburn, Shirley MacLaine.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Sweet Bird of Youth," Paul Newman, Geraldine Page.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
April 12: "Walk on the Wild Side," Laurence Harvey, Capucine.
From April 13: "Experiment in Terror," Glenn Ford, Lee Remick.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
Through April 16: **A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE.**
From April 17, at 8:30: "The Counterfeit Traitor," William Holden, Lilli Palmer. (Opening night will be a benefit for the World Press Center of the Overseas Press Club. For tickets, call CO 5-7460.)

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
Through April 18: "Satan in High Heels," Meg Myles, Grayson Hall.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Moon Pilot," Tom Tryon, Brian Keith.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
LA DOLCE VITA (in Italian).

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
JUDGMENT AT NUREMBERG.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"State Fair," Pat Boone, Bobby Darin.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
WEST SIDE STORY.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"All Fall Down," Eva Marie Saint, Warren Beatty.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through April 17: **THE DAY THE EARTH CAUGHT FIRE.**
From April 18: "Cape Fear," Gregory Peck, Robert Mitchum.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"El Cid," Charlton Heston, Sophia Loren. (Weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through April 18 (tentative): **LA BELLE AMÉRICAINE** (in French).

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
April 12 (tentative): **THE KING AND I,** revival; and "Carousel," revival, Gordon MacRae, Shirley Jones.
April 13-17 (tentative): "Safe at Home," Roger Maris, Mickey Mantle; and "Don't Knock the Twist," Chubby Checker.
From April 18 (tentative): **THE DAY THE EARTH CAUGHT FIRE;** and "The Pharaohs' Woman," Linda Cristal, John Drew Barrymore.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through April 17 (tentative): **ONE, TWO, THREE.**
From April 18 (tentative): **A SUMMER TO REMEMBER** (in Russian); and **THE KITCHEN.**

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"All Fall Down," Eva Marie Saint, Warren Beatty.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
Through April 18: "The Children's Hour," Audrey Hepburn, Shirley MacLaine.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Sweet Bird of Youth," Paul Newman, Geraldine Page.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through April 14: **A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE;** and "The Deadly Companions," Maureen O'Hara, Brian Keith.
April 15-17: "Safe at Home," Roger Maris, Mickey Mantle; and "Don't Knock the Twist," Chubby Checker.
From April 18: **THE DAY THE EARTH CAUGHT FIRE;** and "The Pharaohs' Woman," Linda Cristal, John Drew Barrymore.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
ONLY TWO CAN PLAY.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through April 18: "Black Tights," a dance film, with Cyd Charisse, Moira Shearer, Zizi Jeanmaire, and Roland Petit, narrated by Maurice Chevalier.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY (in Swedish).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
MURDER SHE SAID.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through April 17 (tentative): "Forever My Love," Romy Schneider, Karl Boehm.
From April 18 (tentative): "The Counterfeit Traitor," William Holden, Lilli Palmer.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through April 17: **THE DAY THE EARTH CAUGHT FIRE.**
From April 18: "Cape Fear," Gregory Peck, Robert Mitchum.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
April 12: "Carry on Nurse," revival, Wilfrid Hyde White, Shirley Eaton; and "Carry on Sergeant," revival, William Hartnell.
April 13-17: "Safe at Home," Roger Maris, Mickey Mantle; and "Don't Knock the Twist," Chubby Checker.
From April 18: **THE DAY THE EARTH CAUGHT FIRE;** and "The Pharaohs' Woman," Linda Cristal, John Drew Barrymore.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through April 17: **A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE;** and "The Deadly Companions," Maureen O'Hara, Brian Keith.
From April 18: "King of Kings," Jeffrey Hunter, Siobhan McKenna.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
L'ATALANTE and **ZERO FOR CONDUCT** (both in French and both revivals).

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through April 15: **ONE, TWO, THREE;** and "The Happy Thieves," Rex Harrison, Rita Hayworth.
From April 16: **BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S;** and "All in a Night's Work," revival, Dean Martin, Shirley MacLaine.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through April 17 (tentative): **TOMORROW IS MY TURN** (in French).
From April 18 (tentative): Prokofieff's "Cinderella," in a full-length Russian production, danced by Raisa Struchkova and the Bolshoi Ballet Corps.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through April 18 (tentative): "Testament of Orpheus" (in French), a Jean Cocteau film.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through April 17: **A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE;** and "The Deadly Companions," Maureen O'Hara, Brian Keith.
From April 18: "King of Kings," Jeffrey Hunter, Siobhan McKenna.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through April 17 (tentative): **PURPLE NOON** (in French); and "Next to No Time," revival, Kenneth More, Betsy Drake.
From April 18 (tentative): **A SUMMER TO REMEMBER** (in Russian); and **THE KITCHEN.**

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Bell' Antonio" (in Italian), Marcello Mastroianni, Claudia Cardinale.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR (in French), revival.

TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
LES LIAISONS DANGEREUSES (in French).

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
THE NIGHT (in Italian).

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD (in French).

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
VIRIDIANA (in Spanish).

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through April 17: **A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE;** and "The Deadly Companions," Maureen O'Hara, Brian Keith.
From April 18: "King of Kings," Jeffrey Hunter, Siobhan McKenna.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
April 12: **CASABLANCA,** revival; and **SHANE,** revival.
April 13-14: **THE THIRD MAN,** revival; and "Ashes and Diamonds" (in Polish), revival.
April 15-16: "Smart Money," revival, Edward G. Robinson, James Cagney; and "Gold Diggers of 1937," revival, Joan Blondell, Victor Moore.
From April 17: **HAMLET,** revival; and **THE LAVENDER HILL MOB,** revival.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through April 17: **BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S;** and "Summer and Smoke," Geraldine Page, Laurence Harvey.
From April 18: "Exodus," revival, Paul Newman, Eva Marie Saint.

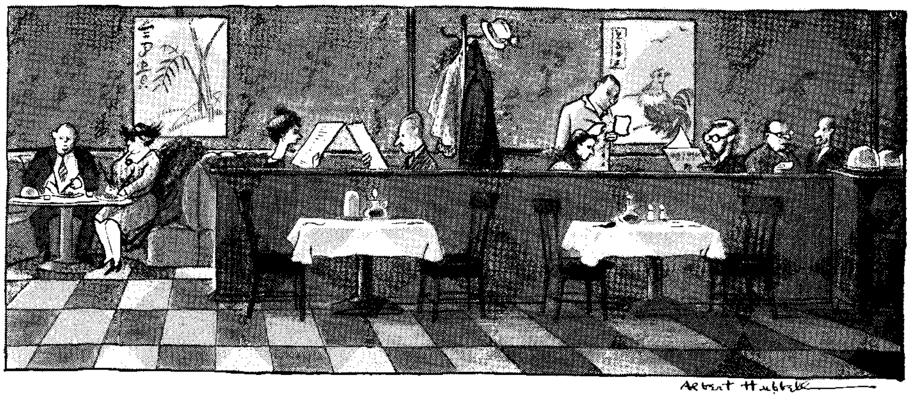
THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
April 12: **THE IDIOT** (in French), revival; and "The Eternal Mask" (in German), revival.
From April 13: **SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING,** revival; and "Romanoff and Juliet," revival, Peter Ustinov, Sandra Dee.

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
April 12 (tentative): "Carry on Nurse," revival, Wilfrid Hyde White, Shirley Eaton; and "Carry on Sergeant," revival, William Hartnell.
April 13-17 (tentative): "Safe at Home," Roger Maris, Mickey Mantle; and "Don't Knock the Twist," Chubby Checker.
From April 18 (tentative): "Pepe," revival, Cantinflas, Dan Dailey.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through April 17 (tentative): **PURPLE NOON** (in French).
From April 18 (tentative): **A SUMMER TO REMEMBER** (in Russian); and **THE KITCHEN.**

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through April 17: **A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE;** and "The Deadly Companions," Maureen O'Hara, Brian Keith.
From April 18: "King of Kings," Jeffrey Hunter, Siobhan McKenna.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
April 12 (tentative): "Carry on Nurse," revival, Wilfrid Hyde White, Shirley Eaton; and "Carry on Sergeant," revival, William Hartnell.
April 13-17 (tentative): "Safe at Home," Roger Maris, Mickey Mantle; and "Don't Knock the Twist," Chubby Checker.
From April 18 (tentative): **THE DAY THE EARTH CAUGHT FIRE;** and "The Pharaohs' Woman," Linda Cristal, John Drew Barrymore.



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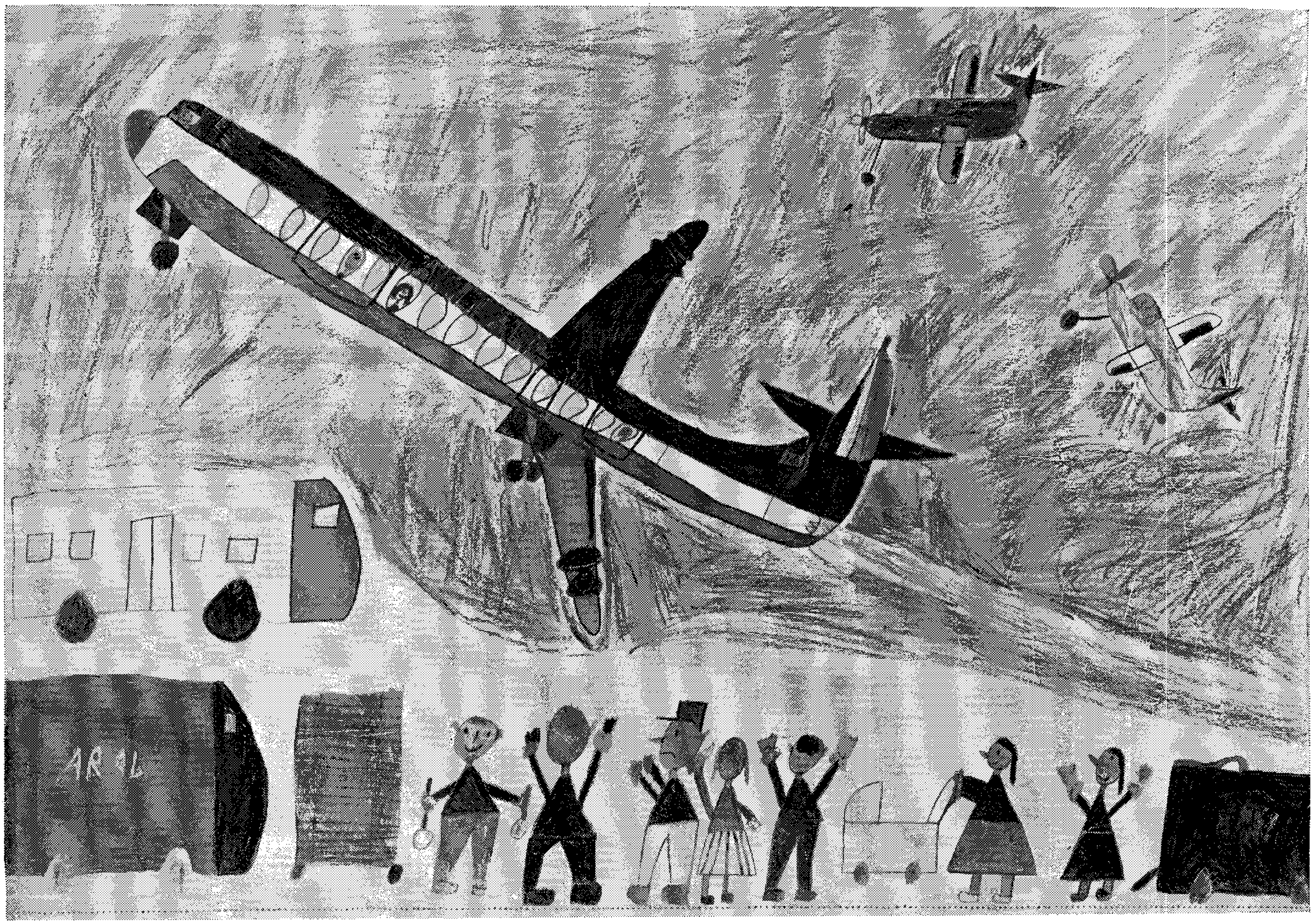

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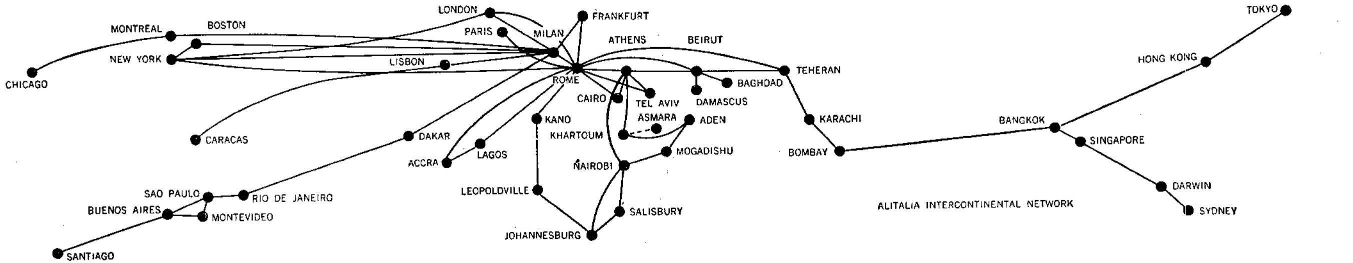
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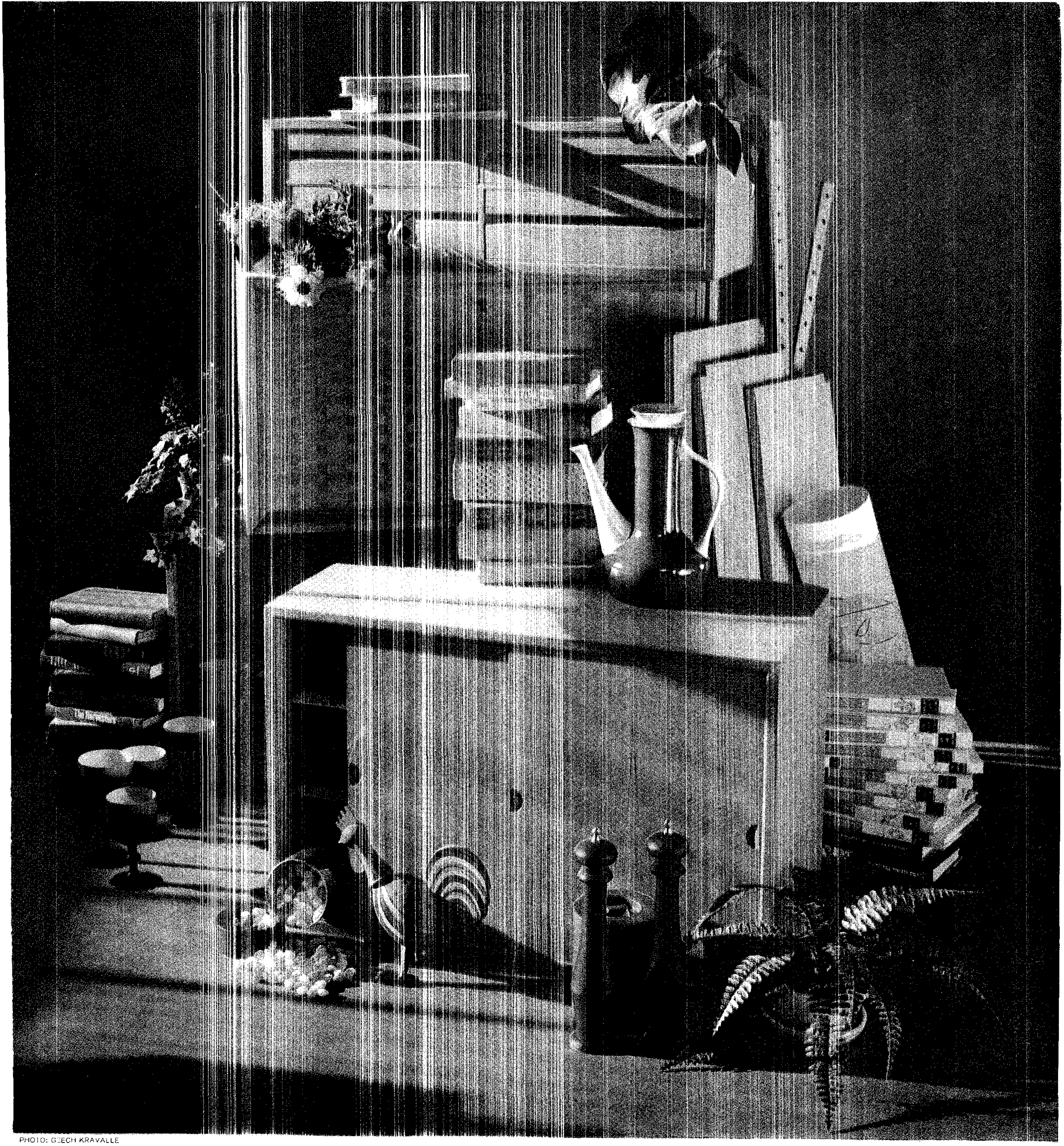

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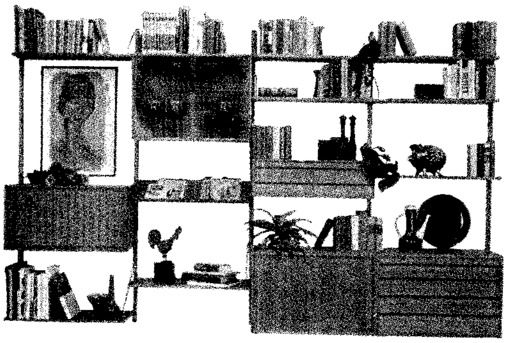

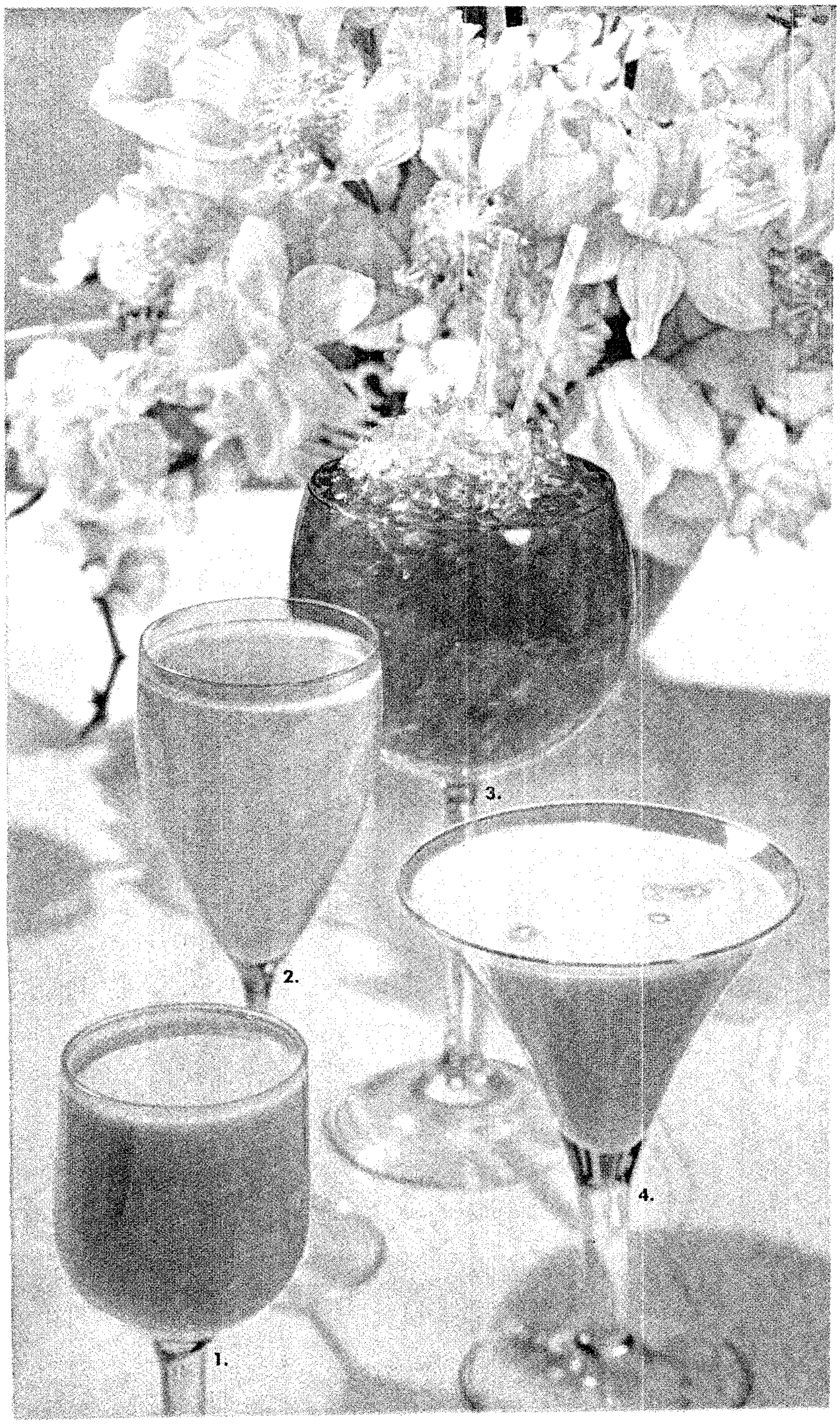

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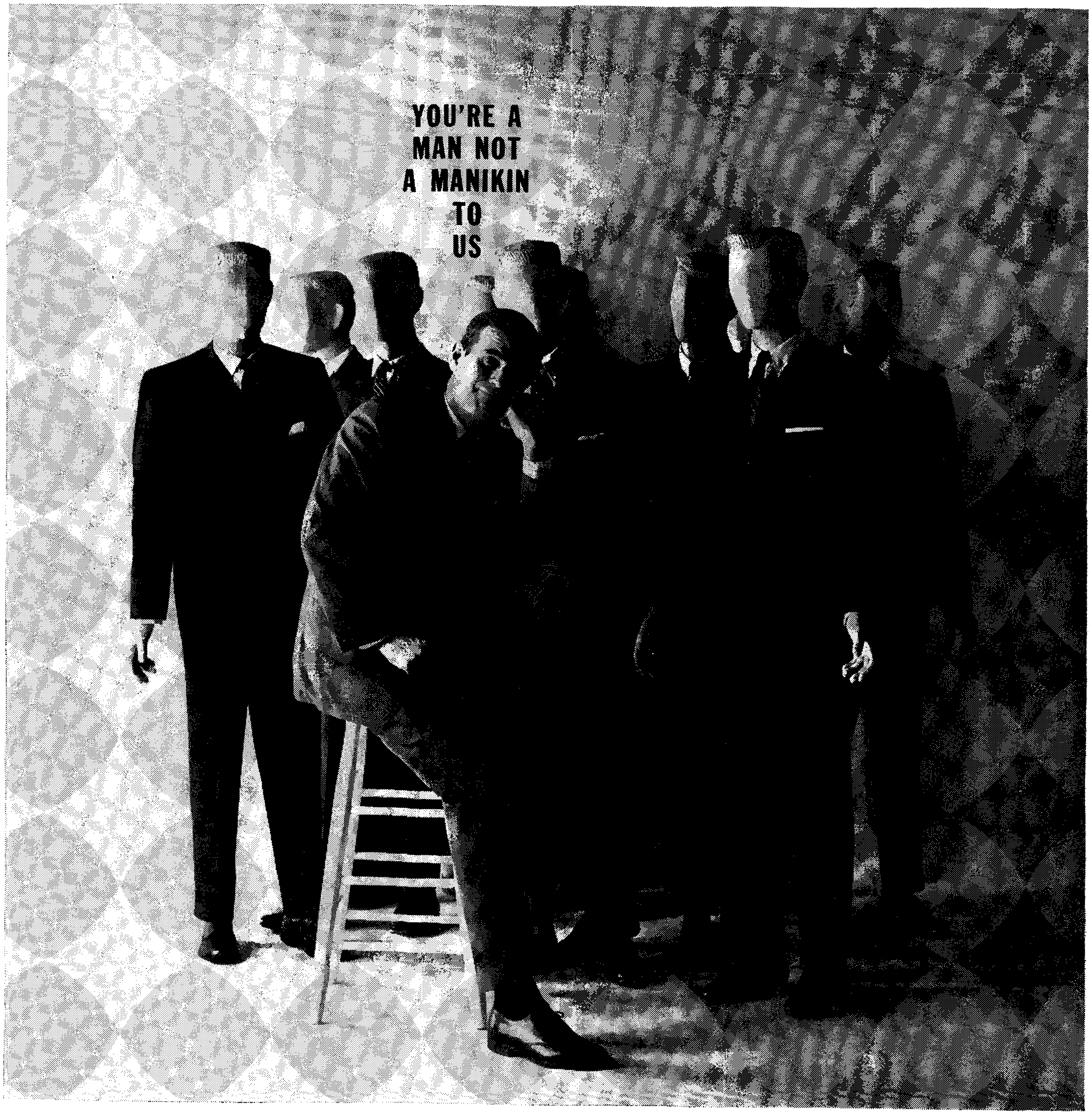
3. MINT FRAPPE Pack shaved ice in cocktail glass. Pour enough Hiram Walker's Green Creme de Menthe over ice to fill glass, serve with two straws.

4. MILADY'S COCKTAIL 2 parts Hiram Walker's Blackberry Flavored Brandy; 1 part fresh cream. Shake with ice, strain into cocktail glass.



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INSURANCE
for your family and business—your
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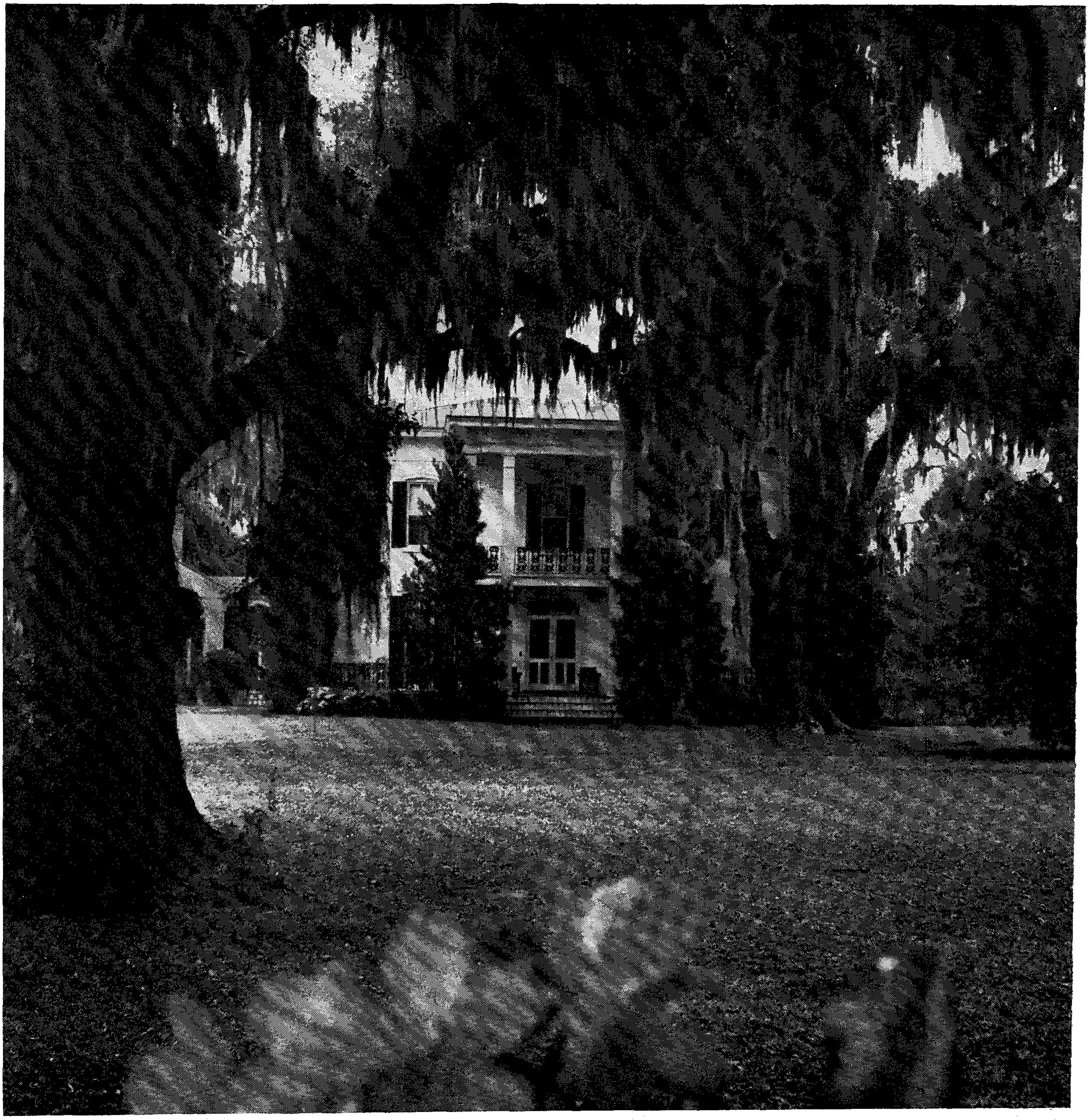
Two things to own in



1. AN ANTE-BELLUM PLANTATION IN THE OLD SOUTH

For Sale: Enchanting Southern Colonial mansion near Savannah, deep in the heart of Georgia. Includes 2,800 acres of former rice plantation—an original land grant from George II in 1735. First mansion built in 1750. Blackbeard The Pirate hid treasure on the property—still unclaimed! When house was burned down in War between the States, owner died of heartbreak. Painstakingly rebuilt from original bricks in 1870. Lush gardens with moss-draped live oaks, azaleas, camellias, magnolias, deep-water dock. $250,000.

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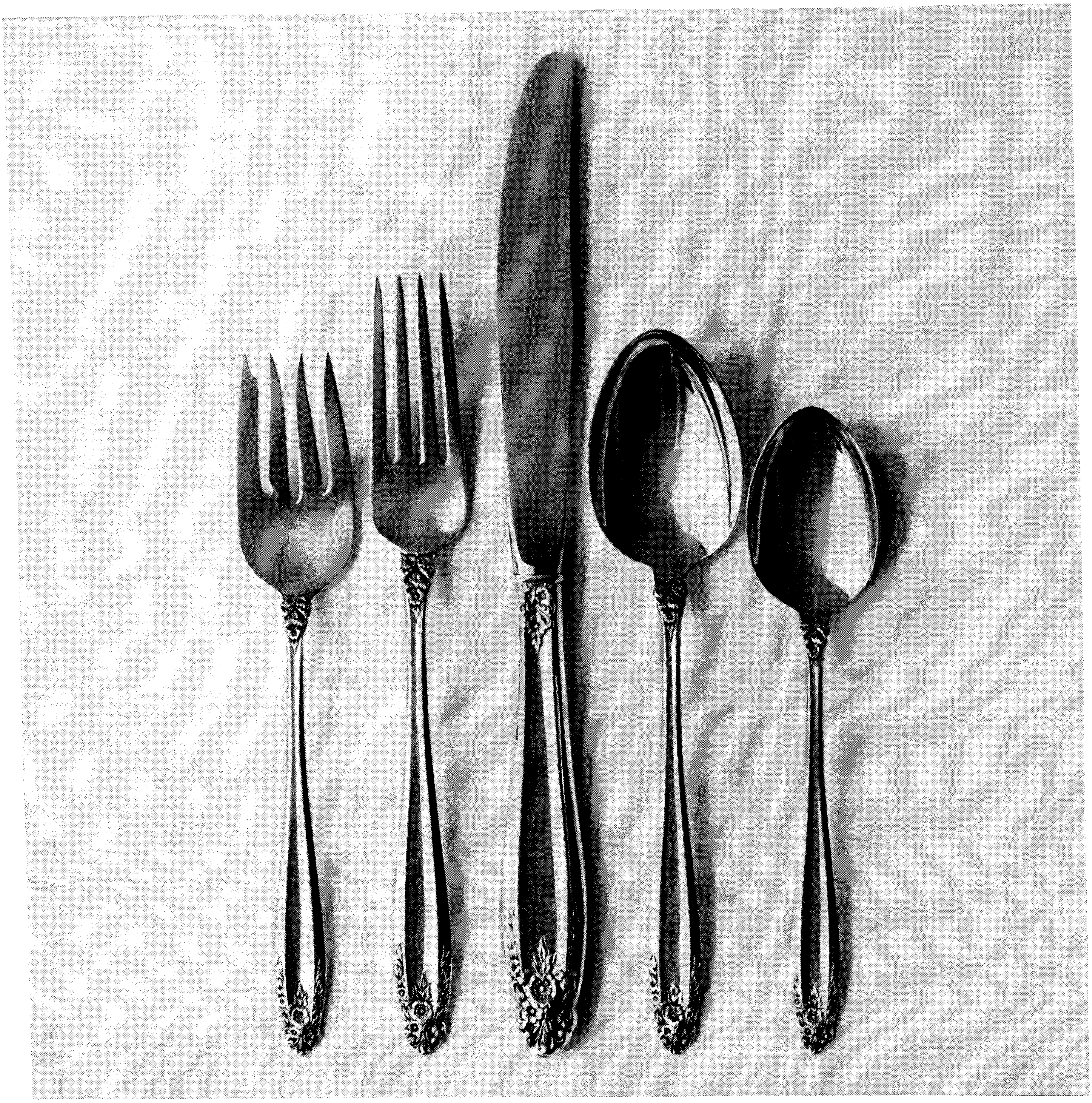


2. PRELUDE STERLING BY INTERNATIONAL

For Sale: Enchanting 5-piece place setting, made of rich sterling silver. Lush flower carvings suggest the azaleas and camellias of Southern song and romance. At the center of each piece, a fanciful version of a magnolia blossom. Graceful handles, reminiscent of the slender white columns found in Southern plantation homes. An unashamedly romantic pattern—suitable for a Scarlett O'Hara or any gracious hostess, anywhere. Considerable savings on sets of 4, 8, or 12 place settings. Single 5-piece place setting, incl. Fed. tax, $35.00.

MADE BY THE INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY, MERIDEN, CONN.

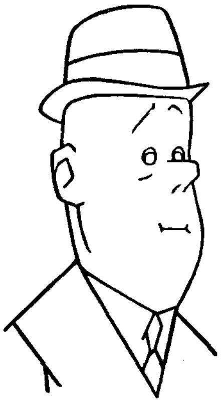
Car-icatures of 1962

THE CONTINENTAL

Promise him anything, but give him a ticket to the International Automobile Show! He feels so de rigueur among all those exciting new models from England, France, Germany, Holland, Israel, Italy, Japan, Sweden and the U.S.A.

BE THE FIRST-ON-YOUR-BLOCK TYPE

Started her streak with the Stutz Bearcat. Puts herself in the driver's seat of every sports model in the show. Thinks automatic shifting is nouveau riche.



THE "ROADS" SCHOLAR

Einstein of the Economy Mile . . . looks at the $27,000 luxury models . . . climbs into all the new sports cars . . . covers the compacts . . . eyes the $1,000 economy models . . . studies the motor scooters and motor cycles . . . cases the accessories and equipment exhibits . . . never misses the free movies.

THE "CAR-NOISSEUR"

Thinks the Concours d'Elegance is the greatest thing to ever come down the turnpike. Ogles the antiques . . . classics . . . experimentals . . . modified American cars . . . racing and custom models (not to mention the mannequins modeling them). He's the man you're supposed to ask when you ask the man who owns one!

SEE THEM ALL AND SEE ALL THE WORLD'S FINEST CARS AT THE

6th annual

INTERNATIONAL AUTOMOBILE SHOW

NEW YORK COLISEUM • APRIL 21 THRU APRIL 29

DAILY: 11 A.M. TO 11 P.M. • SUNDAYS: 1 P.M. TO 8 P.M. • ADULTS: $1.50 • CHILDREN: (UNDER 12) 75¢ INCLUDING TAX

Flair... rain or fair!

Lawrence of London®

Sweeping in—a fan-flare of pleats
in pure silk broadcloth!

BERGDORF GOODMAN • MONTALDO'S • NEIMAN-MARCUS
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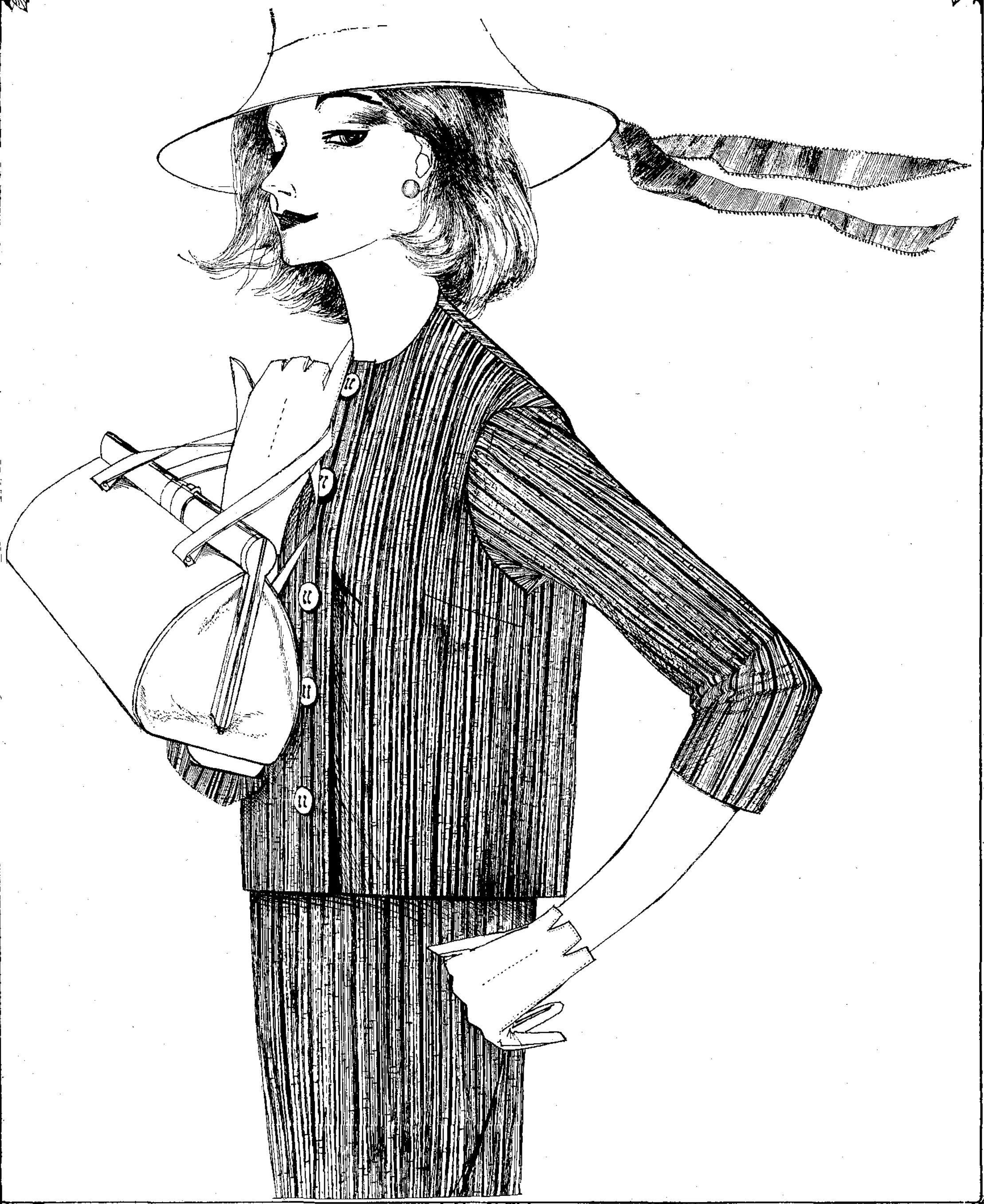
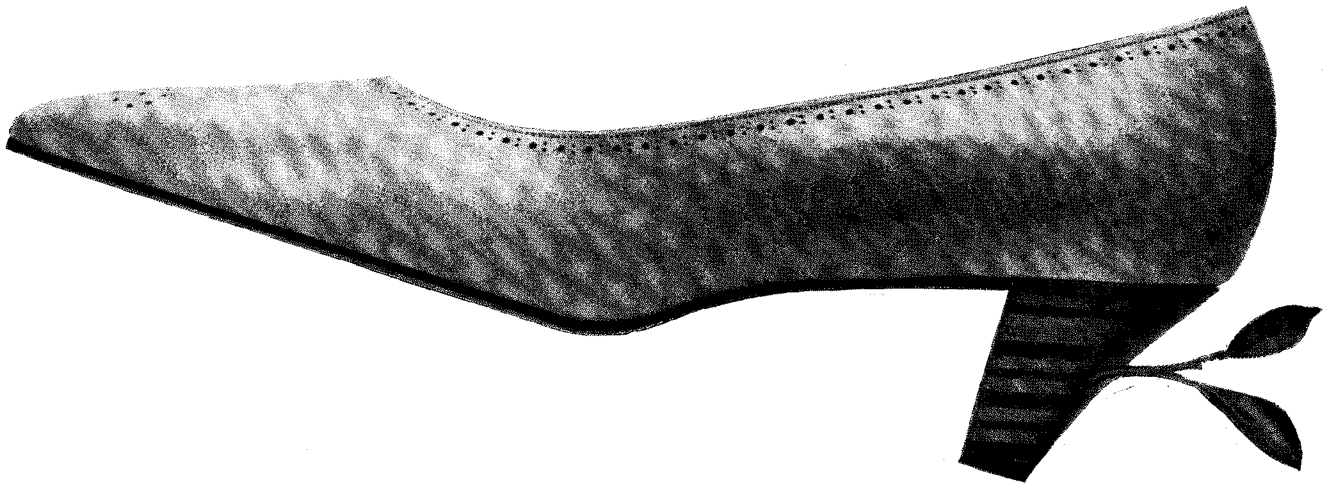
THE SHIRT TASTE SINCE 1912



GREAT AMERICAN DISH

DC-8 anywhere in this DC-Great suit. Deep, dark stripes that hate wrinkles, can be washed in the Aegean Sea. Dacron® polyester and cotton. 6 to 16 sizes. 22.95.

De Pinna, Julius Garfinckel, Wm. Hengerer. For other fine stores, write to 498 Seventh Avenue, New York.



This is a Gamin that grows on you

Ever since the shoe shape turned over a new leaf, this Gamin has been going out on the chic-est limbs in town.

Starting with the lower stacked heel, it levels off into a straight, trim top-line that really swings with the swingy new hems. And its curvy toe is right in orbit.

Pick palomino, Sahara tan, red, Delft blue, black or navy calf or black patent. Then there's white patent or gold crushed leather, for kicks. 19.95 at Andrew Geller stores.

GAMINS®

Mr. Cooper's Egyptian boat is not for sale

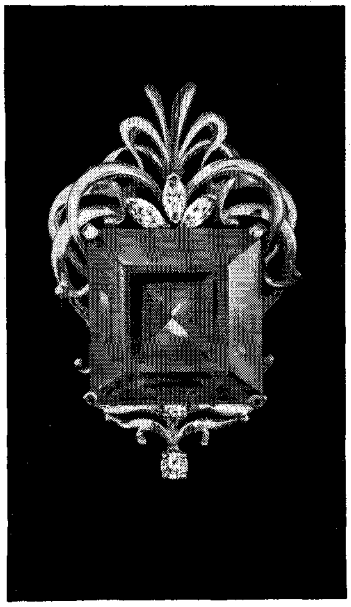
(but its cargo is)

Douglas J. Cooper is a jeweler. He is also a collector of objets d'art. He found his 4,000-year-old ceremonial barge in Egypt, while on an around-the-world buying expedition.

Mr. Cooper also found a very rare and beautiful gem—a péridot. Truly fine péridots have been mined for centuries on a tiny spot of land in the Red Sea called the Island of Zebirget (St. John's). And they were shipped to Egypt in boats similar to Mr. Cooper's prize.

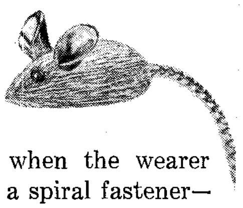
Péridots are very appealing. They are a very mysterious shade of green. (Cleopatra loved them.) We thought, therefore, that you would enjoy seeing the brooch that Mr. Cooper fashioned from his péridot. (It can also be worn as a pendant.)

See it in the little black box to the right? It is set with diamonds in 18 karat, subtle green gold. It is a gem suitable for the connoisseur. Thirty-eight hundred dollars.



Please don't ask us to explain the presence of our little mouse. We assume he thought péridots were made of green cheese (which is hardly the case). We're sure that you know someone who would enjoy owning our little stowaway. We promise he won't squeak.

Mr. Mouse is 14 karat gold. His eyes are oriental rubies. And his tail wiggles when the wearer does the twist. By mail with a spiral fastener—thirty-five dollars. (Squeak. Squeak. Shhh!)

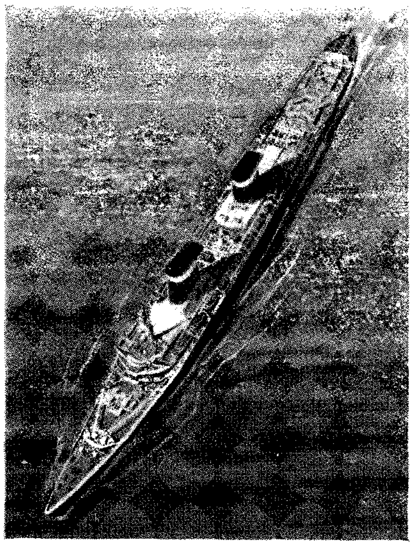


F·J·COOPER INC.

jewelers by birth . . . since 1883

1416 Chestnut St., Philadelphia 2, Pennsylvania
and F. R. Cooper, Colchester, England

Federal Tax included on the péridot brooch and the mouse. (Both appear actual size.) Add 4% for Pennsylvania delivery.



With acres of deck space, you can stroll to your heart's content on your trip to Europe aboard s.s. United States or s.s. America. Or stop and chat with your interesting fellow passengers.

Mr. and Mrs. John R. Friar and their sons John, William and Malcolm, returning from a military mission in Iran on the s.s. America. For the carefree life aboard, you'll find an expertly supervised children's playroom, heated salt-water swimming pool, first-run movie theaters, romantic Meyer Davis music, gourmet cuisine.

You'll re-discover a world of leisure on board the world's fastest ship

The gracious life aboard the s.s. United States begins for the Honorable Douglas MacArthur, U. S. Ambassador to Belgium, and Mrs. MacArthur. They'll relax in comfortable lounges with friends.

Though the s.s. United States, the world's fastest ship, speeds you to Europe in five days, your life aboard is leisurely and gracious. And whether you sail on the United States or the America, some of the world's most distinguished people will be among your fellow passengers.

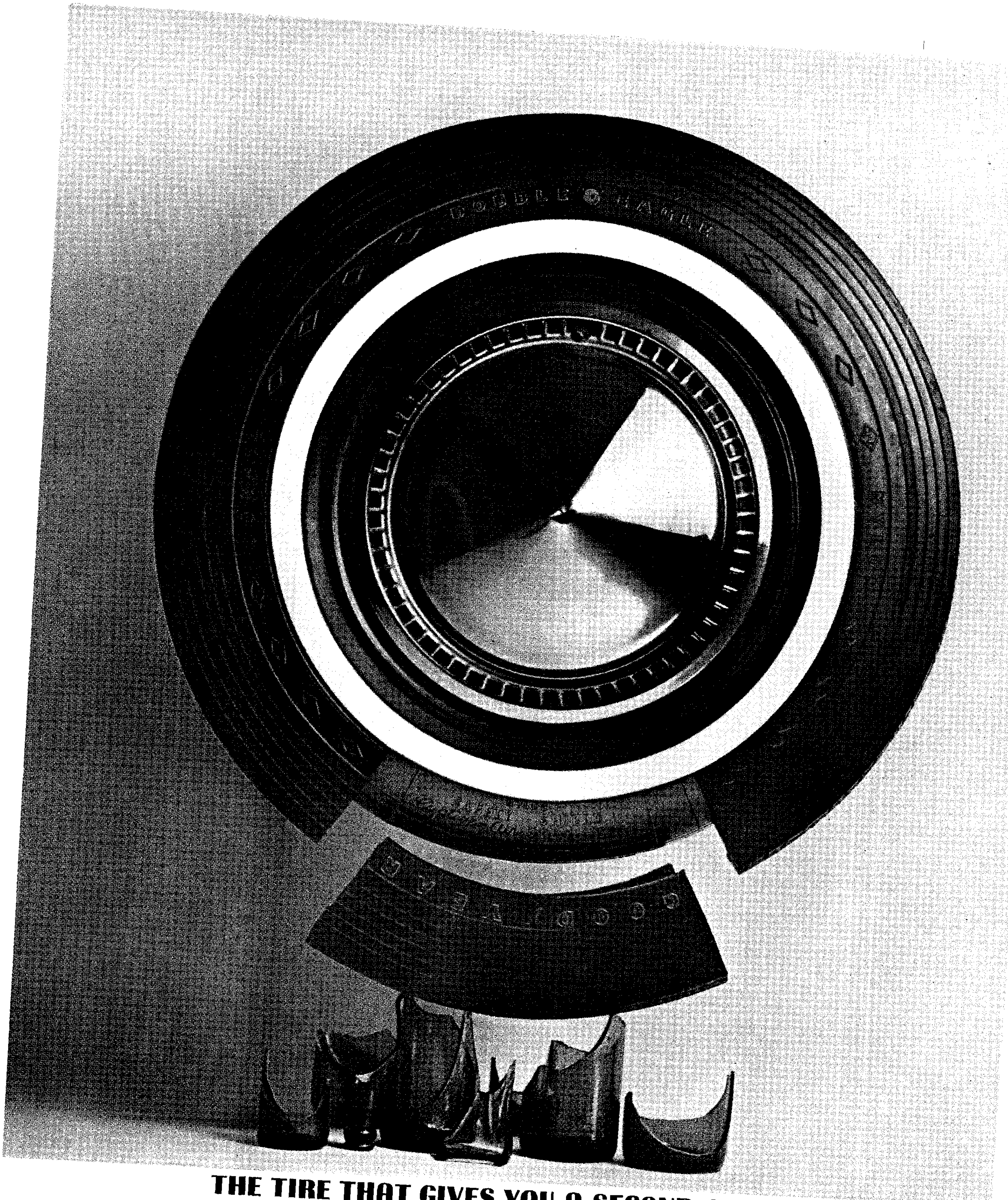
s.s. ***United States*** —world's fastest ship. First Class $423 up, Cabin $269 up, Tourist $226 up.

s.s. ***America*** —popular, beautiful, for more leisurely hours at sea. First Class $378 up, Tourist $227.50 up. *10% reduction on round-trip rates during Thrift Season.*

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR

United States Lines

United States Lines, 1 Broadway, N. Y. 4, N. Y. Owner-operators of the s.s. United States, s.s. America and a fleet of 53 fast cargo ships to Europe, United Kingdom, Far East, Australia



THE TIRE THAT GIVES YOU A SECOND CHANCE

(THERE'S A SECOND TIRE INSIDE)

Captive-Air Double Eagle doesn't go flat. Because it's actually *two* tires in one. ■ Chances are nothing will ever damage the outer tire—the famous Goodyear Double Eagle. Giant cords make it 70% stronger than an ordinary tire. ■ Yet, if the improbable happens, you get another chance. Because, inside there's a second tire to protect you—an "inner spare" that's made of nylon-and-*steel* cord that carries the load for up to 100 miles, until you or your wife can conveniently stop for service. There's no more fear of blowouts, and no more worry about flats. ■ Beyond question, Captive-Air Double Eagle is the safest tire that man can make and money can buy. And surprisingly, it costs no more than other premium tires.

GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

Double Eagle, Captive-Air, T.M.'s, The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron 16, Ohio.

ABC COMPANY
STOCKHOLDERS MEETING
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Thinking of Going Public?
It's Time to Talk to Hornblower & Weeks

Lots of good things can happen to a company, and its owners, when they let investors beyond the plant gates into the picture. Maybe you've thought of doing it.

Over the decades, we have made the benefits of going public a profitable reality for many large and small companies – and for their owners. We would like to do the same for you.

As to what a public offering can achieve – consider these points. The company can obtain fresh capital for expansion. Public participation often creates good will for the company. It also results in increased flexibility in carrying out mergers and acquisitions. And you – the selling stockholder – get a public market price established for your stock. This is essential for tax and estate planning. It also makes it easier to sell additional shares. And after the sale of your stock, you're in a position to diversify your investments.

The planning and timing are our responsibility. If you think we could help you in any way – including advice without obligation or cost to you – speak to one of our partners in the office city nearest you. Or, if you prefer, send for a copy of "Guideposts to a First Public Offering." Just write to David Graham, Chairman of our Corporate Finance Department at the address below. All inquiries will be treated in the strictest confidence.

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American naturals...

Peck & Peck Haberdashers and California Redwood

Summer charm for outdoor living... with this garden setting dressed in carefree, colourful California redwood, which is available from the member mills of the California Redwood Association. And from Peck and Peck... the beloved ease of Haberdasher dressing in Dacron® polyester and cotton. *Left:* Stone blue or putty-tone print, 5 to 15, *22.95* *Right:* blue, nile green or brown, 8 to 16, *25.00*

CRA

THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE Overseas Travel Company is sponsoring an air tour this summer in honor of the eightieth anniversary of the birth of James Joyce. Under the personal guidance of the celebrated Joyce authority Professor William York Tindall, of Columbia, the tour will visit Cork, Dublin, London, Zurich, and Paris, and we think Shem the Penman would be delighted to learn that the printed itinerary for Saturday, June 23rd, after listing a morning visit to No. 5 Rue de l'Assomption and "other places connected with Joyce's life in Paris," and a lecture by Professor Tindall, adds, under "Optional," the notation "Tickets for the Folies-Bergère on request."

P.E.A.'s Picasso

ONE of the mightiest benefits in the history of local philanthropy will take place, or begin to take place, on the evening of April 24th, when, at nine art galleries, and at twenty-five dollars a head, the Public Education Association will hold nine black-tie champagne previews of more than three hundred American-owned Picasso paintings, drawings, and sculptures. The shows will continue for three weeks, during which five-dollar books of tickets will be good for visits to each and every one, plus one repeat, and during which subscribers to the previews may roam the galleries at will. The exhibits have been recruited from twenty-four museums and more than a hundred private collections, and the galleries displaying them—Knoedler, Saidenberg, Rosenberg, Duveen, Perls, Staempfli, Cordier & Warren, Otto Gerson, and New—will be manned daily by two shifts of two volunteer ladies, who will sell tickets, a poster, and a catalogue containing sixteen reproductions in color and close to three hundred in black-and-white. For the previews, ten thousand invitations have been sent out, and two buses have been chartered to cruise up and down Madison Avenue, dropping philanthropists off at appropriate spots. Upon whose slender shoulders, as co-chairmen of the P.E.A. Benefit Committee, does the machinery activating this effort rest? Why, those of Mrs. Stanley G. Mortimer, Jr., and Mrs. Matthew A. Meyer, whom we recently visited in a bustling temporary office in the Chatham.

"The Association's headquarters are in Freedom House, on West Fortieth Street," Mrs. Mortimer said. "Its thirty-five trustees meet for lunch on the second Wednesday of every month in the Williams Club. Mr. William Zeckendorf, Jr., whose mother, Mrs. Irving Kolodin, is a trustee, lent us this room. His company owns the hotel. The galleries are giving the champagne and are underwriting the catalogue. Mr. Sampson R. Field, who is in the printing business, has printed our invitations free of charge, and the stationery was supplied by a donor who wishes to remain anonymous. Volunteers—recent Bennington graduates, mostly; both Mrs. Meyer and I went to Bennington—are addressing the envelopes, but they balked at licking ten thousand stamps, so we're paying for that service."

"We felt that we shouldn't have the envelopes metered, and that the names and addresses ought to be handwritten," Mrs. Meyer said. "Too many people throw away metered and typewritten mail unopened."

"Except for the drawings and the sculpture, which will be shown at just two of the galleries, the galleries are dividing up the Picassos in roughly chronological periods," Mrs. Mortimer said. "Knoedler's is covering the period from 1895 to 1909, Saidenberg is covering the Cubist period, Rosenberg the twenties, and so on. The first picture is the portrait of a man that Picasso did when he was fourteen—in 1895, the year P.E.A. was founded. Starting with this one was Sally Ganz's idea—Mrs. Victor W. Ganz, one of our trustees. The whole project was really her idea. It's in the tradition of the P.E.A. art benefits—Rembrandt, Rubens, and others—that the late Margaret Lewisohn ran in the old days, when she was our president."

Going back to still older days, the ladies revealed that the P.E.A. was founded, according to its charter and constitution,

> . . . to secure and maintain the highest possible standards of public education in the City of New York [and] to study the problems of education, investigate the condition of the common and corporate schools, and to propose from time to time such changes in their organization, management or educational methods as may seem necessary or desirable.

In 1900, they told us, it established a school for juvenile offenders in the Tombs, the first school of that sort the prison had had; in 1908 it inaugurated the first school lunches for the city's undernourished children; in 1929 it set up the city's first special classes for cardiac children; in 1935 it started all-day neighborhood schools, which would take care of a child after conventional school hours; and in 1956 it initiated a School Volunteer Program, which would dispatch volunteers to public schools to help teachers who were overburdened. Both Mrs. Meyer and Mrs. Mortimer are such volunteers.

"Four hundred and fifty of us are

doing this," Mrs. Mortimer said. "We started six years ago with eleven. The principal of a school will put in a request for volunteers; we're never assigned to a teacher who doesn't request us. Some of our work is clerical, but we're also called on to use any special skills we may have in music, art, dramatics, dancing, and the like, and to help teachers with large classes by giving individual attention to children who need extra drill and encouragement in things like reading and arithmetic."

"I know my multiplication table extremely well, thanks to some fifth-grade boys in Harlem," Mrs. Meyer said.

•

INCIDENTAL FLORIDA INTELLIGENCE: A television station in Tampa has been giving frequent airings of a filmed commercial that advertises a housing development near Clearwater. In the middle of the film, which depicts innumerable identical driveways and apparently identical flattish houses, the announcer says, "You have to see it to realize the enormity of it."

Remodelled

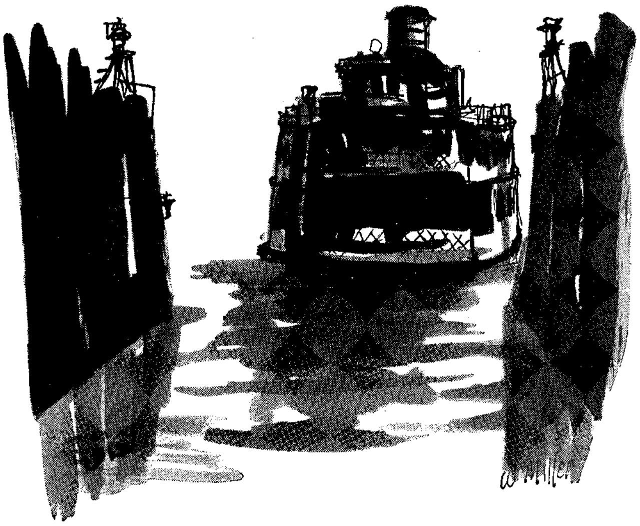
ONE gusty, brilliantly sunlit afternoon last week, we journeyed uptown to visit the Polo Grounds, the Coogan's Bluff sports stadium that for forty-five years—from 1912 to 1957—was the home of the New York Giants, and that this year, for one brief green season, will be the home of the town's new National League baseball team, the Mets, who will move next spring to a stadium now being built for them in Flushing Meadow. Since September 29, 1957, when the Giants played their final game at the Polo Grounds, no baseball has been played there, though intermittently the place has been the scene of football games, prizefights, soccer matches, and even midget-auto races, and until a couple of months ago the moribund park—which had been scheduled for demolition this summer, to make way for a housing project, but was given a one-year stay of execution to house the Mets—had been permitted to deteriorate, eventually becoming little more than a crumbling ghost of its once formidable self. Now, however, at a cost of some three hundred thousand dollars, the Mets have been remodelling the park, and when we showed up, some three hundred remodellers were still at work, most of them scrambling about the great steel-and-concrete stands. We were accompanied on our visit by Julie Adler, a chunky, checked-jacketed gentleman from the Mets' administrative staff, who led us into the grounds through an entrance in deep center field—at just about the spot where, as we recalled it, Willie Mays made his famous catch of Vic Wertz's drive in the first game of the 1954 World Series—and across to the home-team dugout, once the shadowy lair of such well-remembered Giants as Christy Mathewson, Frankie Frisch, Mel Ott, and Clint Hartung. There we were introduced to Johnny McCarthy, the Mets' head groundskeeper, who was decked out in a red ski sweater and looked remarkably young, even for his age, which is thirty-two. Having discovered that he had been head groundskeeper at the Yankee Stadium, we asked him to tell us how things were going in his new job.

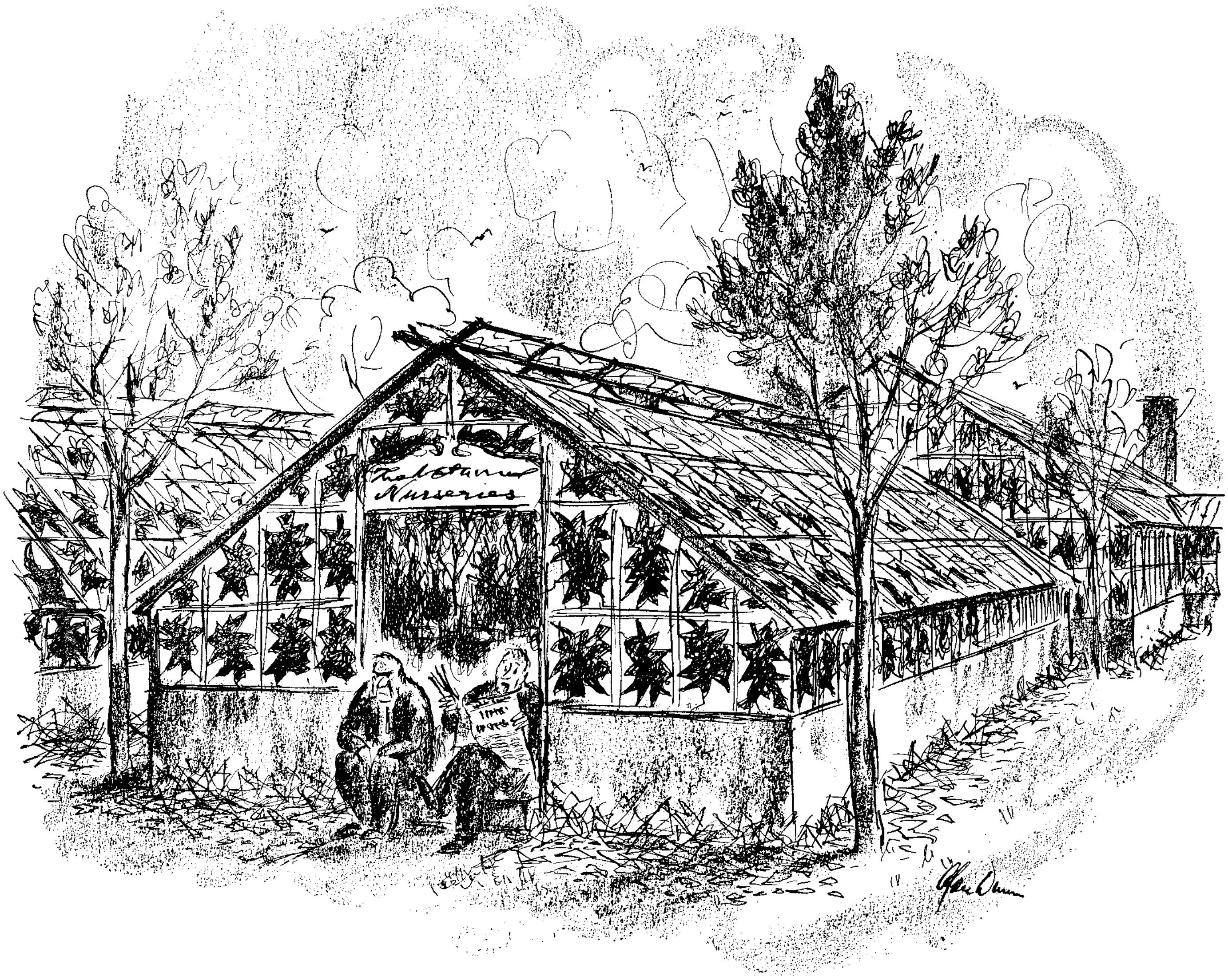
"When we started working on the field, in early February, it was in hopelessly bad shape, overgrown with weeds," he said. "Nobody'd really worked on it for over four years, and it needed to be completely regraded. As a first step, we plowed up the entire field. Then we brought in tons of topsoil—six thousand dollars' worth—and spent almost a month on the grading. A couple of weeks ago, we began putting down more than a hundred and thirty thousand square feet of sod—Merion bluegrass, which had been trucked in from south Jersey and Hicksville, Long Island." Mr. McCarthy assured us that the grass, which at the moment was neither blue nor truly green but, rather, a pale gray-green, the color of a winter sea on an overcast day, would most definitely be a vivid billiard-table green by the Mets' home opening day, less than a week away. "I've got a crew of seventy-three working under me," continued Mr. McCarthy, with a comprehensive wave at sweatshirted minions who were packing down sod, raking dirt on the newly formed infield, and dumping gray crushed stone on the track that circles the field, "and, believe me, this playing area is going to be as good as any in the National League."

With that, Mr. McCarthy resumed active command of his troops, and we followed Mr. Adler into the dark, dank recesses under the stands, where, in quick succession, we came upon electricians setting up the television studio from which WOR-TV (Channel 9) will telecast the Mets' games, carpenters hammering away on the interior of a bar to be known as the Met Lounge, and members of the Harry M. Stevens staff—who, as in the past, will provide the obligatory peanuts, Cracker Jack, and hot dogs—setting up their kitchens. "All sorts of craftsmen are at work here—plumbers, masons, sign painters, you name 'em," said Mr. Adler. "It's been a hectic few weeks, but everything will definitely be ready by opening day. Besides redoing the field itself, we're putting up a new scoreboard, installing additional lights, putting in ten more rows of box seats, and painting and generally fixing up the entire park. And it's all for this one season—we can't take any of these improvements with us. The owners of the Mets decided, though, that their fans should have the very best, no matter what the cost."

We followed Mr. Adler up a flight of concrete stairs and into the home-team locker room, which hadn't yet been touched by the remodellers. Looking around the desolate room for traces of the vanished Giants, we finally spotted just one—a dust-covered group photograph, propped up in a corner, of the 1942 (third-place) Giants. "Remembrance of things past," said Mr. Adler, and pointed out such half-forgotten players as Bill Voiselle, Mickey Witek, and Harry Danning. In a nostalgic mood, we trailed Mr. Adler out into the sunlight again, emerging at the main entrance to the park, where, on a platform high above us, a crew of painters was at work changing the façade from a dirty gray to a bright royal blue and orange, the official colors of the Mets. "Want to have the place looking good for the World Series here next fall," Mr. Adler remarked, with a wink.

He then fell to chatting with one of the painters, a





"Would you be interested to know that it broke all records for coast-to-coast flight?"

• •

white-haired man of Irish descent, who said that he'd been a Giant fan for over fifty years but that this year he was going to become a Met fan. "Ah, it'll be fine seeing baseball games here again," he went on, gazing fondly around at the old park. "I saw all of the great ones here—John McGraw and all of his teams. I was in the center-field bleachers the day Bobby Thomson hit his home run against the Dodgers in '51. Ah, there were fine moments at the Polo Grounds! And now there will be again."

*

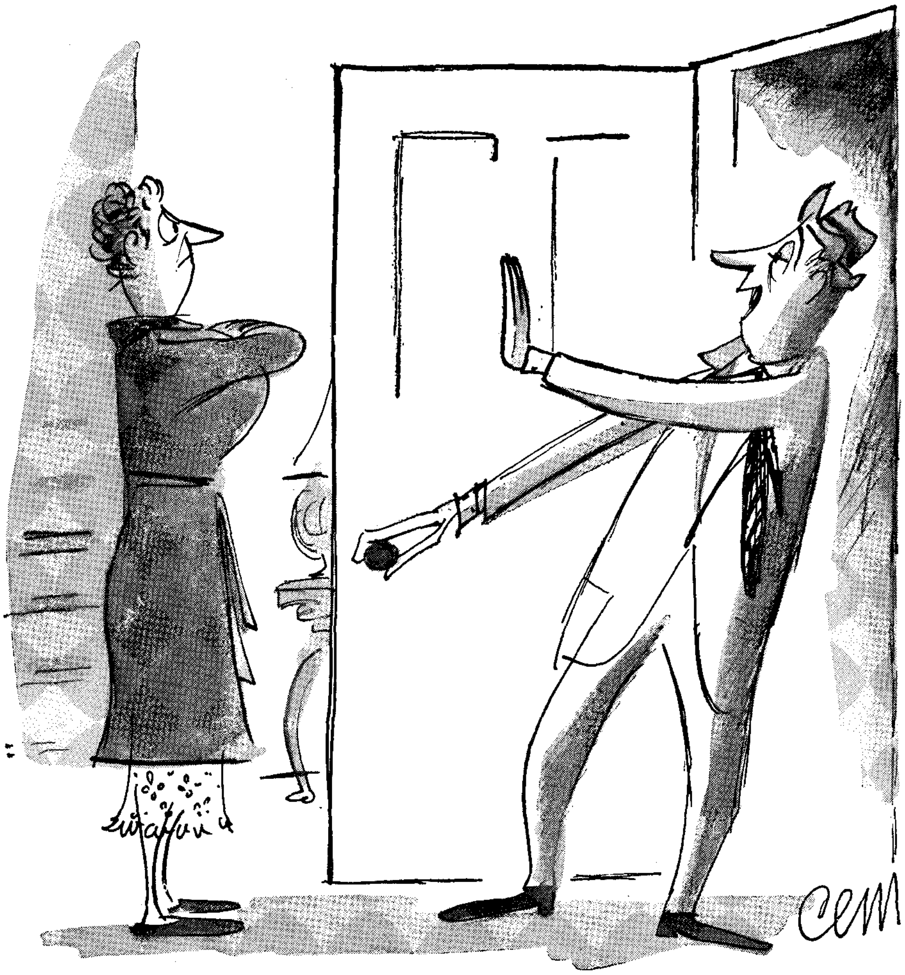
SIGN in one of the elevators of the Overseas Press Club, on West Fortieth Street: "This Car Must Remain on the First Floor Always."

Animals' Friend

IT'S an ill wind that blows nobody good. A World Wildlife Fund bulletin that recently reached our desk began, "Around the world in jungle and hedgerow, on pampas, plain and prairie, veld, moorland and marsh, an awesome silence is growing like the gathering darkness;" continued, "Listen . . . to the curlew's call getting lonelier . . . the blackbird's song of joy turning into a lament;" and added, " 'Daddy, what was a wild animal?' This question may seem odd to you today. But it will not seem odd to your grandson when his children ask it." As a result of reading these sombre passages, we looked up their author, Mr. Ian S. MacPhail, who is also the Fund's adviser on campaigns, and, over drinks in a midtown taproom, had the pleasure of a wide-ranging conservation conversation with him.

"The Fund's headquarters are in Zurich, for tax reasons and to facilitate the clearance of international money, but it was launched in London, last September, and is run from there," said Mr. MacPhail, a blue-eyed, ruddy-faced, ruddy-bearded, London-based Scotsman who was born in Aberdeen in 1922 and had obviously been able to tell a curlew from a blackbird by the time he was three. "The president of the Fund is Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands," he went on. "Its other trustees include Peter Scott and Guy Mountfort, the British ornithologists, and, in America, Dr. Ira N. Gabrielson, who is president of the Wildlife Management Institute, in Washington, D.C. The president of the Fund's British National Appeal, with which I'm directly concerned, is the Duke of Edinburgh, and he is coming down from Canada on June 7th to address a Fund dinner in New York. I'm here for a couple of weeks to set up an American Appeal committee—Dr. Gabrielson has consented to act as chairman, and the directors include Richard H. Pough, formerly chairman of the Department of Conservation and General Ecology of the Museum of Natural History, and S. Dillon Ripley, director of the Peabody Museum, at Yale—and to enlist American know-how and good will."

Mr. MacPhail reported that by the



"Now, take it easy, Emily. This is National Tavern Month."

• •

first of the year the British Appeal had raised a hundred and sixty thousand dollars, "most of it from ordinary people," and went on, "The London *Daily Mirror* published a shock issue in October that brought us about forty thousand pounds from children, old-age pensioners, and a number of convicts in Her Majesty's prisons. One reader sent us two pounds, with a letter saying that she had saved the money by putting off buying a new pair of shoes. The letter was anonymous, but I *think* it was from an old lady."

He handed us a copy of the *Mirror's* shock issue, which contained photographs of an eland that had been strangled by poachers, of a wildebeest dead of thirst, and of a zebra dead of starvation, and articles headlined "DOOMED—TO DISAPPEAR FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH DUE TO MAN'S FOLLY, GREED, NEGLECT," "WHY THEY DIE," and "THE MENACE OF THE POACHER."

"We've already started to spend some of our money," Mr. MacPhail said. "We've bought some land in Tanganyika, near the Ngordoto Crater, for a wildlife preserve—the cliffs of the crater protect game—and we've made a grant to save the white rhino in Uganda by strengthening anti-poaching patrols there. And we've purchased a great wetland in Spain—a water-bird area of twenty-five square miles, near Seville. The owner was about to sell it to a shooting syndicate. Ours is an eleventh-hour effort. The blue whale and the white rhinoceros are in danger of going the way of the dodo, and the Arabian oryx—a very splendid large antelope in the Aden Protectorate—is said to have become extinct in the last three months. Mown down by sheiks in high-powered desert cars."

We asked MacPhail how he had got into his line of endeavor.

"My father, a civil engineer, was a keen naturalist," he said. "Almost as soon as I could walk, he took me into the wilderness—the great Cairngorm Mountains, to the west of Aberdeen—and taught me to watch birds. Once, when I played hooky from Aberdeen Grammar School to do some watching on my own, my schoolmaster told him I was cutting Rugby to watch birds and said I should be taken to a 'new doctor.' That was what a psychiatrist was called then, at least in Aberdeen. Father, who had played Rugby for Scotland in his day, told the master he ought to be ashamed of himself." Mr. MacPhail paused to swallow some Scotch. "That school had two merits," he said. "It was founded in the thirteenth century, and it was attended by Lord Byron. It erected a large statue of him in the quadrangle. I don't think it realized how unsuitable a subject he was for commemoration in a school for small boys."

MacPhail went into the R.A.F. straight from school, became a pilot, was shot down, and spent two years in a hospital. He then entered the Entertainments National Services Associated. "I entertained the troops," he said. "I ran the Good Music side. We had a gramophone library of three million discs, and I devised a mobile gramophone unit that used to play right up near the front lines. The War Office authorized us to build fifty of these vehicles; one went over to France on D-Day-plus-1. On Christmas Day, 1944, when we were playing a Bing Crosby record of 'White Christmas' near the front line in Holland, the Germans lobbed some shells over. We switched to a Beethoven symphony and they stopped. No offense to Mr. Crosby."

The musical tactician lit a small cigar. "My mother was a concert pianist, and I inherited a love of music from her, but it was a passive one," he said. "After the war, I joined the Arts Council of Great Britain as an assistant musical director. The Council was set up to bring the best in music, painting, sculpture, poetry, and so on to the greatest number of people, but my job was administrative, and my instruments were the filing cabinet and the 'out' and 'in' trays, which I played with feeling. However, my wife, Michal Hambourg, is a concert pianist, and the daughter of the pianist and composer Mark Hambourg."

Leaving the Arts Council in 1953, MacPhail went into public relations, first for Dexion, Ltd. ("It made a kind of full-scale Erector set for grown-ups"), and next for the Brewers Society. "I counselled the brewers on reputation rather than products," he said. "I initiated drinking-and-driving campaigns—don't drink when you drive. Then, last May, Guy Mountfort, who is honorary secretary of the British Ornithologists' Union, took me to lunch and asked me to join the projected Wildlife Fund. He'd read a monograph on the curlew that I had written when I was eighteen. Well, it seemed to me to be the chance of a lifetime, so I took it. I don't want any descendants of mine—I have three at the moment—not to know what wild animals were. I think that a world without wildlife and wild places is not worth living in."

Boom

A LADY we know got well beyond her depth in a discussion of space travel with her learned son; she maintained that Gagarin, Titov, and Glenn had been in space, while her son maintained that they had merely been in a "space condition" inside their capsules, and hadn't actually shot out into space. The lady decided to settle the argument by telephoning the Information Bureau of the *News*.

"What is the subject of your question?" the operator at the *News* asked her.

"Why, outer space, I suppose," the lady said.

"I'm sorry, Madam," said the operator. "That line is busy."

Great Thoughts

FOUR big enterprises have put their heads together for an odd, though entirely commendable, purpose—the instruction, on a fairly lofty level of cerebration, of tourists out for a good time. The four enterprises are Sperry Rand, the Encyclopædia Britannica, the American Library Association, and the Seattle World's Fair, and the thing they have put their heads together over is a Sperry Rand UNIVAC, or electronic computer, which, for the edification of Fairgoers, has been stuffed full of quotations provided by the Britannica's famous Syntopicon—a device that is every bit as deserving of capital letters as a UNIVAC and is not unlike it in nature, being a prodigious index to important statements, a hundred and sixty-three thousand in number, on a hundred and two of the greatest ideas of Western Man, culled from the Bible and the works of seventy-four of our most significant authors and philosophers, and collected in the Britannica's "Great Books of the Western World." The UNIVAC that the Sperry Rand, Britannica, and Library Association people are jointly putting on display at the Fair, which opens on the twenty-first of this month, will contain only seven hundred and forty-four of these statements, but the statements will be gradually changed from month to month, and by the end of October, when the Fair closes, a really dogged tourist could salt away upward of a thousand dandy thoughts by double-domes from Aeschylus on. At the Fair, a tourist will go about gathering such thoughts by examining an index of authors and handing a UNIVAC attendant the names of four of them whose reflections on any one of six stipulated ideas he cares to learn; the attendant will then cause the machine to delve among its intestinal tapes and start printing the pertinent responses. This feat, which is child's play to a UNIVAC, is known in the trade as "information retrieval," and hints at the happy-go-lucky libraries that scholars of the future may enjoy, in which, instead of laboriously poring over thousands of obscure volumes in search of a single item of information, they will simply press an appropriate button and—presto!—up will pop the crucial snippet.

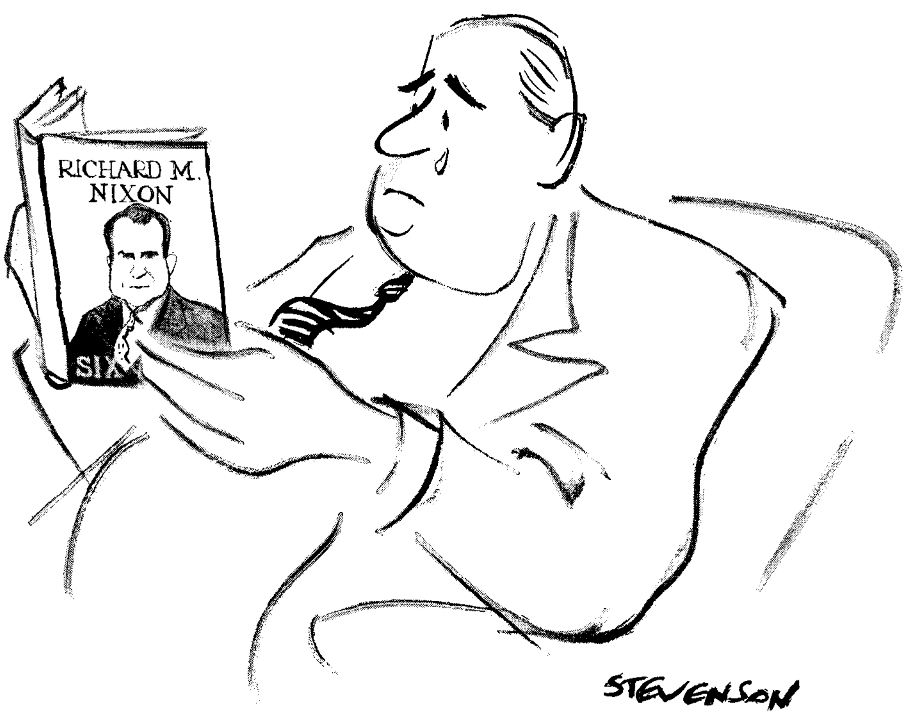
At their local offices, on Park Avenue South, the Sperry Rand people recently gave a demonstration of a UNIVAC programmed exactly like the UNIVAC at the Fair. Among those present were Mortimer J. Adler, editor of the Syntopicon, and J. Presper Eckert, an old computer hand, not to say vice-president of Sperry Rand's Remington Rand Division. The audience having been invited to ask questions of the machine, a man just behind us got up and asked to know what Euripides, Karl Marx, and—er—Charles Darwin had had to say on the subject of family. A handy Sperry Rand man recorded this request on what we have the regrettable habit of calling an I.B.M. card, and fed it into the machine, along with several similar requests. Dr. Adler then rose and noted that, remarkable as UNIVAC was, it was incapable of thinking. The machine began to flash an orange light in an openly indignant fashion. "All booklovers are old fogies, but I must risk old fogyhood and say that if these machines can think, then the fundamental difference between person and thing is pulverized," Dr. Adler went on. At that moment, the machine suddenly gave birth to some twenty yards of Euripides, Marx, and Darwin, which Dr. Adler tore off and, like an innocent party finding himself in possession of stolen goods, hurriedly handed on to us.

Mr. Eckert thereupon rose and, after observing that he had read a good deal of the Encyclopædia Britannica by the age of nine but had abandoned it in favor of engineering and invention, said he flatly disagreed with Dr. Adler. "Dr. Adler believes in magic if he believes that only man can think," he said. "Almost all the tools of communication and organization are ours to make right now. There are certain areas of the brain that we have yet to imitate. We'll get to them shortly."

Somewhat unnerved by this promise, or threat, we glanced down at the yardage in our lap. "Modern industry in overturning the economic foundation on which was based the traditional Family and the Family labor corresponding to it, had also unloosened all traditional Family ties," old Karl said to us, in execrable English.

Dash

WE'VE just heard about a man who may be seen sprinting through Grand Central Terminal every night. Startling news? No. But this chap isn't a commuter; he simply likes to have a quick run after work, and the least conspicuous place in midtown for that is Grand Central.



ONE ASPECT OF A RAINY DAY

HE had seen his older brother, Günther, swear personal allegiance to Hitler when Günther was fifteen and he, Stefan, only six. Actually Günther promised nothing aloud, but stood with his lips tight. Later on, the boys' father said to Günther, "You haven't proven anything. No one knows what you were thinking. It was too late to drop out at the last minute. You have promised what the others promised, whether you wanted to or not."

What Stefan had never known and wondered now—it came back to him eighteen years later on a winter morning in France—was whether Günther was against the words because they were binding or against the idea they expressed. The formula of fidelity had been changed since the war (from 1939 until the capitulation, one swore to the person of Hitler instead of to the State), and perhaps Günther positively did not wish to make a gift of his life. Whatever his silence concealed, it stood for extreme feeling. Günther, now dead, had nothing more to say or conceal. And Stefan, walking among the French on a rainy morning, was wordless, as his brother had been eighteen years before.

In the laboratory outside Paris where Stefan's scholarship had taken him, the professors, the technicians, his friends and comrades, had put on their coats. Someone said, "Is Germany with us?" "Germany" meant Stefan. The rooms were dark and the heat in the building turned off; there was a general strike from eight until noon. Stefan went with the rest. It was too dark to work and he couldn't very well stay there alone.

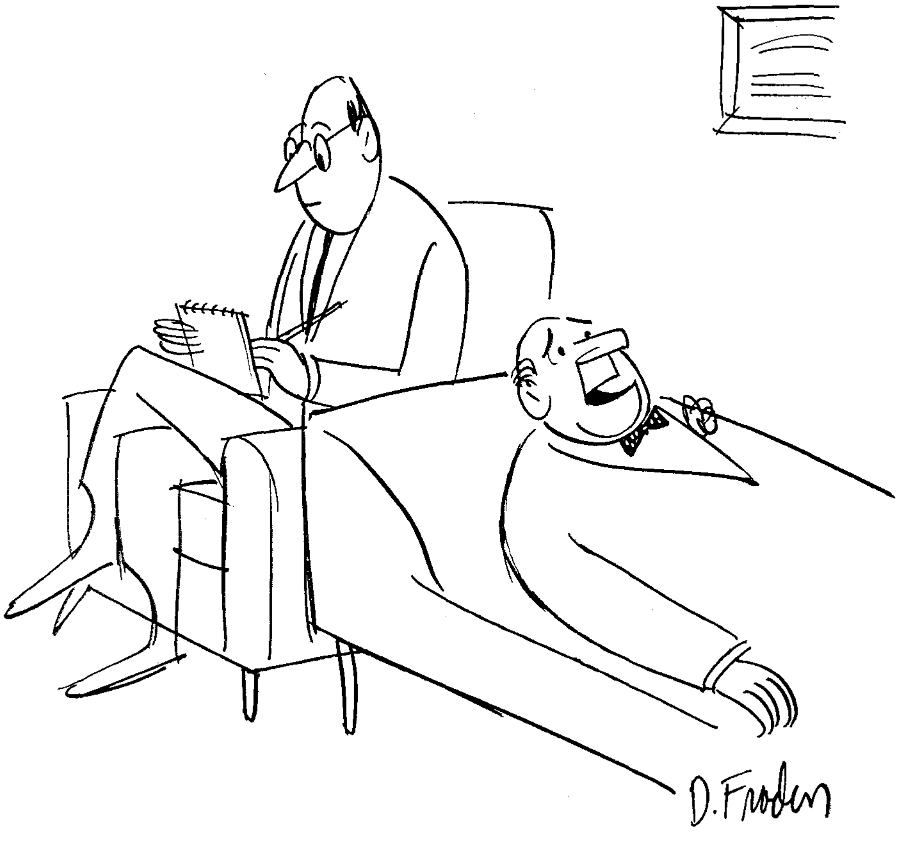
There were nearly eighty of them straggling along the pavement. They walked slowly, as if it were a mild spring day instead of a winter morning of rain. They walked by the stone walls, the brick houses, the drenched winter gardens of this town that had been a quiet suburb and was now ringed with factories and fragile-looking blocks of flats. Rain darkened Stefan's fair hair. If the police came now and asked them what they were doing, he intended to excuse himself. "Forgive me," he would say, "but it was impossible to stay behind. I am in France with a scholarship. I am a guest of the country. I regret any worry I might be causing you by walking to the center of town instead of remaining at my work."

He was more than a guest; they had sent for him. What is a foreign scholarship if not a sort of bribe? Faint conceit made him glance at a girl walking beside him—a girl who had flirted with him in the halls. Now she walked with her hands in the pockets of her raincoat. Her head, in a cotton scarf, was bent slightly forward. She was silent and thinking hard; he could see that because of the way a tooth held her lower lip. It would have seemed to him attractive, rather sensual, if she had not been so removed. Stefan hoped for her sake that she was wearing a sweater under her thin raincoat. Now and again she shivered. When they got back to the laboratory, he would advise her to take aspirin, he thought.

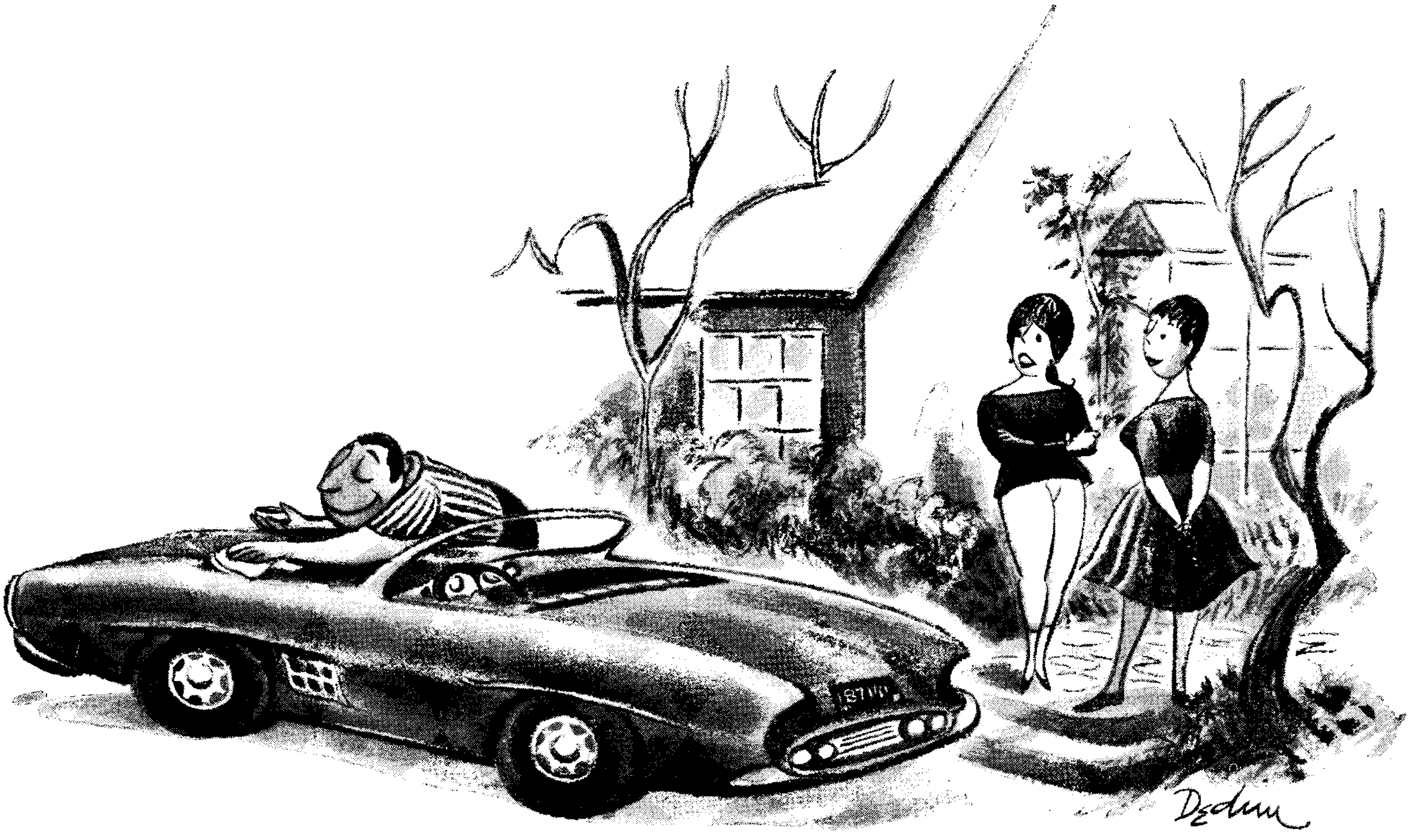
The general strike made the country seem submerged; he felt as if they were walking through waves. And now a smaller strike of one hour had been called. Plenty of cars rushed by, splashing the walkers on the pavement, but some taxis pulled up to the side of the road, and some shops were locked, with the blinds down. The main street, which they now descended, was the highway to Paris. Here they seemed to Stefan conspicuous. How intent, how uncasual they would seem if the police should appear now! He hoped he would have time to say, "Excuse me, this is none of my affair." In Germany the police broke up demonstrations with fire hoses, and the most anyone got was a good wetting. He wondered why the French police didn't copy this tactic instead of moving in with clubs.

The leader of their group was a young man Stefan had seen in the laboratory but scarcely knew. Why should he be leader all at once? He had taken on authority without asking consent. This leader had a proclamation in his pocket, and they were on their way, all eighty of them, to the city hall of a Parisian suburb to read the proclamation to the mayor. The proclamation said they were against violence and murder, and that they stood for the Republic, whatever the Republic was. The owner of a fruit shop, who had joined in the one-hour strike, stood in his doorway, watching the fruit outside to make sure none of it was stolen. The pears under their protective netting looked delicious. If you bought one the merchant would say, "Is it for lunch, or dinner, or tomorrow?" If it was for lunch, it had to be eaten straightaway; tomorrow the interior would be spotted and brown.

At the city hall neither of the armed guards at the door moved an inch; not the guardian of the peace with his club and his gun, or the statue in dark blue with his machine gun. Being armed and in uniform, the two were not men. They were targets, objects, enemies—pictures of something. The group trailed past them and into the building and stood, scuffling their soaked shoes, in the dark lobby. A marble plaque, yellow now, gave the names of the dead in



"And then I get this terrible urge to buy transit systems."



"It's his raison d'être."

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the 1914 war, and a much smaller, whiter piece of marble held the names of the few who had died twenty years ago. The building felt as if it had not been heated for days. The group waited, giving off an aura of coldness and dampness like a cloud. The leader had his proclamation to read, but the mayor was away—on a voyage, said the elderly clerk, who, if you forgot the armed guards outside, was the greeting committee. The mayor's assistant was away as well. There was no one to read the proclamation to, and so the young man read it aloud to Stefan, the shivering girl, and the rest of them. Stefan was aware of a feeling of dissatisfaction with the young leader—as if he had promised a victory and failed. Someone observed they could at least mark the occasion with one minute's silence, and that gave the leader another chance. He looked at his watch and said the minute had begun. In the long minute, Stefan heard people walking to and fro in the building and a telephone ringing. When the minute was up, the group pressed back out to the rain, which was warmer than indoors. The minute had tired them more than the walk. "Keep in line," the leader urged them. "Let us look as if . . ." He was losing his authority again; but surely it wasn't his fault if the mayor was away on a voyage? And the mayor's assistant, too?

Because of the strike, none of the traffic signals were working. Cars came from every direction. It was when they were trying to cross the main street of the town, the highway into Paris, that some of the group began to stamp in rhythm—three beats and three more—O. A. S. as-sas-sins. Everyone knew what three-three stood for, even without the syllables.

Now Stefan felt tricked and stubborn, as his brother might have done during the oath-of-allegiance ceremony eighteen years before. "Is Germany with us?" his comrades had asked. They knew he couldn't stay behind; but he hadn't come out on the streets to stamp and shout and risk his career for something that had nothing to do with him. Saying nothing, he thought he was saying everything. If the police came now, he would not even have time to explain, "I am a guest of France and deeply regret . . ." Then he noticed he was not the only one who was silent. Some were shouting and some were still, but no one knew what anyone thought, or what the silence contained. His own father had never known what Günther believed or why he behaved in a certain way.

When they turned up the hill to the laboratory, another group of marchers suddenly came around a corner and upon them. Both groups stopped and the slogans died in the rain. The men and women looked at each other. What had the others been shouting? Were they shouting and tramping the three beats and three, which made them friends, or had they been marching to the three-and-two that were Al-gé-rie Française? Neither group had heard the other. Were they mortal enemies or close friends? At any rate, they weren't either of them the police. They stared as long as the silent minute in the city hall. Nothing happened; the groups passed without trouble. They mingled, parted, re-formed their lines, one going up the hill to the laboratory, the other along perhaps to the *lycée;* they had the look of teachers. No one stamped or called now. They were men and women in the rain. They might have been coming from anywhere—a cinema, or a funeral.

Foreign papers exaggerate; Stefan's mother sent him such anxious letters from Berlin! He would write tonight and tell her not to worry. Nothing was as serious as it seemed from the outside. Moreover, his superiors thought highly of him, and his work was going well.

—MAVIS GALLANT

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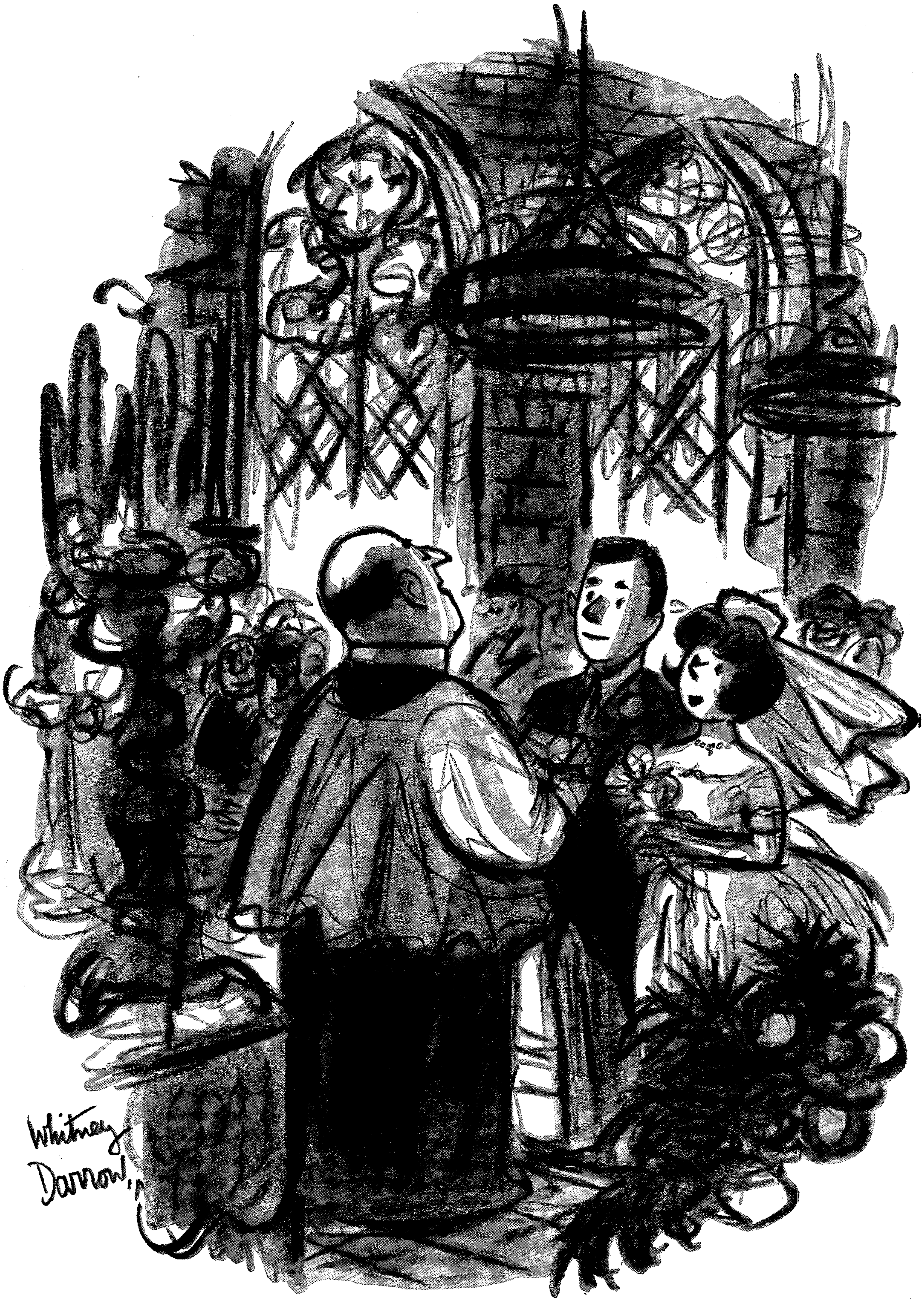
Dry rot costs lumbermen millions of dollars annually and also spoils a lot of conversation.—*Las Vegas (Nev.) Review-Journal.*

It's a lost art anyway.


Whitney Darrow, Jr

"I pronounce you young marrieds."

A SENSE OF REALITY

IN the spring of my last year at college, my senior adviser, Mr. Eric Stern, called me into his office. He gazed out of the window for a while in the kind of reverie he sometimes assumed. There was a dossier on his table, with my name, Elizabeth Cooper, on it in fine German script. "Betsy," he murmured, and paused. "What you must do now is, you must get away. Go work in Chicago. Marry the rubbish man. Hitchhike to California. Alone. But get away from your mother."

"What is the matter with my mother, Mr. Stern?" I asked, in the naïve voice I use when I hope people will be gentle with me. I knew what he would say, of course, but I wanted to hear him say it.

"The same thing that's the matter with all your tribe," he said, meaning "class," but despising the word too much even to pronounce it. "She has no sense of reality."

The reason I liked to hear Mr. Stern say things several times over, especially when they concerned me, was not only that I was very, very fond of myself that year; I was also very, very fond of him—more than I had yet been of any man, including ski instructors and lifeguards. Even now, years later, I see the back of his head vanishing through crowds on Fifth Avenue. A radio commentator almost has his voice. My neighbor's gardener churns up the road on a spidery bicycle just like the one Mr. Stern rode because he couldn't afford a car. I still read the papers through Stern-tinted glasses, and in the voting booth I pull all the levers just as he would wish me to.

I didn't go to work that summer or hitchhike anywhere; I went to Nantucket with my mother. Then, in September, when I might perhaps have started out on my search for reality, I decided to stay home because my sister-in-law, Faye, had taken up serious drinking. We live in Drybrook, well out on the North Shore of Long Island. There are two houses, connected by a long garden; Mother and I have lived alone in the bigger one since my father died, when I was still in college. My brother, Harry, stayed with us for a while, but when he married Faye they moved into the smaller house, which was perfectly adequate for them, and, later, for their two children and a cook named Rosie, and for Pearl, a creature of unusual sanity who had been hired as the children's nurse but who really ran the whole ménage. Harry came home weekends. A nightly trip, he said, would be ridiculous. He kept an apartment in town. Despite Rosie and Pearl, Faye needed me badly. She had never been what you'd call organized, and as her drinking got worse, she gave up trying to cope. Neither of the maids could drive or would learn, so I became the chauffeur, with endless trips to school and nursery school—to dentists, riding lessons, birthday parties, and home again. I didn't really mind. You would understand if you saw Faye's children. They're attractive, and they have Southern manners—the only thing they seem to have got from their mother. Also, I could put off job-hunting for a while, and I had been nervous about that. All the old ladies in Drybrook said I was a perfect saint—a new role for me, and one I enjoyed trying on for a while.

As my end of the virtue seesaw went up, Faye's dipped down. She had never been called a saint, but she *had* been a poor thing, a subtype of that almost extinct flower the delicate girl. Something had been the matter with her since childhood, though no one, least of all Faye herself, was quite sure what that something was. The usual diagnosis was chronic bronchitis, but the usual treatment seemed to do little good. She was frail, she was always out of breath, she was never really warm, she coughed all day, softly, into a collection of white handkerchiefs. Some adolescent beau had called her "Camille," and sometimes Faye called herself that, with a slight smile, as if the idea amused her but not much. Her family had taken her to endless doctors and spas, and she would get stronger for a while, but then, home again in New Orleans, she would become ill, and off they would go again to a new doctor, a new climate. Luckily, they could afford it. Harry met her at a party in New York during one of her strong winters. She was small and black-haired and very pretty. They eloped, because both families would have wanted a big wedding and she didn't think she could stand that.

Saintpaulia goetzeana

"The entire living pattern of your family is ridiculous," Mr. Stern pointed out to me once. "It's positively feudal." He knew the backgrounds of all his pet pupils, and thought most of them outrageously planned and badly in need of editing. "Your brother, now, is a banker. Yes?"

"Not a banker yet, really," I protested modestly. "*In* a bank. He's only just started out, practically."

"A banker, as I said. And his bank is in New York."

"Well, yes, of course. There's nothing in Drybrook but—"

"And his wife, the one you say is 'not very happy,' lives in Drybrook with you. With her mother-in-law!"

"Not *with* us," I said. "Just on the place. They have a separate house. They don't even come to dinner very often."

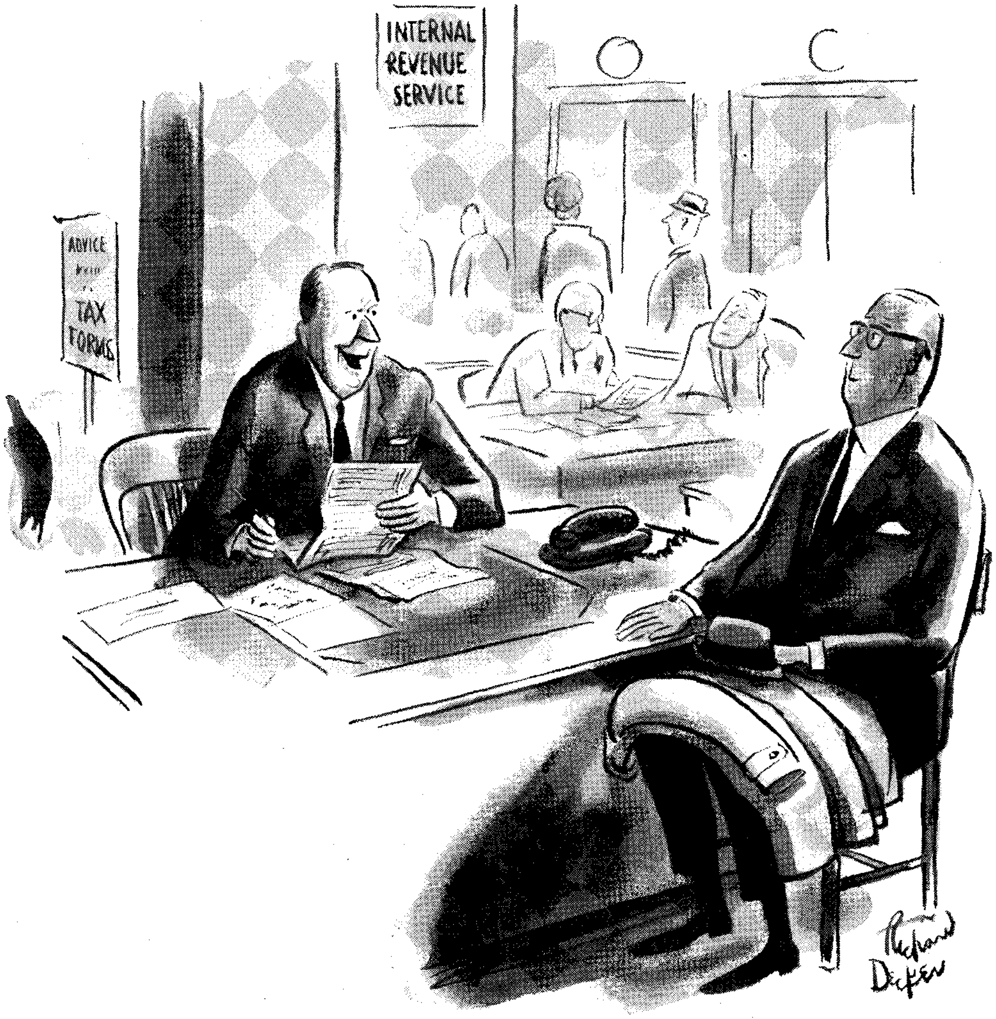
"And *he* stays in town five days a week. Five nights. And you wonder the poor girl is miserable."

"I never said 'miserable,' " I said, stung a little by the implied criticism of Harry, who was cruel sometimes, but never unjust. "Faye hates cities. She's just terrified of them. We're all the family she's got. Hers are all in New Orleans, or dead."

DR. CAREY, who was our doctor in Drybrook, explained to us gravely that alcoholism was an illness—he thought Faye's a light case—and should be treated as such. He had taken over our old doctor's practice just the year before, and he was quite young. Mother tried hard, always, to be patient with him. She said yes, Faye had an illness, all right, but its name was self-pity and it was almost impossible to cure. I think now she threw in "almost" as a sop for the Doctor. My mother, like all natural gardeners, is an optimist, but she never, at any time, had any hope for Faye.

All that fall, I was surprised by Mother's patience—she who despised weakness, sloth, and all the impractical virtues. When her own children were at home, they must be downstairs for breakfast at a quarter past eight, so as not to keep the servants waiting. Illness was ignored until it cured itself or got pretty bad, in which case the doctor was finally called in and his advice followed, up to a point. She believed that an aspirin would cure practically anything. Mother must have been appalled by the schedule that Faye was coasting into.

My sister-in-law began sleeping very late mornings. Rosie would take a tray up around eleven, and two newspapers that Faye loved because they were full of what they call human-interest stories—murders, abandonments, betrayals. Often these made her cry. For a change of mood, she would turn to the gossip columns, following them so



"You *__are__* *fortunate, Mr. Hewitt. Your business affairs seem to take you to so many recreational and scenic points of interest."*

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faithfully that call girls and ex-kings became her intimates. She knew them better, she said, than she did her friends in Drybrook—who, she added, now bored her utterly. Afternoons, she left the house just before I brought the children home from school, and started out in her convertible, always chaperoned by Rosie, who reared up on the seat beside her, enormous and glum in a scarlet coat. They would drive about the country aimlessly for a while, but at half past four they always stopped in at Paul's Place, a country hotel with a long, dim bar. Faye had known Paul since childhood; he had been the butler at some house in New Orleans. He was very protective of her, keeping her down to two drinks and sending her home in the twilight, a little on the confused side but able to navigate the road home. Sometimes she had supper with the children, whom she regarded with fond detachment, as though she wondered whose they were, but wasn't it sweet of them to have stopped in. Mostly they were in the charge of Pearl, who was rough and strict and hotly loving; I rarely saw them unhappy.

"Isn't it annoying," Mother would say, "how those completely lazy women can always find servants and keep them forever just by acting helpless?" "Could you rinse out a few little things for me, Rosie?" Faye would murmur, dropping blouses and French underclothes all over the kitchen table as though they were too heavy to hold for another instant. "Could you figure out all these awful bills for me, Nanny?" she would say to Pearl, who had never seen a *nanny* in her life. "I know you can balance my checkbook for me. It's all mixed up, and you're such a whiz at arithmetic."

Rosie and Pearl stood guard over Faye that year. A late-morning telephone call would get Mother nowhere. "The missis is resting, Ma'am," Rosie would say. "Shall I have her call you?"

"Well, yes, Rosie. Yes." A pause. "Rosie, tell me. Is everything quite all right over there?"

"Just fine, Ma'am, except she's getting one of her colds, and she's going to take it easy today."

Or, with Pearl, who had been to nursing school and was genteel: "Are you sure, Pearl, that there isn't anything you want to tell me?"

This time, the pause would be Pearl's, and loaded with scorn. "I don't know what you mean, Mrs. Cooper, I'm sure. We are all quite nicely here."

THE fall passed this way, and the winter. I got away for a week in New York early in January and managed, by waiting for hours in the rain outside the New School, to have an accidental encounter with Mr. Stern, who lectured there two days a week. I got him to ask me to lunch, and we went to one of those narrow French places, a cheap one. We had *moules*, and in the tumblers was wine mixed with water. I had not known about food like this, having been raised in the lamb-chop and creamed-chicken tradition. The restaurant was dirty and cold; I thought it heavenly. When the waiter, the only waiter, called Mr. Stern by name, I could not have been more impressed, but I managed to keep my face wooden. I was sure that any animation would lessen me in his eyes.

"And how is that terrible family of yours?" he asked, finishing his coffee and wiping his mouth very neatly with his folded napkin. His pale eyes glinted through very horn-rimmed spectacles. "Nesting comfortably, I trust?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"Twitter, twitter," he murmured dreamily, like the Dormouse going to sleep. "Mama bird and all the little ones, huddling together away from the wind. Chirp, chirp." His slight accent formed the words, cut out their shapes, lovingly. "Don't flutter the wings, darling. Flying is dangerous. Might fall. Might bruise a wing. *Might get away*. How did you get away, incidentally?"

"On a train," I answered, adoring his interest. "Mummy suggested that I come. She made me come."

"And why was that?" he asked suspiciously.

So then I told him all about Faye, with no reserve at all, spewing out the dreary details of her condition, to keep his interest, without a trace of family pride. Of course, I built up her escape from her duties and my assumption of them, and sat back over a liqueur, waiting for his praise. "At last, Betsy, you have taken responsibility," he would say. "You are doing something real." Then perhaps he would put one small, too clean hand on mine and ask me . . . ask me . . . to type a thesis? Hitchhike to California (with him)? Meet his mother?

"Betsy, the most idiotic thing . . . I seem to have come away without my wallet," he said, flushing slightly. "If you could please . . ."

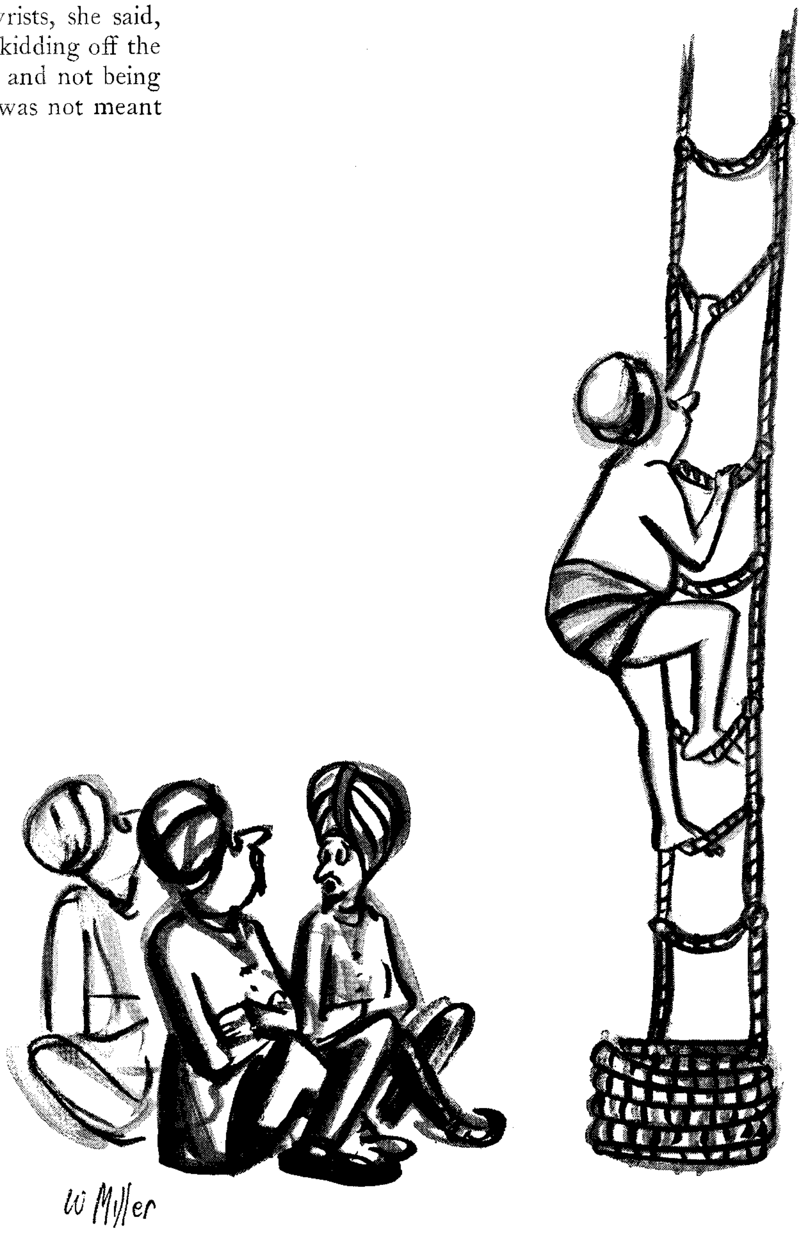
Out in the street, I wondered if he would suggest my going back to his rooms so that he could find his money and repay me, thereby prolonging what was perhaps my very last meeting with him, but he said crisply, "Well, now, little one, you know, you must let me hear how all this goes. Call me when you are down again." Then he clicked his heels, swung around sharply, and was gone. I didn't stay out my full time in New York. There didn't seem to be much point.

BACK in Drybrook, I found ice and snow, and learned that Faye had given up her afternoon drives. She had never had strong wrists, she said, and she was terrified of skidding off the road into a hidden ditch and not being found till spring. This was not meant as a joke. She read about it happening all the time in her newspapers, and wouldn't it be an awful way to die? "I am a natural victim," she announced one afternoon over the tea table. Mother was there, and I clenched my stomach, waiting for the outburst that would come if any of her own children tried to get away with a remark like that, but she just gave Faye a considering look and was silent.

Every afternoon now, one of us managed to have tea with Faye. Sometimes Aunt Em joined us; she was an old friend of the family, who knew the situation. She dressed smartly, which was unusual among the widows of Drybrook, who were given to old tweeds with holes in them and, in the evening, crêpe with pearls. But we forgave her chic, because she was amusing, and because, since she had had a husband who drank, nothing surprised her. We would try to get there before half past four, which Faye called her "blue hour." A ghastly expression, Mother said; she must have got it from one of those newspapers. Faye was sure that she would die at half past four. "Dearie, if you will only do something about yourself, you will live to be ninety," my mother said to her once. "Frail people who take care outlive everyone. But if you keep on this way . . ." She meant, "you will kill yourself." Of course, she never said anything so dramatic. It was not her style.

The Doctor said it, however, several times, though I don't think he believed she was in any immediate danger. He had found Faye's heart to be erratic, and had told Mother as much several times, but no one ever told him in return how much Faye drank, nor did he know that she smoked steadily from the moment she woke until that time of night when Rosie, guessing that her mistress was drifting into sleep, would pad into Faye's bedroom and draw the last cigarette of the day from her fingers. In his ignorance of the facts of Faye's daily life, the young Doctor cheerfully assured my mother that there was no reason why Faye shouldn't go on living for years. If the girl smoked, he said, she'd better cut down on it, and two cocktails before dinner should be the limit, but I'm sure he only offered these suggestions as part of his duty as Chief Scarer. Two priests, called in because Mother thought someone in Faye's Church ought to know the state she was in, said as much, too, when more spiritual terrors failed to move her. "Yes," she agreed with all of them, smiling sweetly and tossing her hair. "Yes, I undoubtedly *will* die young. As I said, I am a natural victim."

You will be thinking that Harry played a rather minor role in all this. I suppose he did. In the first place, he was so seldom there, and when he was, he just sat back and waited. Harry was and is a good man, but he has as little sympathy as Mother for human frailty, and far less patience. When he buys a car, he gets a Mercedes or a Cadillac, and when it develops engine trouble he takes it to a good mechanic, and it is made right because it was an excellent piece of work to begin with. Faye, he decided, was not; the idea of putting her back in working order was simply impracticable. His weekend visits were now made only for the children's sake. He had his meals with them, and slept in the guest room, or with us. Faye dressed and made her face up carefully for these visits, but he never noticed, and, long before the end, found an escape from his apparently hopeless situation in Polly Hart, a nice, plain divorcée with no children of her own. She did, as it turned out, make Harry an excellent wife, and the children adored



"Everybody is getting flabby these days."

THAUMAS

Sometimes we see, one day, some day,
In a London street, in an obscure café,
A face we have known. "That diviner of spirits,
If he can see auras, should have known who I am,"
Said the young saint, "but he did not know me."
We looked, and saw that you had no aura, you were no one.
Your face, gentle and grave, looked out of blue air,
Like Krishna outlined in a flute player,
Hovering like a reflection seen in water,
Trembling a little, for the waves never remain
Still for long enough to see quite clearly the image
Broken by cross and recross of ripples, torn
By the unrest of the great sea, shattered by the hurl
Of sorrow and rage that toss our wreckage.
Still in a calm, or as the living wave slides past,
The image is there for a moment,
Resting beautiful in the glass of wonders.
We look up and the sky is empty as always. Only
Assembling the scattered, forever-broadcast light,
Here or there in his creatures is seen that face.

—Kathleen Raine

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her. I don't know how Faye found out about Polly, but she did. "I've never liked that Mrs. Hart," was her only comment. "I've always thought she had a very hairy face."

By spring, Faye was sleeping later than ever; she wasn't having her tray and the newspapers brought to her until at least noon. About half past two, she would dress and wait downstairs for the children to come home. Phil, the younger one, she now liked to hold on her lap, hugging him until he struggled to get away. Then she would send them both off to Pearl and have her first drink. By half past four, as the rest of us sipped our tea, Faye, no longer pretending to a passion for Darjeeling, was already well fortified with her third or fourth drink in her hand. Sometimes she would come back with us for dinner; more often she stayed where she was till Pearl and Rosie carried her off to bed. There, after a few hours' restless sleep, she would come half awake and watch television till all the stations had gone off the air for the night.

The stars of the late movie and the late-late movie were her friends, like the people in the tabloids. "I lie awake at night thinking about them all," she said one afternoon, gazing earnestly at Mother over the top of her glass. "I know them all so well, all those beautiful people. I love them so much, I'm sure that they must know it. They can't hear applause, like stage actors—have you thought of that? They must depend on love. And I lie there and love them until I go to sleep. So how can you say that I have no friends, or that I am lonely?"

One day, there was an article in one of her papers about a woman in Morristown whose family left her, because, they explained in an interview, she was a terrible housekeeper. The sloven's answer to this was to take a lover. The story made the papers because one of the children, slipping home to pick up a baseball bat, found the new incumbent asleep in Mummy's bed and shot him through the heart. Faye brooded about this affair till she got Harry and the children confused with the New Jersey group and felt herself to be in grave danger. "But Faye, dear, your children haven't *got* guns," Mother said reasonably. "And they're both so little. And besides, you haven't even got a lover."

"Sleep is my lover," Faye said triumphantly.

By now, though, he had become a faithless lover. At first, probably, sleep visited Faye as a gentle prince, bearing forgetfulness in a cup. But lately his attention had wandered. He came later and later; then there were nights when he didn't come at all. The sleeping pills that Dr. Carey gave her seemed to be of little help.

One night, she was watching "David Copperfield" on television and fell asleep in the middle of it. Harry, who was home for the weekend, went up to turn off the set, and Faye awoke to find Mr. Murdstone carrying off her sleeping pills. She protested, naturally enough. I was downstairs, and her light voice floated down to me, very like the young David's: "Please, sir, may I have them back?"

"Snap out of it, Faye," Harry said, in a low, cold voice. "You take these like candy. I'm locking them up, d'you hear?"

"Yes, Harry," murmured Faye-David, quite obedient, and slept again.

The next night, there was a conference at our house. The two priests came, and Dr. Carey, and Aunt Em. Harry and Mother and I, of course, were already there. I kept thinking of how Mr. Stern would have enjoyed himself, they made so little sense. The Doctor said again that Faye would kill herself at this rate; Aunt Em and Harry said the "right place" would cure her. The priests said that God would find a way. They all agreed that the pills should be kept out of Faye's hands. Only Mother listened and was silent. No, she did say one thing. "I wish I were absolutely sure," she said, "how much Faye might really be suffering."

Three days later, about eight in the morning, the telephone rang. I was in Mother's room making plans for the day, and I could hear Rosie's voice coming very loud out of the earpiece; Mother had to hold the telephone at arm's length. "Mrs. Cooper, please come, please come," she shouted. "She fell all the way downstairs. It's terrible."

"Have you got the Doctor, Rosie?" Mother said quietly, to calm her down.

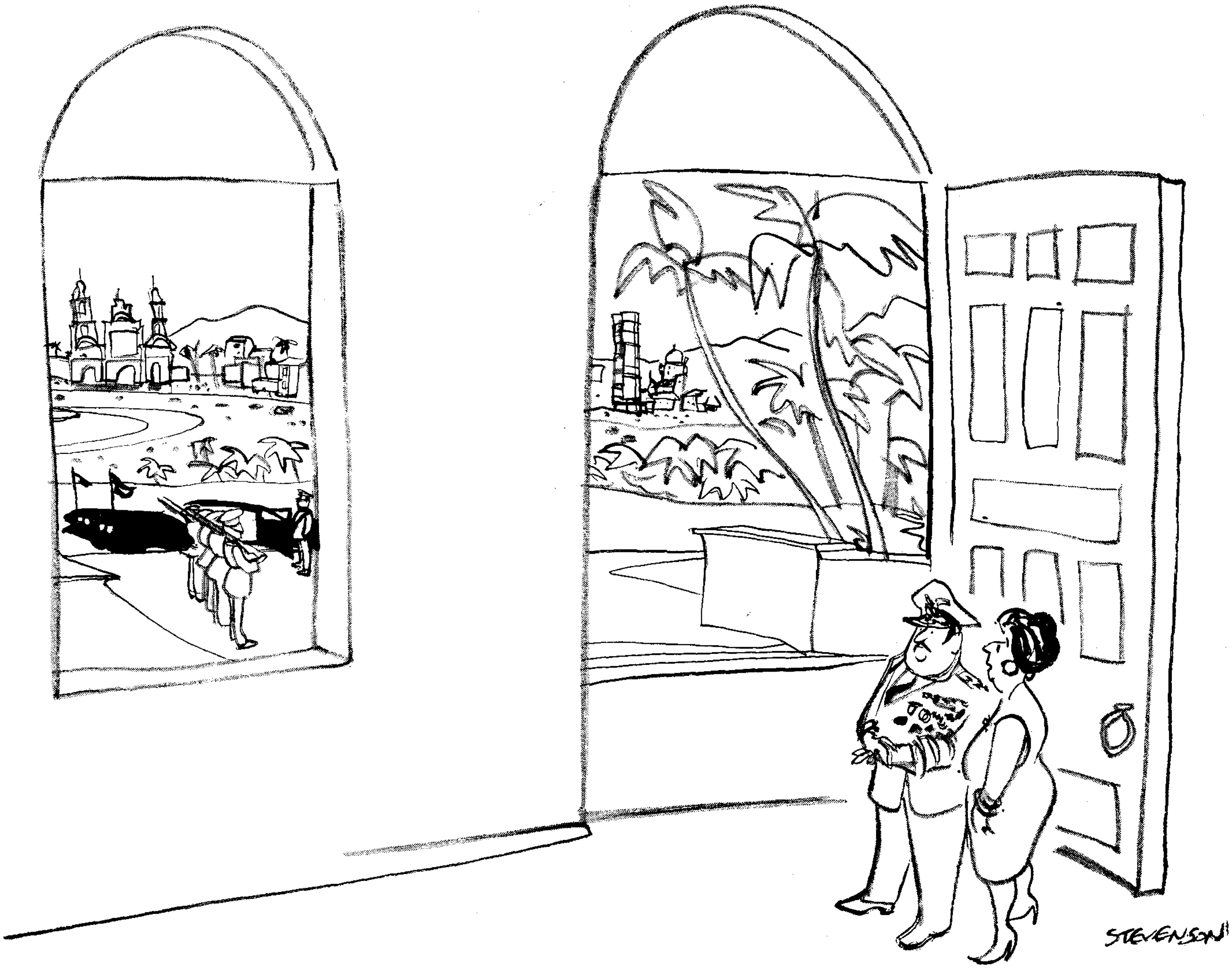
"No, not yet. Please come. You come."

"I'll call the Doctor," Mother said, "and then I'll come. Rosie . . . is she all right?"

"I got her back upstairs," Rosie said. "I got her in bed. She's had a coughing spell and can't get her breath good, and she's cut her head. Not too bad. But she won't talk to me."

Mother called Dr. Carey, and then started toward her dressing room. "I wonder why Faye was up so early," she said musingly. Then she turned and looked at me. "We can't have this," she said. "This is a different sort of thing altogether," and went in to dress.

I didn't wait for her; I went right over. At the top of the stairs was the



"Have a nice day, dear, and try not to get toppled."

• •

nursery, and Phil, the baby, was peering out from it, looking querulous. "I've got a cold," he told me. "My ear hurts."

"Build me one of those igloos out of blocks," I said. "I'll come back and see it in a few minutes. Where's Pearl?"

"In Mummy's room," he said. "Mummy fell downstairs. Did you know that?"

I went into Faye's room, and there she was, lying back in the enormous four-poster with her eyes closed. The bed had a canopy of white dimity. Almost everything in the room—lampshades, slipcovers, dressing table—was white; Faye looked somehow swaddled in it all, and she looked dead. Rosie and Pearl were hovering about, lifting things and putting them down again. I asked, "Has the Doctor come?" and then the doorbell rang and he was on his way up.

"I am perfectly all right," said Faye to the Doctor, opening her eyes and speaking clearly. "I just wanted to go out in the garden. It looked so pretty, all those lilacs. Rosie must have been waxing the stairs."

I sent the maids downstairs, and Dr. Carey began his examination. Faye protested a little, but not much. After all, he had taken the trouble to come, and, she said, at such an ungodly hour. "It looks so bright outside," she said. "I haven't been up this early in years and years. I never went to sleep last night at all." She did look tired; the dark smudges under her eyes made them enormous. The Doctor obviously found her enchanting.

"You are a very lucky little girl," he said finally, in that bedside voice that combines cheer with warning. "Outside of this cut on your forehead, I can't find a thing wrong." He applied a Band-Aid to her temple with marvellous dexterity. "But the next time—"

"There won't be any next time, Doctor," Faye said. "That Rosie must have put twenty coats of wax on."

Mother appeared then, and the Doctor repeated what he had said, and recommended a day in bed with lots of sleep, which made even Faye smile.

"I called Harry in New York," Mother said.

"Oh, you didn't! But there was no reason to," Faye said.

"Well, but how was I to know that? There might have been."

"What did he say?"

"He's ready to fly out. He's waiting to hear from me."

Faye's small face shone. Her hands stopped trembling, and her mouth composed itself. Why, she's perfectly sober, I thought first, and then, She's really mad about him!

But almost immediately her eyes clouded. "Was he furious? Oh, he was, wasn't he?" Sitting upright, she arranged her bed jacket modestly around her shoulders. "Thank you very much for coming over, Dr. Carey," she said, in such a way that he knew he was to go. "I'm sorry I've been so naughty, and bothered you for nothing."

When he had gone, Faye lit a cigarette and puffed on it furiously for a minute with her eyes closed. Then she

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opened them and looked at Mother and me. "I'm going to call Harry now," she said firmly, "and tell him that everything's O.K., he's not to come home." And we were dismissed, too, even Mother, and we went back to the other house.

I guess it didn't take much persuasion to make Harry stay where he was. He called us a few minutes later and said that Faye had sounded fine, and made such sense that she surprised him. She promised him that she would be more careful. He must have asked her to be careful as a matter of form, but he did say that she had sounded grateful.

I went over to see her about noon, just to check. "Harry was terribly upset," she said, with touching dishonesty. "He was all for flying right out here. But I said no, it was only two days until the weekend. What a silly fuss all this has been. Run along home now. I'm going to read the papers."

Aunt Em stomped in while Mother and I were at lunch. She'd heard about the accident and thought she'd stop over and offer Faye a little cheer.

"No," Mother said, "I'm planning to go over myself now, and stay through her bad hour, you know, and then I'll come home, because I have a lot of desk work to do. Why don't you two spell me at five, and we'll all have dinner here afterward."

So that was agreed, and Mother set off briskly along the garden path that connected the two houses. She walked with a long, golfer's stride, and her back was so straight it arched. "If only she could just pass some of that iron along to Faye," Aunt Em said, watching her.

"She's never passed any to me," I said thoughtfully. "You know, my Mr. Stern at college said none of us have a sense of reality."

"Even your mother?"

"Especially her. She lives as she has always lived. She doesn't know what goes on."

"Well, if she doesn't," Aunt Em said, "no one does."

When Aunt Em and I met at Faye's, Mother was standing at the foot of the stairs, with her finger on her lips. "Faye's asleep," she whispered. "For the first time since yesterday. She couldn't fall asleep for a long time, and she's been so frightened. I've been sitting with her."

"Frightened? You mean, at half past four?" I said.

"No," Mother said. "No, thank God; she had gone to sleep by then."

"It's awfully quiet," Aunt Em remarked, looking around. "Where are the children and the maids?"

"Rosie is off today. Pearl has taken the children out for dinner and the movies."

"But Phil was sick," I said.

"He's perfectly all right," Mother said, impatiently. "I gave him an aspirin."

Aunt Em and I stayed till seven. Once, I went to the top of the stairs to listen, but Faye's door was closed, so I went down again. We didn't like to leave her, but Mother was fussy about the dinner hour, and the Doctor had said she was all right. Besides, our own house was so near, just a step.

After dinner, Mother went back over, alone. "I'll just stay till Pearl gets back," she said, "and then I'll say good night to Faye and come along home."

I TOOK a bath, and fell asleep in the library with a book. The telephone, right at my elbow, woke me. "Betsy," said Mother's voice, "were you asleep?"

"Yes," I answered groggily, and then, alarmed for some reason, added, "What's the matter?"

"It's Faye."

"Something bad?" I said, knowing that it was.

"Very bad. As bad as it can be. She's dead."

Then everything roared in my ears, and I must have cried out something foolish. The next thing I remember was the telephone saying, very coldly, "Now, you must get hold of yourself, Elizabeth. This minute. Don't be a Rita."

Rita, long since departed, had been a gardener's daughter. One morning, she appeared on the porch of their cottage and screamed, horribly, for several minutes to announce to the neighborhood that her grandmother was dead. Remembering Mother's expression that day, I would not have been a Rita for anything.

"All right, Mother," I said. "What do you want me to do?"

"Call Dr. Carey first," she said, "and then Aunt Em. I want them both over here. You stay put. Pearl has just come in with the children. She'll bring them over."

"Aren't they late?"

"It was a double feature," she said, "and just as well."

"Do they know?"

"Of course they do," she said tartly. "There is no time like the present for facing facts."

I made the two calls. Aunt Em had no comment. Dr. Carey was flabbergasted. He kept saying, "But she was perfectly all right. I know she was all right." He sounded almost accusing. Finally, I had to say bluntly, "Don't you think you should go over there now?" to get him off the telephone.

Then Pearl and the children arrived. They were all weeping noisily. I saw the children tucked into bed, and left Pearl sitting at the kitchen table staring into a cup of black coffee. Just as I was going out the door, she called after me, in an angry voice, "This wouldn't have happened if I'd been here."

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wrote gallantly. "I am convinced that if more wives travelled with their husbands, the United States would be better represented to other peoples of the world." He went on to say, in the interest of government frugality, that if the couples involved went tourist class, the combined cost of their tickets would amount to not much more than the cost of a single first-class ticket. Campbell replied that Goldberg's proposal would require new legislation, and so far it is one of the few Goldberg suggestions that the administration has not acted upon.) Goldberg spent four days discussing Swedish economic problems with Prime Minister Tage Erlander and with various government and labor officials, after which Ambassador J. Graham Parsons sent off a dispatch to the State Department saying that the Goldbergs' visit was "an outstanding success [that] will very likely have an over-all excellent impact upon Swedish-American relations."

On at least one occasion, Goldberg settled a messy dispute for the State Department. This had to do with the number of cheap Japanese-made suits and shirts that were being imported into the United States at low duties, and at the time Goldberg intervened, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America—whom Goldberg once represented as a lawyer, and whose president, Jacob Potofsky, is an old friend of his—were ready to press a boycott on Japanese textile goods. In the spring of 1961, Potofsky complained that the State Department didn't seem to understand his problem, and Goldberg, with the approval of both State and the White House, called on the Japanese Ambassador; together, the two men worked out an import quota for Japanese clothes, and the threat of a boycott, which by then had become a touchy matter on both sides of the Pacific, was dropped. "Arthur has always had a way of disarming people, and explaining things in a manner others will accept," Potofsky said afterward. "This case required deft, diplomatic handling. I preferred to trust myself to him rather than to anyone else."

Goldberg's settlement of the dispute was an immediate answer to an immediate problem, and it did not represent his final solution to the question of tariffs and imports. A few months later, when he went to Japan, along with Rusk, Hodges, Secretary of the Interior Udall, and Secretary of Agriculture Freeman, he was sought out not only by unionists but also by business leaders. Notwithstanding a dramatic ascent of Mount

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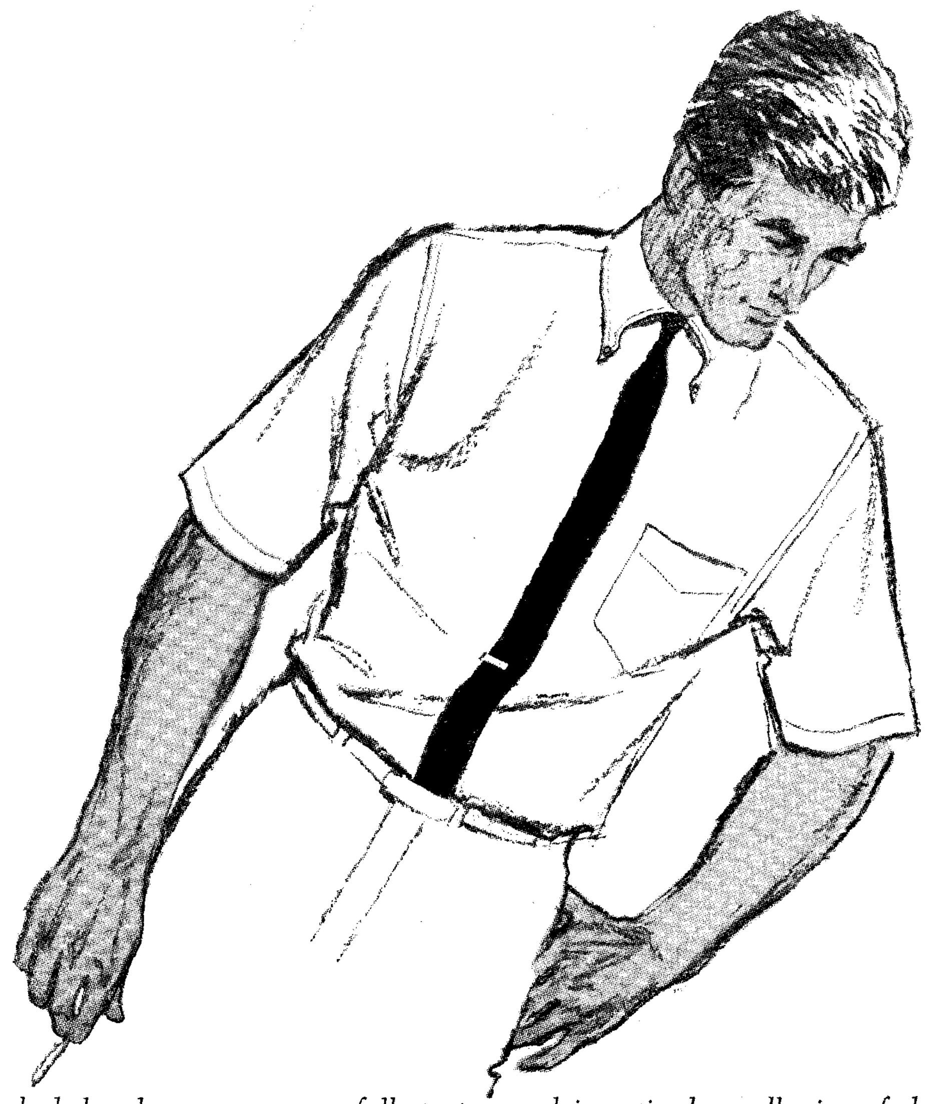

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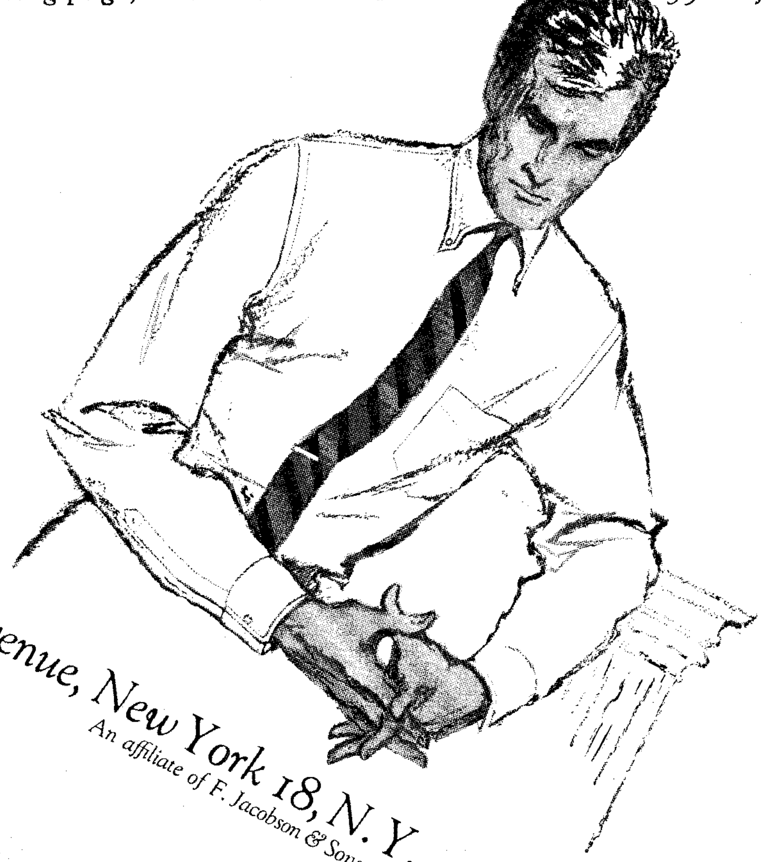

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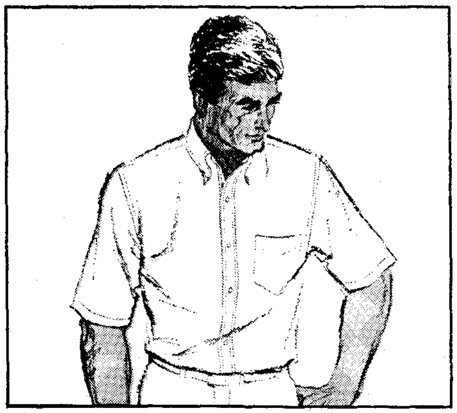
has helped persuade congressmen he knows, especially those from working-class areas, to go along with the administration. He often confers with State Department officers, and also with White House staff members, about tariffs and foreign trade, propaganda, cultural exchanges, and foreign policy in general, and he seldom has hesitated to make public his views on these subjects. "Nobody has said to me at any point that I am not free to talk about anything at all," Goldberg told a reporter recently. "People in government are part of the intellectual life of the country and must be concerned with vital foreign issues. The Secretary of Labor certainly is concerned with them, because all over the world the Communists make their basic revolutionary appeal to the working people. I have felt this is an additional reason for me to be saying something in this area." Aside from saying a lot in speeches and interviews, Goldberg frequently talks with foreign officials, both in Washington and on their home grounds. His trips abroad have been generally colorful. Last summer, when he flew to Scandinavia, he took along his wife, Dorothy, an abstract painter; Goldberg was entitled, under law, to a first-class passage, but the couple went tourist class, because he was paying his wife's way and didn't feel he could afford a first-class ticket for her. When their plane landed in Stockholm, a welcoming party of Swedish officials lined up outside the first-class exit, near the nose of the airliner. No Goldberg appeared, and just as they had concluded that he must have missed the plane, John Leslie, the information director of the Labor Department, who was travelling with the Goldbergs, rushed up and shouted, "He's back here!" The welcoming party ran to the tourist exit at the rear. "It was a little like an old Marx Brothers comedy," Leslie said later, "but it relaxed everybody and got things off to a fine start." The Swedes responded as warmly to Mrs. Goldberg as they did to her husband—"a personality of genius as well as of taste," one newspaper called her, and commented loftily, considering Sweden's own high divorce rate, that it was a pleasure, for a change, to meet an American couple who had been happily married for thirty years. (When Goldberg got back to Washington, he suggested to Comptroller General Joseph Campbell—in writing—that, whenever possible, government officials take their wives abroad with them at government expense. "I was tremendously impressed by the effectiveness and value of my wife's presence," he



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he retains his enthusiasm to this day. Moreover, from the thirties on he played a major role in the fight against Communist penetration of the labor unions, and he became convinced that the way to defeat the Communists was not only to encourage vigilance on the part of the unions but to promote the passage of liberal social legislation and to work with democratic elements abroad in order to curb Soviet expansion. To Goldberg, these two elements of good policy are still inseparable, and, as a tough New Frontiersman as well as a highly practical New Dealer, he becomes impatient with people—liberals especially—who vacillate or show a tendency to withdraw from the battle. Last spring, just after the collapse of the Cuban invasion, he expressed strongly, if not explicitly, his impatience with seventy writers and professors, including forty-one from Harvard, who had issued an open letter demanding that the United States "give no further support" to any such invasion scheme. Although Goldberg had not publicly stated his views on Cuba, he was apparently dismayed not by the fact that the United States had intervened but by the bungling of the operation—by our failure, that is, to supply air support to the Cuban rebels—and, even more, by the disillusionment the whole affair created.

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"Look, Malcolm! 'West Side Story'!"

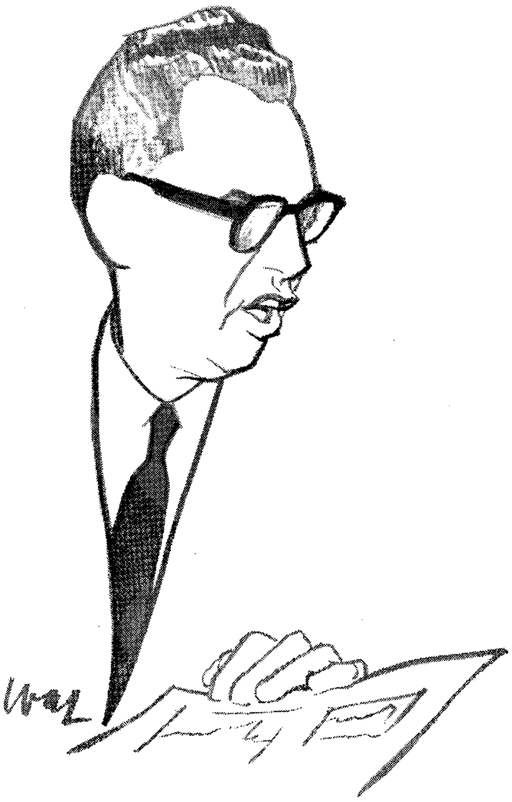
In a speech before the alumni and faculty of the School of Social Service Administration at the University of Chicago, he quoted Santayana's statement that "those who forget the past are doomed to repeat it" and warned that "open commitment to disengagement did not stop Nazi aggression." America is "charged with the responsibility to lead the free world," he said, and went on, "I suggest to the intellectual seeking peace through disengagement that he ponder an activist path toward peace which we can all share. This path leads toward the completion of our own Revolution in other free societies, and the making of a world order in which a balance of terror would lose its power." Oblique as many of its references were, the speech created something of a furor; while a number of people, including several congressmen, were sufficiently impressed by it to ask for copies, the State Department reacted with some consternation, for at the time Secretary Rusk was being criticized for having recommended a cautious policy on Cuba—in other words, a non-activist path.

Although Goldberg's remarks could have been interpreted as a rebuke to Rusk, relations between the two men, who are sometimes spoken of as the intellectuals of the Cabinet, suffered no serious damage. In fact, the Labor Department and the State Department have coöperated more closely than ever before on a number of matters, including the work of the labor attachés assigned to diplomatic missions—a sphere of activity that was virtually disregarded by the Eisenhower administration and that the Kennedy administration considers very important. (The attachés, while under State, also report to Labor.) During the last two Congressional debates on foreign aid, Goldberg

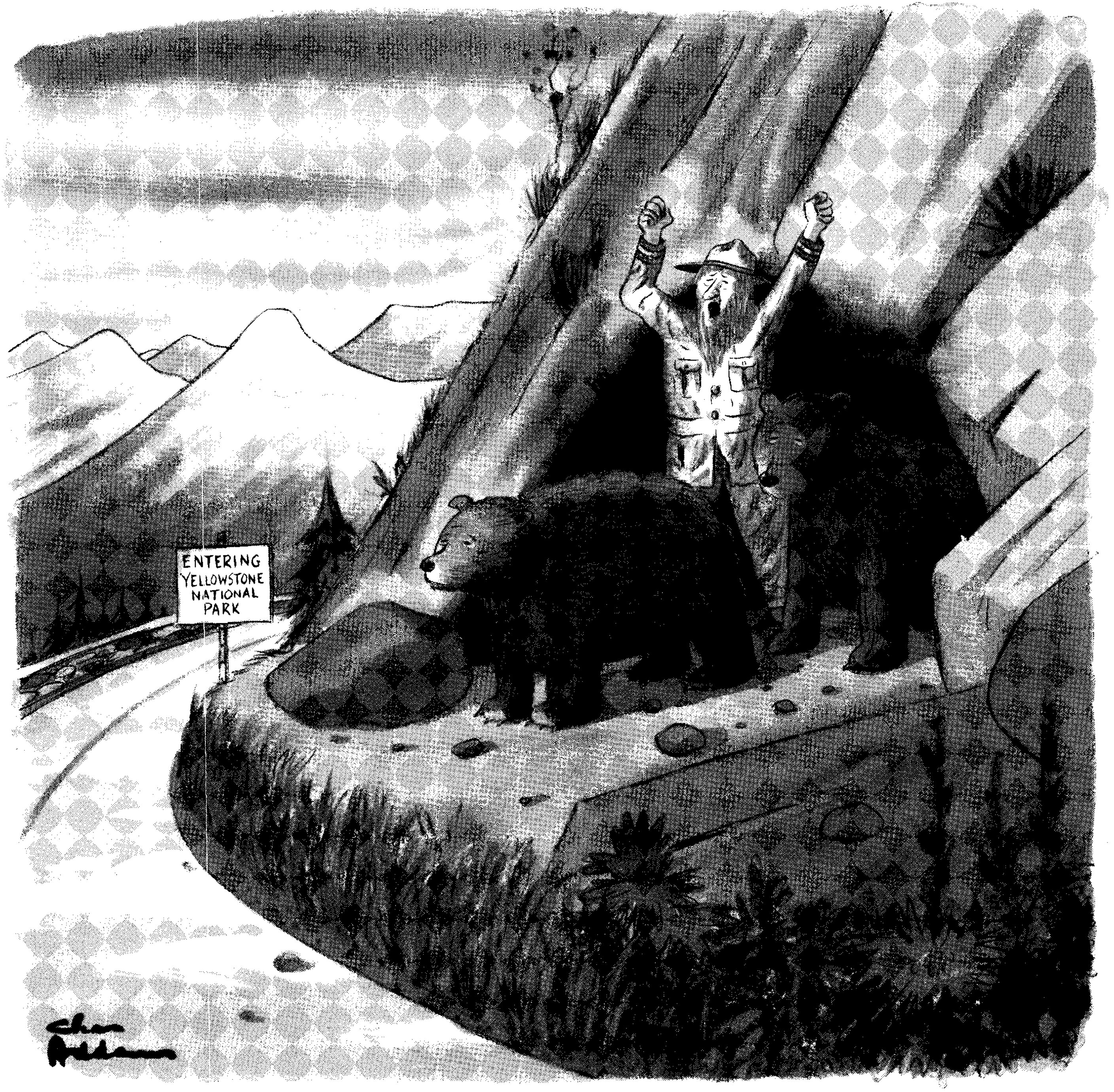
PROFILES

PEACEMAKER—II

ALONG the pathways of the New Frontier, it is generally agreed, the government official with the most persistent inclination to explore fresh territory has been Arthur Joseph Goldberg, who, as Secretary of Labor, presides over the smallest department in the Cabinet but has addressed himself resolutely, and sometimes brashly, to an astonishing number of the many and varied programs staked out by President Kennedy. Goldberg, the son of a Russian-Jewish immigrant who came to America seventy years ago by way of Siberia and trekked through Texas and the plains to Chicago, has been called the Davy Crockett of the New Frontier—a description that pleases him immensely, since it implies both action and intrepidity under fire. Although, at fifty-three, he is the second-oldest man in the Cabinet—Secretary of Commerce Hodges is sixty-four—he is possessed of an energy and zeal that have amazed his younger colleagues, who have not always been grateful for his habit of injecting himself into matters affecting their departments. Goldberg's involvement with practically all domestic problems and a good portion of foreign affairs is justified bureaucratically by the President's willingness to let all members of his government contribute ideas on any and all subjects. This system of government—which Goldberg has referred to as "the Kennedy method of doing business, a method different from any other President's," and which he discussed with the President before he was named to the Cabinet—could not please him more, for he is deeply concerned about the future of America and wants to do as much as he can in all fields to improve our world position and make clear our intent. Since most domestic legislation affects the country's working force in one way or another, he has either initiated or helped support every one of the administration's social and economic bills, with the result that, as one Washington observer has put it, "the Labor Department, which historically, even under the New Deal, played a secondary role in relation to other departments and special agencies, now pervades the whole New Frontier." In an almost evangelical mood, Goldberg has travelled back and forth across the country making speeches on all sorts of topics; in fact, he has made more speeches than any other member of the administration, some of them in small cities, like South Bend, Indiana, and Corpus Christi, Texas, where other Cabinet officers have rarely, if ever, spoken. He has also personally settled numerous labor disputes—partly because, having been a labor lawyer and negotiator for twenty-five years, he is well qualified to do so, and partly because he simply can't resist the temptation to step in. There are other fields in which Goldberg cannot resist asserting himself; he has offered his ideas to the President on the type of missile that the Pentagon ought to crash-produce, for example, and on the kind of psychological-warfare tactics that are needed to insure a quick response to such Russian actions as the sealing off of Berlin and the detonation of the fifty-megaton bomb. In addition to all this, Goldberg has taken on quite a few assignments abroad: he has travelled to the Scandinavian countries, to study their planned economies, and particularly relations between labor and management, an area in which he is searching for new approaches in this country; to Japan, to discuss, among other things, the perils of Communism with Japanese labor leaders, some of them Communists; to Canada, to talk about general economic matters with Canadian officials; and to Niger, to represent the President at the first anniversary of the birth of that nation. Naturally, there are those who have accused Goldberg of trying to do too much. They are in the minority, however; he has been described by one senator of his own political persuasion, Hubert Humphrey, of Minnesota, as "the vitamins of the administration," and by a senator from the opposing camp, Barry Goldwater, of Arizona, as "probably President Kennedy's outstanding choice as a Cabinet member." In a recent poll of a hundred and seventy-four senators and representatives on the relative merits of the various members of the Cabinet, Goldberg finished a close second to Secretary of Defense McNamara as the man who had done the best job so far, and he finished an enviable last in the voting as to who had done the worst job.


Arthur Joseph Goldberg

More than anyone else in the administration, Goldberg bridges the gap between the New Deal, which was inspired by domestic depression and despair, and the New Frontier, which reflects a nervous urgency about Russia, the bomb, and our international position, along with a conviction that our rate of economic and scientific growth must be stepped up. In the whole period between the thirties and sixties, Goldberg functioned more or less behind the scenes. He no doubt could have joined the New Deal as a government lawyer, but he chose to remain in private practice in Chicago, where he helped establish and represented some of the early industrial unions. "In all his years as a labor lawyer," one of his long-time friends has said, "Arthur was pushed into the wings by men who were really not his equals intellectually, and I think all of his activity now reflects a desire he has always had for the romance and the power of being onstage. At long last, he has acquired status, and he can openly take credit for most of what he accomplishes." Changed as his role may be, his philosophy has been consistent. His first political hero was Franklin D. Roosevelt, and he shared the enthusiasm produced in liberal circles by the Wagner Act and other New Deal legislation;



heads. They wouldn't even allow her a Christian burial."

Then Aunt Em stopped in her tracks, turned, and, planting herself firmly in front of my mother, seized her by the shoulders and shook her slightly, and said, in her mannish, angry voice, "But all those pills were supposed to be kept away from her."

"She hadn't slept. She wanted them."

"And you gave them to her? The whole collection? Margaret," she said, her voice shaking, "what have you done?"

For a moment, the two women stared at each other in the moonlight. Mother was trying to pull away; it looked as though they were dancing. Then she broke free, and, standing straighter than ever, defied us both with her eagle look. "They may do their damnedest," she said, "but they cannot take away the power of choice from any member of my family."

We went the rest of the way in silence.

Faye's death was ascribed to heart failure, and she had a Catholic burial. In a few days, the children no longer wept. Now they remember Faye's pretty hair and blue eyes and, because she was small, think of her as an older sister who died before they really got to know her.

I DID see Mr. Stern again, in the Modern Museum, about a year later. He was with an older woman. She was handsome and befurred, and led him about like a puppy on a string. He looked fat and happy. He said he remembered my face but not my name. I heard, later, that she was keeping him.

—Harriet Fort

•

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COLD DRINKS
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The door to Faye's house stood open, and I went in quietly; I wasn't sure how Mother would react to my being there. I could remember all too clearly, then, the times I had disobeyed her. They were not many. Halfway upstairs, I sat down, because I could hear the voices in Faye's room distinctly. Dr. Carey was still saying, "But she was perfectly all right . . . ," but now he sounded defensive. He was a very young man.

"Obviously," Mother said, "she was nothing of the kind. It must have been the bump on her head."

"But she didn't . . . it was hardly . . ." The Doctor hesitated, and then he said thoughtfully, "Of course, there was her heart . . ."

"It could have been her heart," Mother said. "You said yourself, you remember, that if she kept on with her drinking, it might . . . Because it was never strong to begin with."

"Oh, but I . . ." he started to say, and then stopped. He *had* said it, several times. "Were you with her?" he asked feebly.

"When she died? No. I had been with her. She had had one of her coughing attacks. She had trouble getting her breath, and she said she was cold. She said there was hardly any feeling in her legs."

"And you didn't think you should call me?"

"Young man," my mother said. "It was nothing new. My daughter-in-law was always cold, and she often had trouble breathing. She'd had chronic bronchitis all her life. Didn't you know that?"

"Yes, she had," he said. "I suppose it's possible that . . ." He started over. "What did you do then?"

"Why, I got her an extra blanket, naturally. She already had two. And I filled a hot-water bottle and put it at her feet. She felt much better. She said she was sleepy, so I went downstairs."

"And then?"

Mother sounded near the end of her patience, but she answered quietly. "In about an hour, I looked in on her. I opened the door. I had left it open, by the way, but she must have got up and closed it again for some reason."

"And that was when you found her?"

"Yes. That time."

"Mrs. Cooper," he asked curiously, "how did you know?"

"Dr. Carey," my mother said, stressing his name as he had hers, "when I was a little girl, both my grandmothers lived with us. I watched them die. I was there, both times, in the room, by the bed. I held their hands."

Huddled on the stairs, I almost cried out, "How awful! Why were you allowed?," and she went on, as if she had heard me. "My parents wanted me to know about death right from the start, so I wouldn't be afraid of it. Death and life. I helped calves to be born, and puppies. I watched the farmers castrate the lambs. I watched all the animals mate, and saw most of them killed. Some of them were pets, but that made no difference. It was a working farm. Once, my father made me drown a litter of kittens. Usually the farmer did that." She was silent, and I thought she had lost her objective, but she went on. "When my own mother died," she said, "I was in England. I never forgave myself. But I lost a son, you know; it was diphtheria. It went on for days. I never left the nursery. And, of course, my husband."

The Doctor murmured something—sounds of sympathy—but she stopped him. "I knew, Dr. Carey, the minute I went in the room. I sponged off her face and hands and got a fresh blanket cover for the bed. I cleaned up the room a little. She was untidy, you see, but we all loved her. And then I called Harry, and I called Betsy, and Betsy called you."

I heard a sharp click as the Doctor closed his bag; I've wondered since whether he even used his stethoscope before he put it away. At the same time, the front door opened and Aunt Em came in, looking wary. The Doctor passed me on the stairs. I don't think he even saw me. Aunt Em did, though, and said, "Is it true?," and I nodded. Mother heard her, and came out into the hall and, leaning over the banisters, said, "Rosie is back. I'll just get my things." In a moment, Mother came down, carrying her old brown cardigan by the sleeves, which she had knotted in such a way that the sweater made a bag that bulged and clinked as she moved. She walked between Aunt Em and me, and we three went out into the spring night. The moon was full, and it was lovely. I waited for Mother to ask me what I was doing there, but she didn't say a word.

"Margaret, what on earth have you got tied up in that sweater?" Aunt Em said to my mother as we walked along the brick path.

"Faye's jewelry," Mother said. "A lot of it was lying around loose. There'll be all sorts of people coming in and out. The men from the . . . you know. And the priests."

"My God," Aunt Em said. "I mean, really. Who can you trust, if not them?"

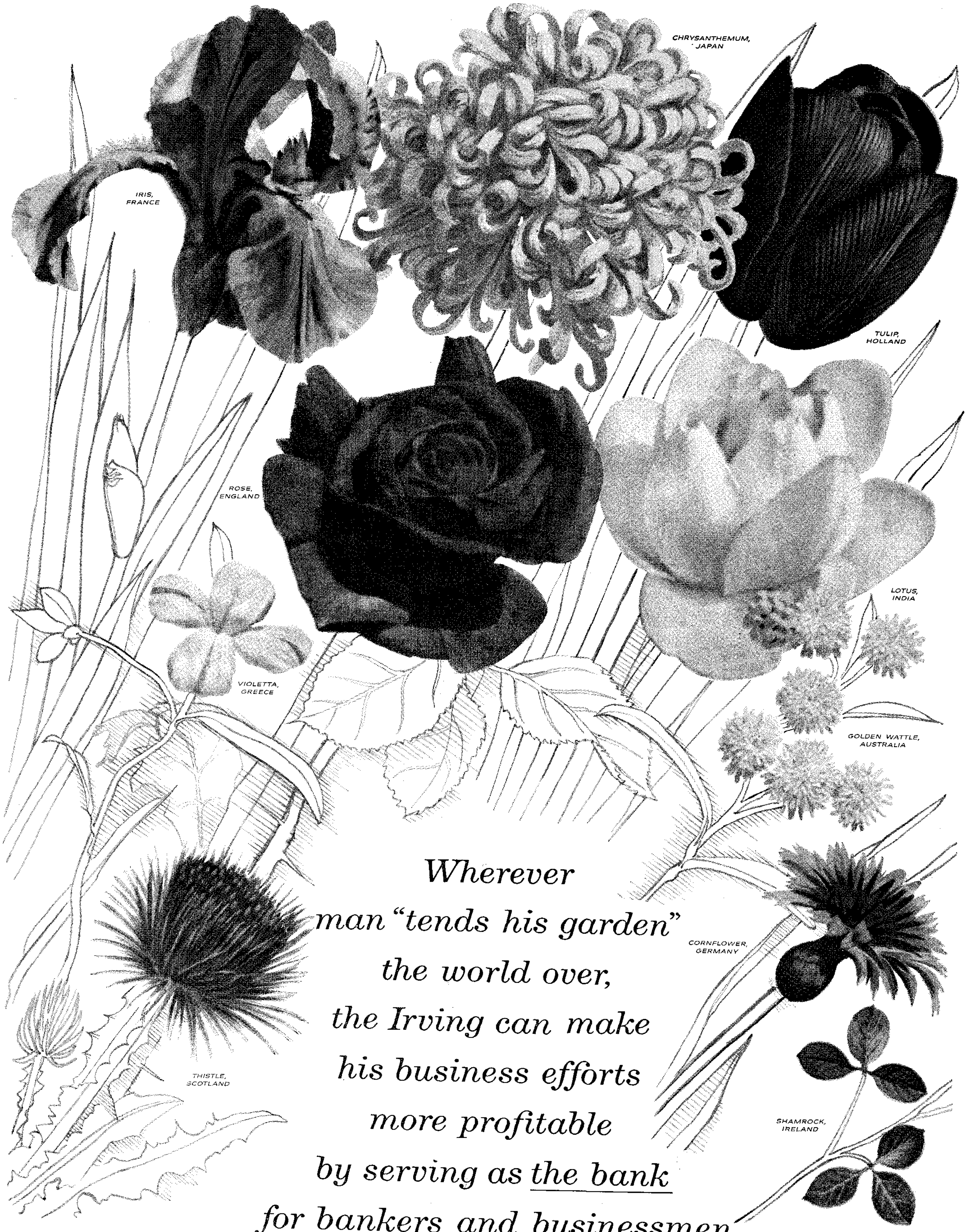
"Anyone more," Mother said. "They think everything belongs to the Church."

"There's more in that bag than jewelry," Aunt Em said. "It sounds like bottles."

"That's right," said Mother agreeably. "Pills. Masses of them. I cleaned up the bedside table."

"Sleeping pills?"

"Among others. Let's just forget all about it, Em, if you don't mind. There's no sense in putting ideas into their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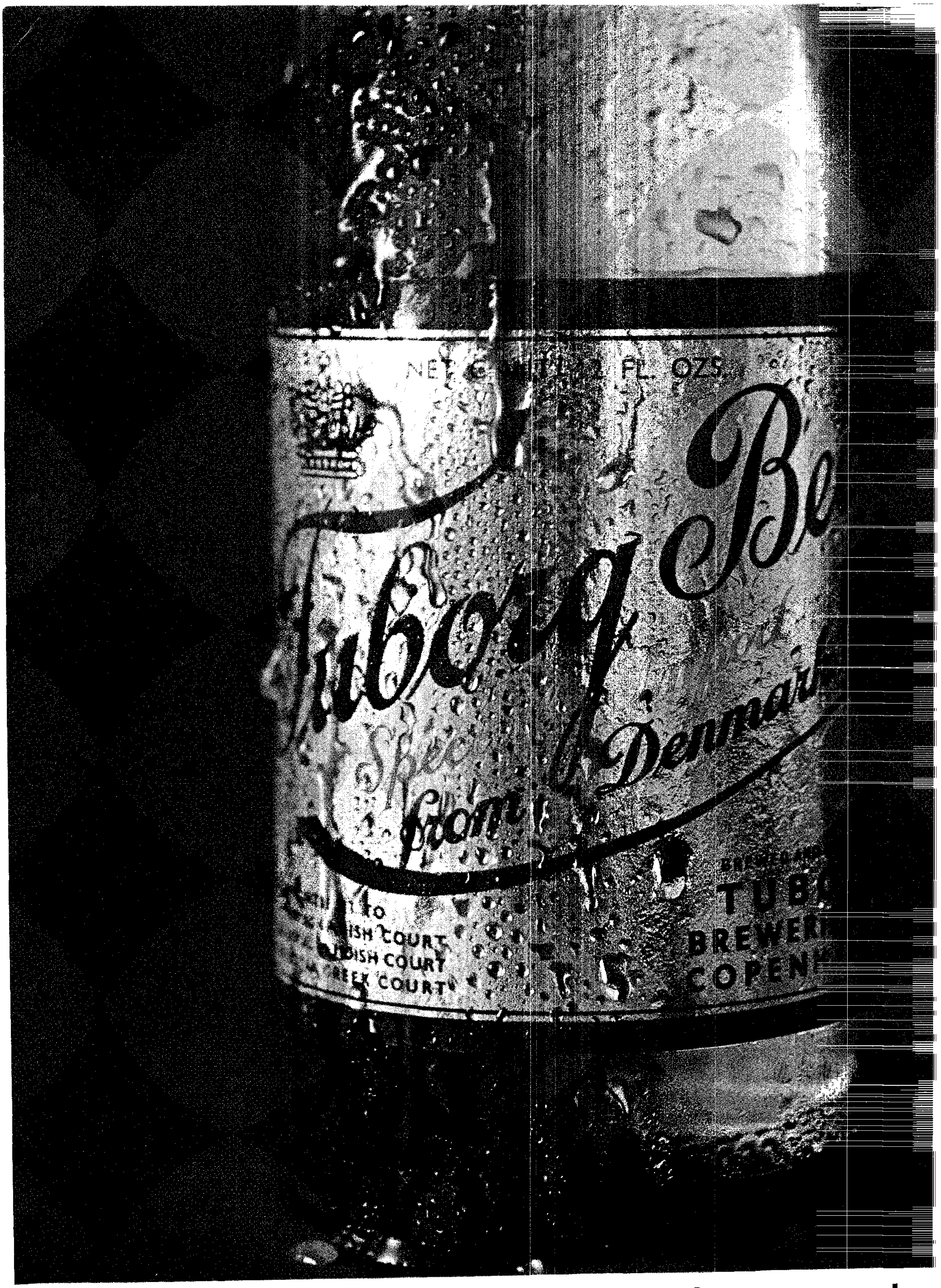
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Fuji by Secretary Udall, Goldberg appears to have made a bigger hit than any of his travelling companions, possibly because he was outspoken in his support of liberalized American-Japanese trade. Upon his return, he emphasized, to the pleasure of the Japanese, that Japan is second only to Canada as a customer for American products and that we enjoy a favorable balance of trade with Japan. More recently, arguing ardently for the administration's comprehensive tariff-reduction program, he has said that if an increase in imports might at first throw some American workers out of their jobs, it would be accompanied by an increase in exports, which would ultimately provide many more jobs.

When Pope John XXIII issued his encyclical on social and moral problems in July, 1961, Goldberg publicly lauded His Holiness. A State Department spokesman who was asked if the Secretary of Labor had embarrassed the department replied almost haughtily, "Why, no, we couldn't possibly have thought of a better man than Goldberg to praise the Pope." A month later, just after the Communists built their wall in Berlin, Goldberg recommended that the President set up an *ad-hoc* committee on psychological warfare, and the President quickly appointed such a group, consisting, as it turned out, of Goldberg himself; Vice-President Johnson; General Maxwell Taylor, President Kennedy's special military adviser; Edward R. Murrow, head of the United States Information Agency; Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy; and Deputy Under-Secretary of State U. Alexis Johnson. A number of people who have watched Goldberg's activities in and on the edges of the Cold War have suggested that his talents as a labor negotiator might well be utilized to help settle international questions. Goldberg himself has never been known to suggest any such thing, but recently, in private conversation, he made the point that a good many untrained diplomats, like the late Ernest Bevin, a labor leader who became Foreign Secretary of Britain, have done much better at the job than trained diplomats, like Anthony Eden. Perhaps thinking along similar lines, a man who holds a high United Nations post has said, "I'd like to see Goldberg up against Khrushchev and Gromyko. He knows the Communists, and he knows how to bargain, when to give, when to be tough, and when to get issues postponed that he doesn't want to talk about. He's a first-class operator."

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There is a dinosaur aura about some of America's larger magazines these days. An overconcern for bigness and a dim-eyed disregard of the mental level of the content.

Why the drive for pumped-up circulation? There are two answers, both of them less than brilliant. First, an urge to say, "I'm bigger'n you are!" and claim a dubious kind of leadership-by-the-numbers. Second, a quixotic effort to compete with television in the ciphers game.

One thing the dinosaurs seem to forget is that one million does *not* equal one million.

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For example, a million Saturday Evening Post readers are way above the average million in home owning, job levels and income. They run younger and have bigger families and enjoy a higher status in their communities.

Even more important is the dinosaurs' seeming ignorance of the cultural effects of two great changes in the last decade—television and the Sputnik.

The two go together, for the Sputnik awakened in this nation a new-found need to know. A need that is greater today after five years of growing. And television, with its great national reach, has failed by and large to satisfy that need.

This, it seems to us, is where magazines come in. This is where magazines can display true and meaningful leadership.

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Unlike the dinosaur, we plan to grow a lot more in brain than body. And we have taken two major steps to fulfill our plan.

First, the editors are making the Post's editorial content more challenging to the mind. They are speaking to those influential millions who want to know more. To the 40 million adults who are going to school in their spare time. To the people who spent $1,300,000,000 on books last year. To the 3,570,000 college students (a million and a quarter more than there were in 1950). To the millions who are thronging our libraries for significant fiction, for books on domestic and foreign problems (adult book circulation has risen 29% in the last five years). To the people who, in ten years, have tripled travel abroad and more than tripled the art theaters in America and who are making the Great Hall of the Metropolitan Museum look like Grand Central Station at 5:15.

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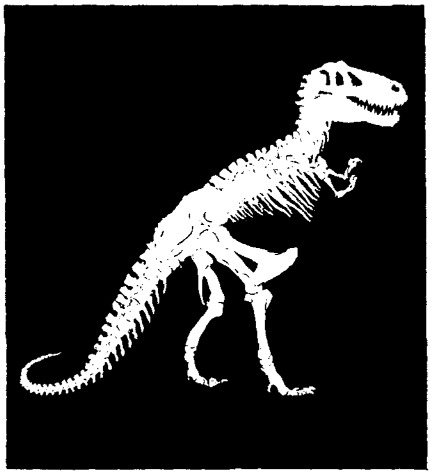

There you have the Post's policy. To our magazine friends, we sound a call for the stabilization in circulation that is so sorely needed. And we urge you to take your proper place in the intellectual revolution that is sweeping America.

To our advertising friends, we say that counting noses alone is not enough. Noses do not buy; people buy. People are not numbers; they are people. Being people, some are more equal than others. Being people, they react to different media in different ways. In your $12 billion competition for the customer's interest, friendship and loyalty, do not overlook the growing number of intelligent people who are first to try your new product, to buy your new idea. Let us all learn a lesson from *Tyrannosaurus rex.*

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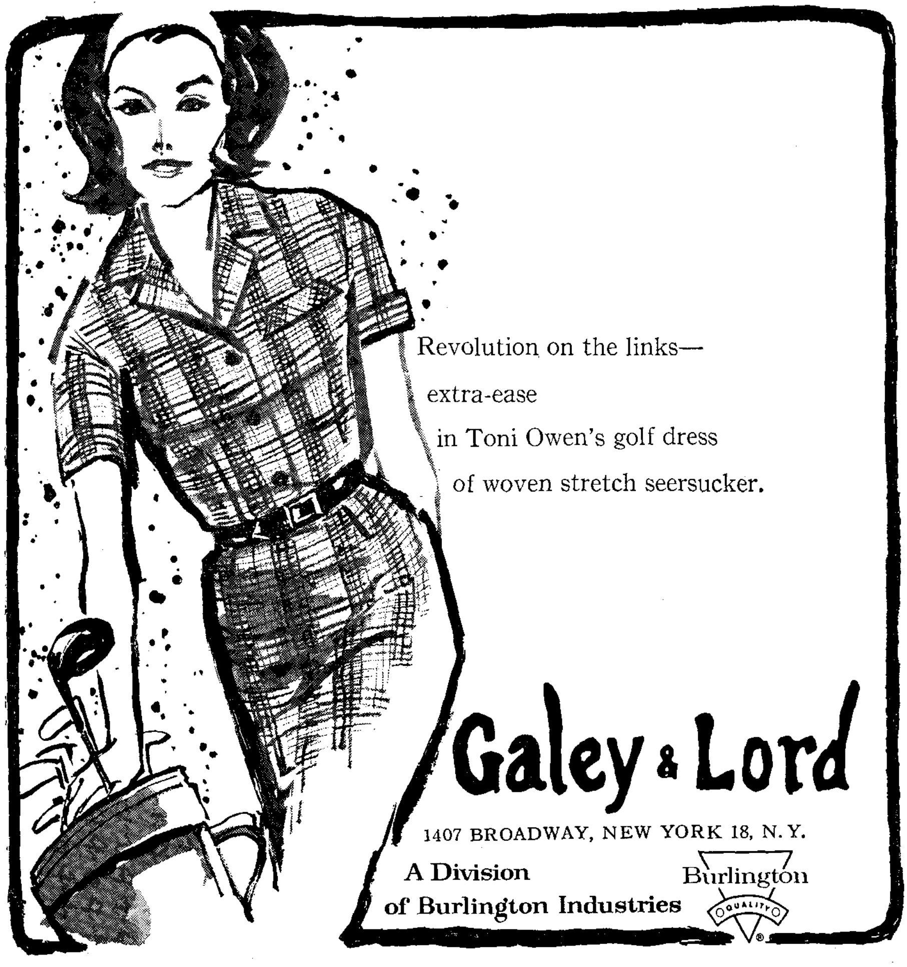
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quently applied to Goldberg, sometimes favorably and sometimes not. "Of course Arthur is an operator," an admirer says, "but he's never been just an ordinary one. The fact that he isn't inhibited about it adds to his charm, and besides he always operates from an ideological base of genuine interest and concern." Operator or not, Goldberg has a keen sense of organization and loyalty, and this, together with the fact that he has known the President well since 1956, when Kennedy was a member of the Senate Committee on Labor and Public Welfare, quickly made him feel at home in the administration. For one reason or another, he goes to the White House on official business at least once a week, and on other days he often stops in for lunch at the White House cafeteria, where he enjoys chatting with members of the Presidential staff. He likes to take friends on White House tours and has managed to introduce quite a few of them to the President in the course of strolling through the corridors. Though Goldberg used to call Kennedy "Jack," he now addresses him as "Mr. President"—privately he refers to him as "the Chief"—but beneath the surface formality there exists an easy informality, which President Kennedy seems to welcome, or at least accept, and which Goldberg obviously relishes. It is readily apparent that the Secretary of Labor is one of the men who have the President's ear; indeed, there are those who feel he sometimes bends it. At social or quasi-official gatherings, Goldberg is likely to be seen at the President's side, and since, like the President, he doesn't believe in wasting time, he is apt to take the opportunity to whisper some important bit of information to the Chief or to get an answer to something that might take days to reach him through official channels. It may be no more than a coincidence, but it has been noted that when Goldberg makes a speech, he uses the jabbing finger motion employed by the President himself to drive home a point.

Although Goldberg likes to speak extemporaneously, using a prepared text merely as an outline, his delivery is measured and deliberate rather than spontaneous, and although in his speeches he often pleads a cause, and pleads it fervently, he does so with judicial calm, as if issuing a call to reason rather than to arms; no matter what sort of group he is addressing, he leaves the impression that he is arguing before a judge in a court of law and that his success will depend on the cool marshalling of facts. All this is not surprising, for

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the law has long been the chief motivating force in Goldberg's life. When he was in his late teens, and had not yet passed his bar examination, he began writing briefs for other lawyers, and even then he was known as "a lawyer's lawyer." He is proud of his legal ability, but he does not think of himself as a mere technician; he likes to quote Justice Felix Frankfurter's assertion that a good lawyer needs to be, above all, a cultivated man, and he frequently recalls that John Henry Wigmore, the author of a ten-volume work on evidence, who was Dean of the Northwestern University Law School when Goldberg was a student there, once told him, "If you're going to practice law, do it in the grand manner." Though Goldberg has never been a histrionic attorney of the traditional sort, his approach to the law *is* grand. He regards it not simply as a tool but as a mighty set of principles and precedents, which can guide men toward a more productive and civilized existence. Goldberg is not given to hyperbole, yet on occasion he can sound high-flown when he talks about the law. In a speech he delivered before the American Law Institute not long ago, during which he pointed out with evident satisfaction that six members of the Cabinet, thirty important sub-Cabinet officials, sixty-three senators, and two hundred and thirty representatives are lawyers, he spoke of the law as "a flexible, living instrument . . . a balance wheel, not a brake," and went on to suggest that lawyers, especially those who represent "great decision-making groups," including both corporations and unions, are too often "the servants of their clients." He added, "I will say quite candidly to you here that the best thing the bar can do is return to the old tradition of independence, from which we are so tempted to depart by this contemporary and material society of ours." The speech sounded a bit sanctimonious, but most lawyers who know Goldberg take his remarks about the law seriously. "If anyone really feels deeply about the law," one of them said recently, "it's Arthur Goldberg."

IT is a matter of common knowledge that Goldberg, as a lawyer's lawyer, would like to have been appointed Attorney General, and a good many people, perhaps including himself, hope that he will eventually be named to the Supreme Court. In the opinion of most Washington observers, he has a good chance, for it is expected that Kennedy, who has already appointed one justice, will have the opportunity to appoint at

Happy Easter!

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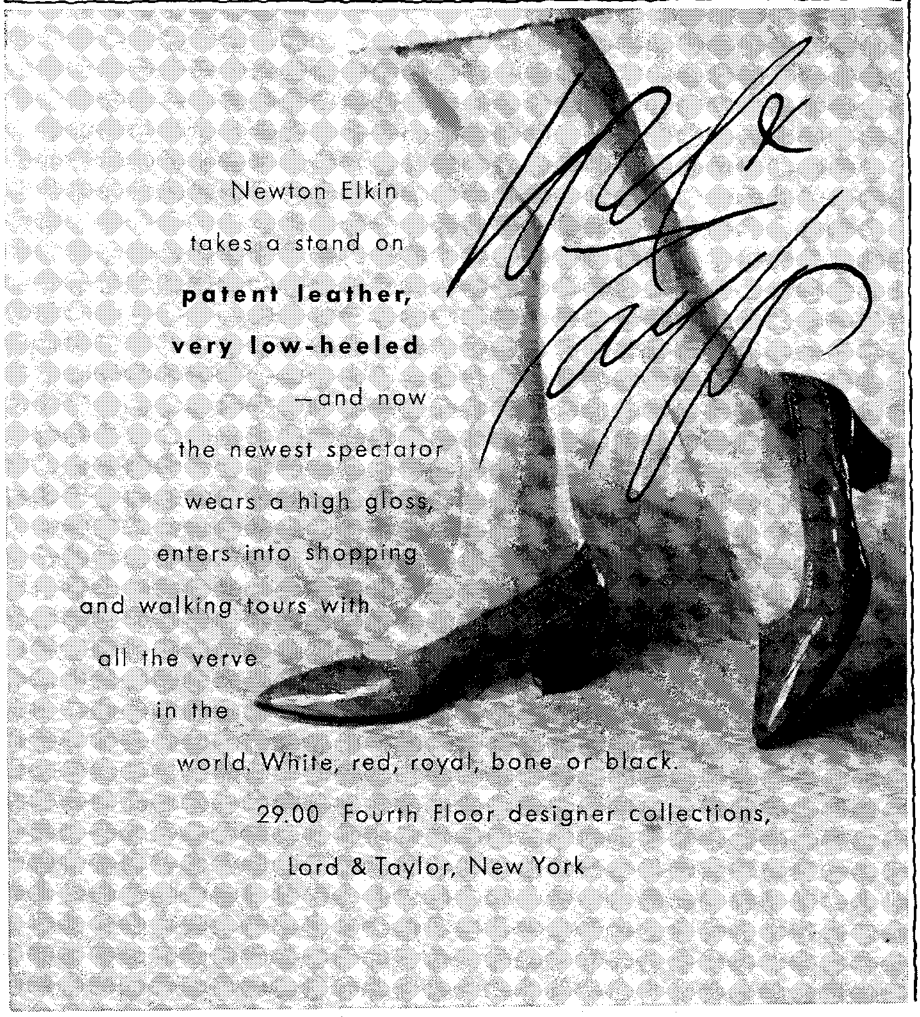

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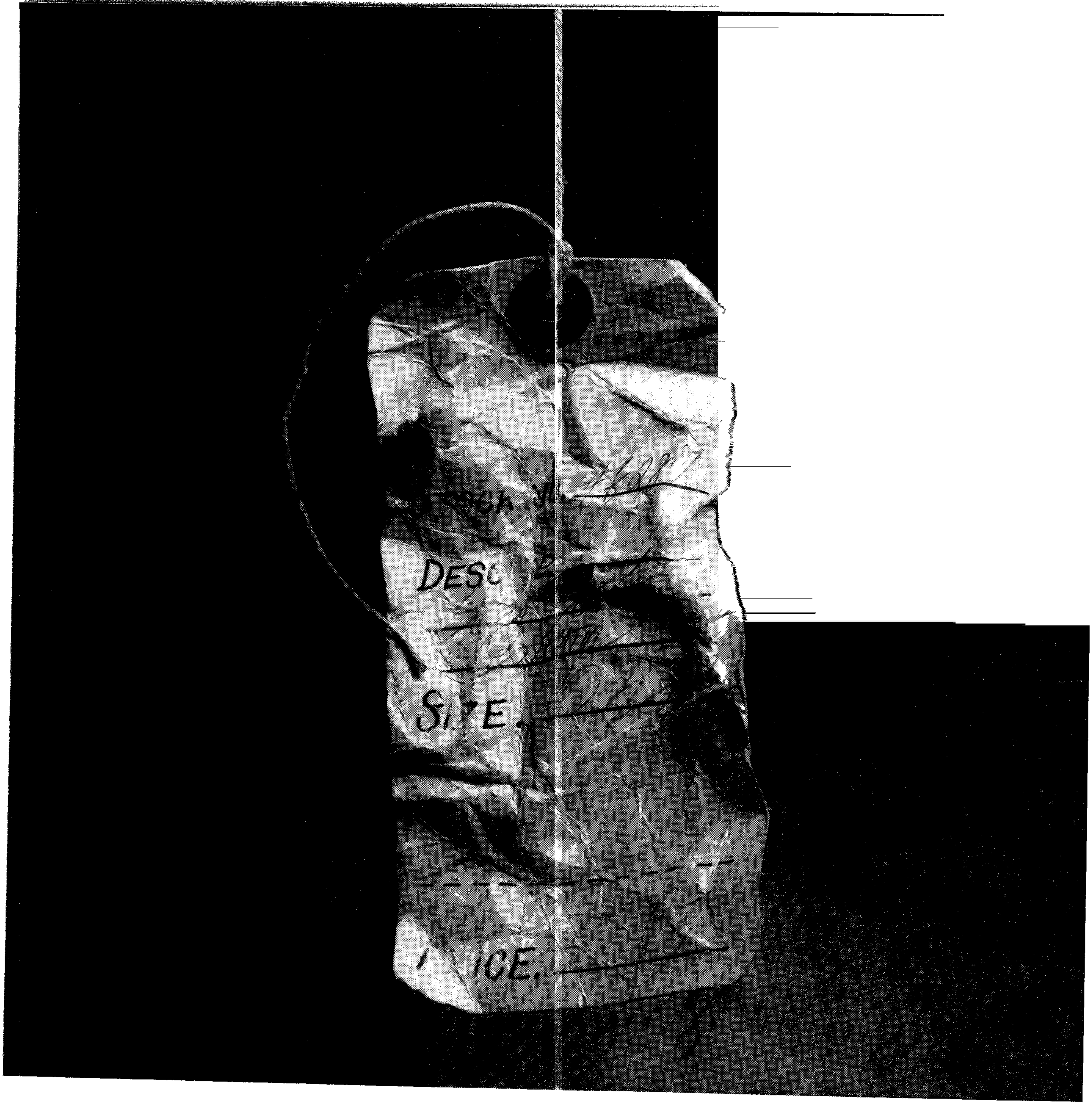

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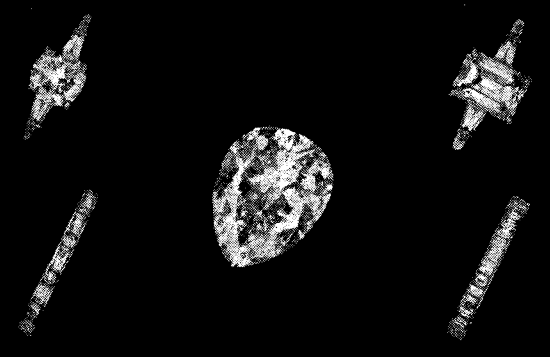
Scott products for industry: towels, tissues, napkins, windshield and industrial wipers, printing, packaging and converting papers, paper and plastic cups, urethane foam, pulp least one or two more. At the moment, Goldberg is content to remain where he is. His appointment as Secretary of Labor—though it scarcely came as a surprise, since he had worked hard and long in Kennedy's behalf—involved considerable political byplay, and was not unanimously approved by the labor movement. Early in December, 1960, President-elect Kennedy telephoned George Meany, the president of the American Federation of Labor-Congress of Industrial Organizations, who was then in Paris, that Goldberg was his choice, and Meany asked Kennedy to delay a final decision on the matter until he came home. When Meany did come home, a week later, some of the other labor leaders prevailed upon him to send Kennedy a list of seven top union executives and to tell him that any one of them would be more favorably received by labor as Secretary. The most that Meany would say for Goldberg was that he was "a good man" and that there would be "no objection" to him. The feeling against Goldberg came primarily from some veteran A.F.L. leaders—notably those in the building trades, which have always been conservative—who regarded him as a C.I.O. man, as an intellectual, and as someone who, since he had never held elective office in the labor movement, was "of" but not "in" it. Goldberg himself, who is proud of his achievements for the movement, including the masterminding of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. merger in 1955, resented the slur. "Imagine their not considering me a labor leader!" he remarked wryly to a friend. Certain other influential leaders, like David Dubinsky, the president of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, were strongly for Goldberg. (Dubinsky has given him what he considers the highest possible praise by comparing him to the late Morris Hillquit, a lawyer for the I.L.G.W.U. in the twenties and thirties, who, in Dubinsky's words, "had tact, resourcefulness, and wisdom, and always won the confidence of the employer without denying his labor origin and philosophy.") At this point, out of pride and stubbornness, Goldberg insisted on obtaining Meany's full approval. "Since Kennedy was all for Goldberg, Meany saw the handwriting on the wall and backed down," one inside observer has since explained. "In many ways, while Meany respects Goldberg and acknowledges his great contributions, he has never really accepted him, but he ended by doing a soft-shoe dance."

When Goldberg went to the Presi-



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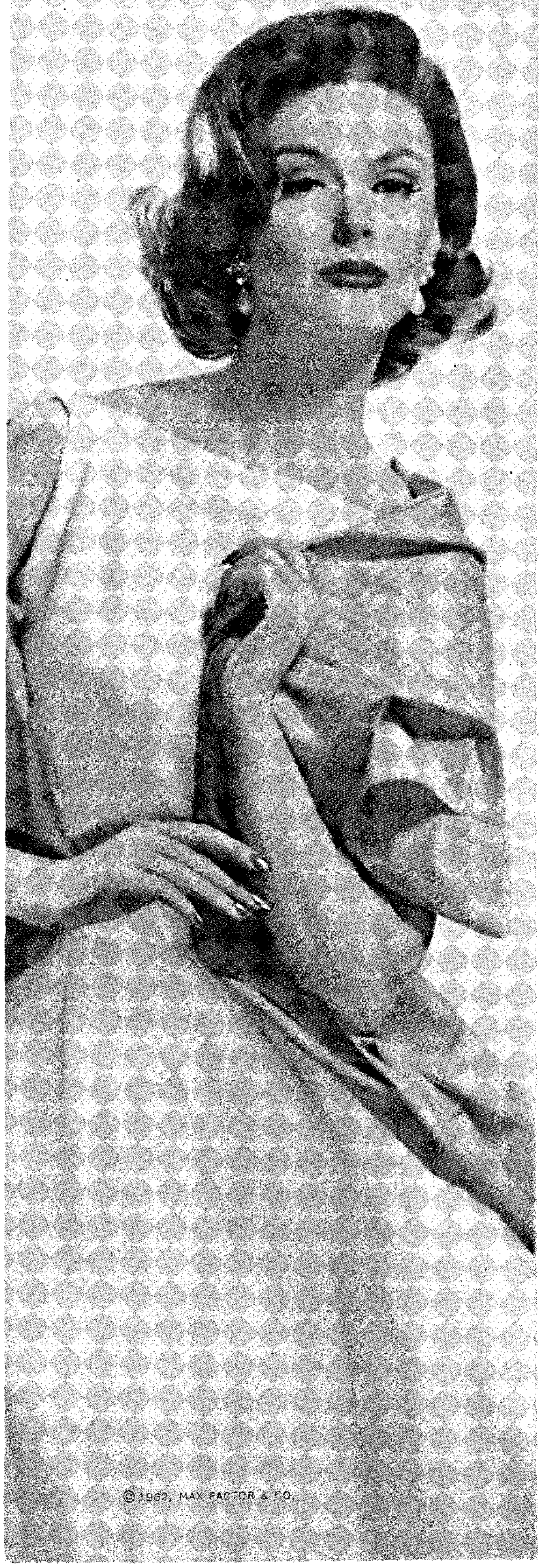

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dent-elect's home in Georgetown to accept the job, Meany was at his side, and afterward Meany assured the various unenthusiastic labor elements that Goldberg would be fair to them in, among other things, his administration of the Landrum-Griffin Act—an anti-racketeering measure, which requires all unions to report to the Labor Department on their finances and their elections, and which labor as a whole regards as odious. Goldberg, too, disapproves of parts of the Act, particularly certain sections that are deeply enmeshed in red tape, but he made it clear at once that, as a government officer, he would administer the Act strictly. While he may believe Landrum-Griffin goes too far in some of its policing measures, he has always maintained an extremely moral approach to the labor movement; he led the campaign for ethical practices within it, coöperated with the McClellan Select Committee in investigating labor racketeers, and later publicly praised the committee's work—a move that naturally didn't endear him to those labor leaders with skeletons in their closets. So far, the application of the Landrum-Griffin Act has not caused any major crises, and Goldberg, who knows how to talk either up or down to workers, seems to have handled his administrative duties with the right combination of toughness and tact. Several months ago, speaking extemporaneously to the International Hod Carriers', Building and Common Laborers' Union of America, in which he once held an apprentice card (that was in his college days, when he took a summer job on a construction gang, and it was the only time he was actually a member of a union), he responded bluntly to some of the criticism that had been directed at the Act, and at himself; the members would not be penalized for "any technical deficiency," like making mistakes in filling out the objectionably overcomplicated forms that the Act calls for, he said, and then, jabbing the New Frontier finger, he added, "But, fellows, if you get tempted, and if you put your hand in the till, you will be gone after." He received a standing ovation.

From the very beginning, Goldberg made it clear that he intended to take a non-traditional approach to his job. In January, 1961, when he appeared for confirmation before the Senate Committee on Labor and Public Welfare, he declared that while the Labor Department is charged by statute with promoting the welfare of the country's wage earners, "our society is not a class society . . . and I do not believe the de-

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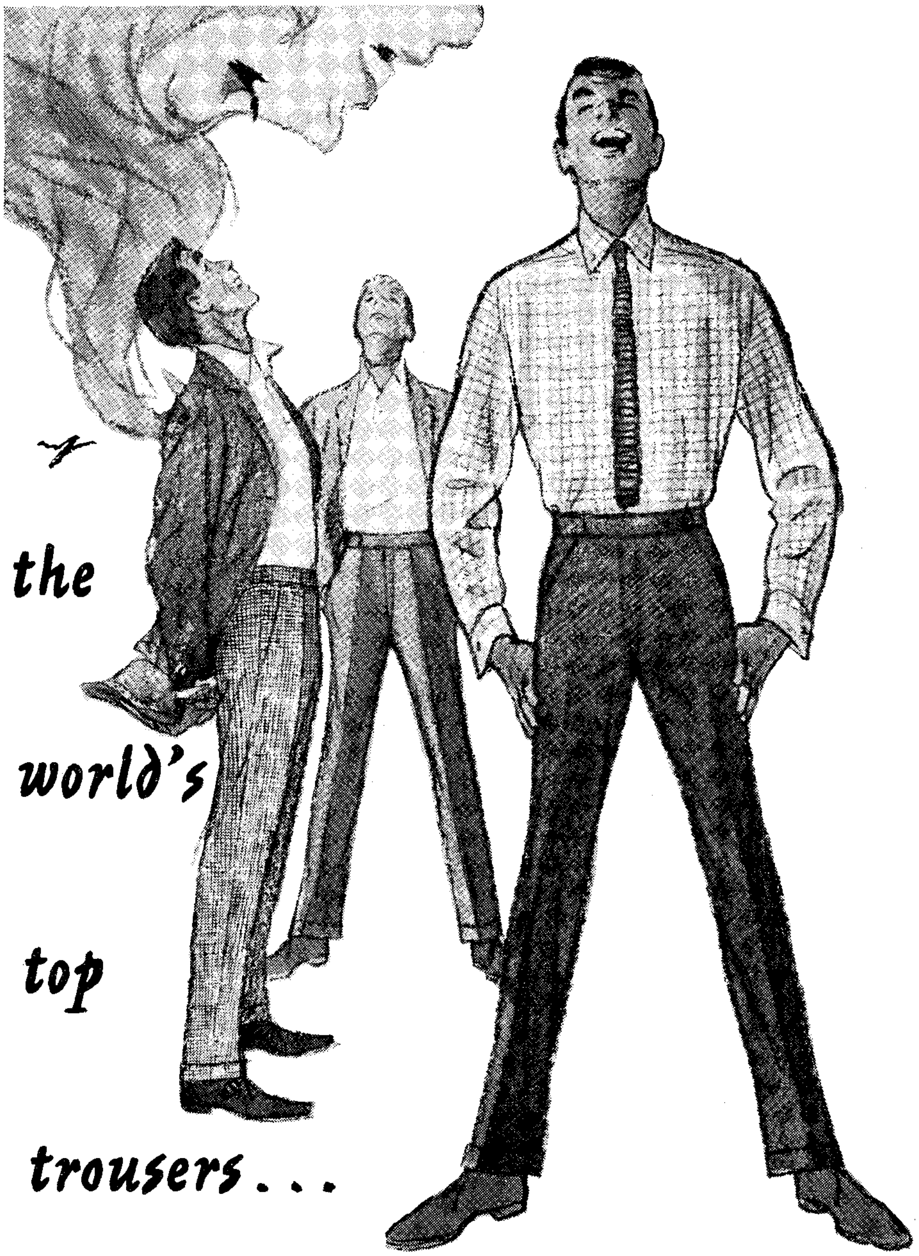

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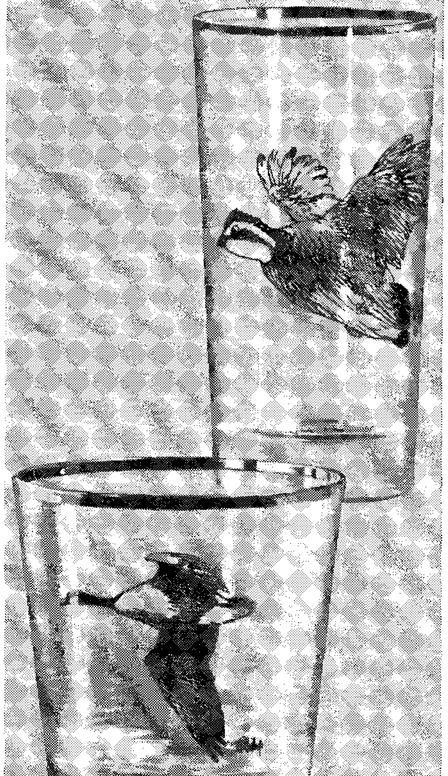

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partment should be regarded as the representative of any special-interest group but as a department representing all sections and interests." He could not say that he had "brainwashed" himself of all the convictions he had formed during his long association with labor, he explained, but he had given up all his formal ties with the labor movement and would never return to it, and he had relinquished his right to a twenty-thousand-dollar-a-year pension after the age of sixty that the United Steelworkers of America, whom he had successfully represented for many years, had promised him. He had done all this, he said, so that he could deal broadly and openly with the issues that he considered essential, such as the state of the economy, the need to improve labor-management relations, and the development of methods of adjusting to automation. "I think we are really in a war situation," Goldberg testified. "We need a general consciousness on the part of labor and management and all the elements in our society that the traditional way and traditional practices no longer settle the grave problems that we have."

The committee approved him unanimously, and he was off and running. "Arthur is an extremely social animal, whose ability to meet and influence people is extraordinary," a friend of his says, "and he set out to meet as many people as he could in a hurry." Even before he was sworn in, he held a reception at the Labor Department for more than two hundred members of the New Frontier's intellectual brass (some of his Republican friends also attended), and he followed this up, a few days after his induction, with a Sunday-morning brunch at his house for his fellow Cabinet members, at which he introduced them to the delights of scrambled eggs with bagels and lox, a breakfast that several of them have since taken to serving at home. (Goldberg has long been noted for introducing his non-Jewish friends to Jewish customs, and every Passover he and his wife invite scores of guests, including Supreme Court justices and senators, to a Seder, celebrating the exodus of the Jews from Egypt. In conducting the service, Goldberg not only reads the Haggada, or "telling" of the story of the exodus, but inveighs against modern evils like colonialism and bad housing in such a way that, as a rabbi friend of his has said, "he makes the whole thing the story of all the oppressed and outcast of the world, as if he were presenting a brief before the Supreme Court of his-

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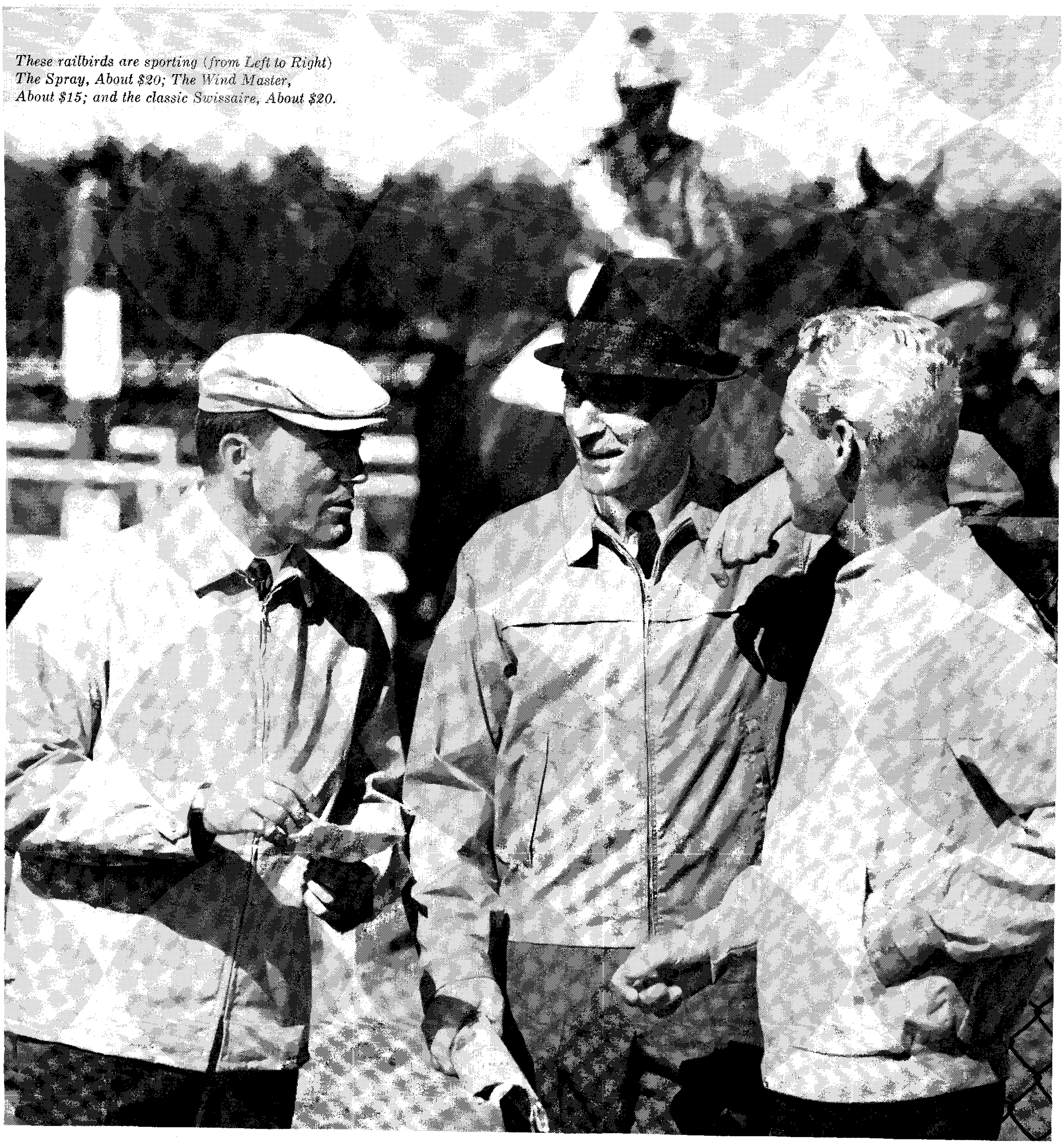

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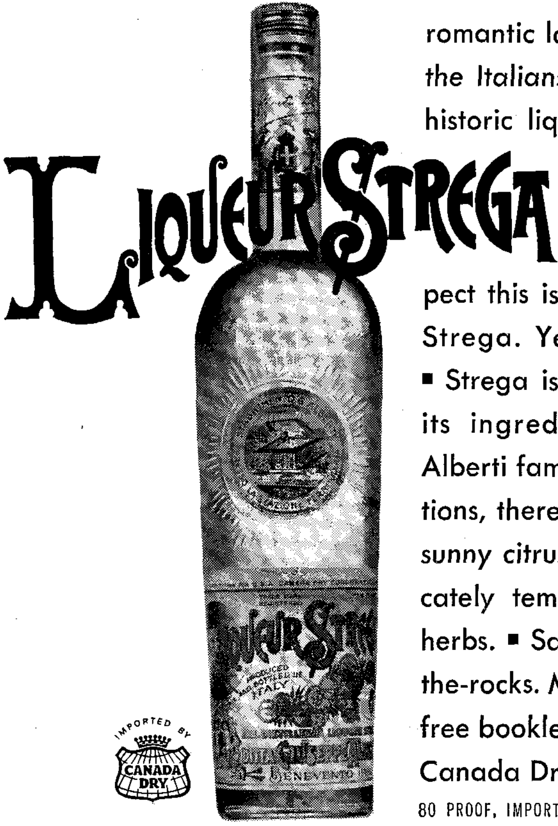
DuPont's trademark for its polyester fiber tory that will forever put Pharaoh in outer darkness.") Inauguration time was hectic for the Goldbergs, as well as for Mrs. Esther Kurgans, Mrs. Goldberg's mother, who lives with them, and for the two Goldberg children—Robert, a twenty-one-year-old junior at Amherst, and Mrs. David A. Cramer, the wife of a Boston doctor—who came to Washington for the festivities. The night before the Inauguration, despite the heavy snowfall that virtually stalled all of Washington, Goldberg and his wife managed to attend the major parties. Returning home at three o'clock in the morning, they found themselves without a key to their house and discovered that the other three members of the family, who were attending some parties themselves, were not yet back, so they woke up a neighbor, who gave them lodging. At 10 A.M., in borrowed night clothes, they mushed across the snow-covered suburban lawns and were let into their house by Robert. "It wasn't exactly a dignified way to begin a career in public service," Goldberg says, "but I guess it fitted the concept of a New Frontier." That morning, Goldberg had to dress up again, in a cutaway, for his swearing in, and Mrs. Goldberg's mother couldn't get over the way he looked. "When I was a girl, clothes like that were the symbol of the hated capitalists, but Arthur looks so handsome in them!" she said.

ON Sunday, January 22nd, two days after the Inauguration, Goldberg faced his first challenge as Secretary of Labor. For the past two weeks, nearly seven hundred ferryboat men and tugboat men in New York Harbor had been on strike against eleven railroads, which were their employers, largely because the railroads proposed to reduce tugboat crews from five men to as few as three, but also because the workers were seeking concessions on wages and hours. Sympathetic railroad workers had refused to cross picket lines; freight was tied up as far west as St. Louis; a serious fuel shortage seemed imminent on the East Coast, which was then in the midst of a cold spell; and a hundred thousand commuters in New York State and Connecticut were without train service. Local and federal mediators had failed to settle the strike, and that Sunday morning Governor Nelson Rockefeller asked for Goldberg's help. Within a few hours, with President Kennedy's approval, Goldberg was flying to New York. En route, he jotted down on the back of an envelope a formula for settlement, and at 6:18 the next morning,



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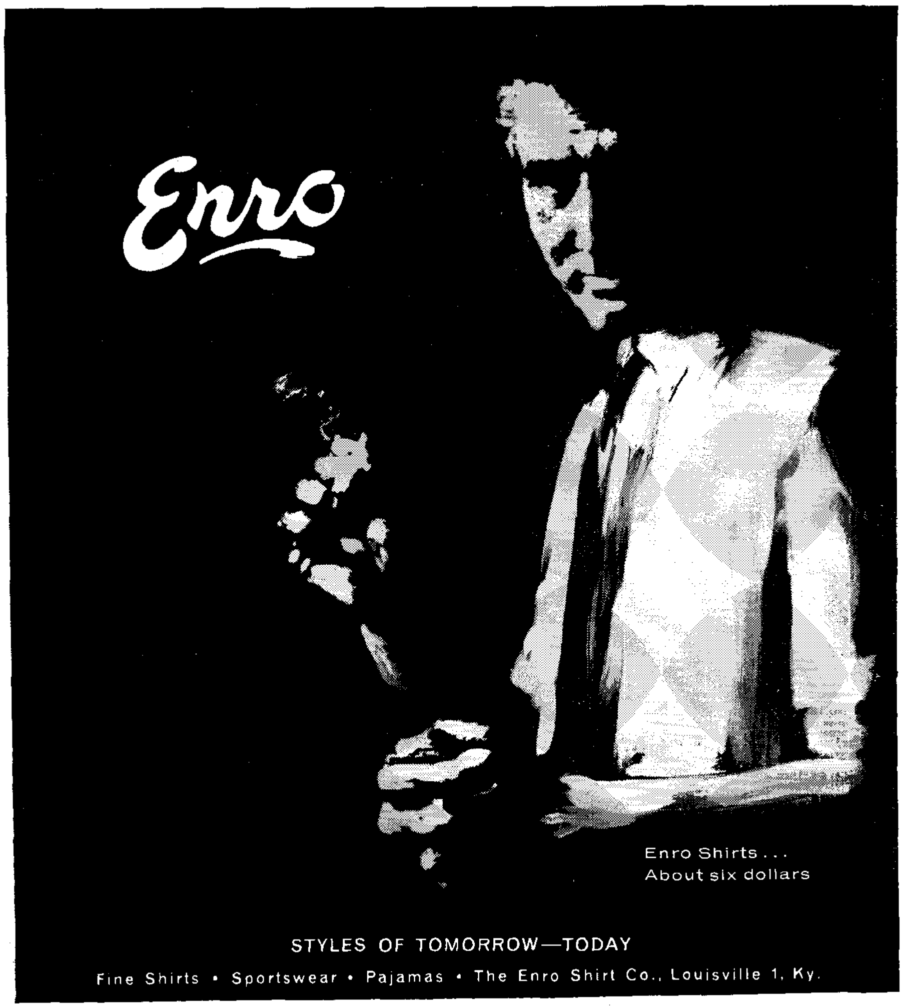

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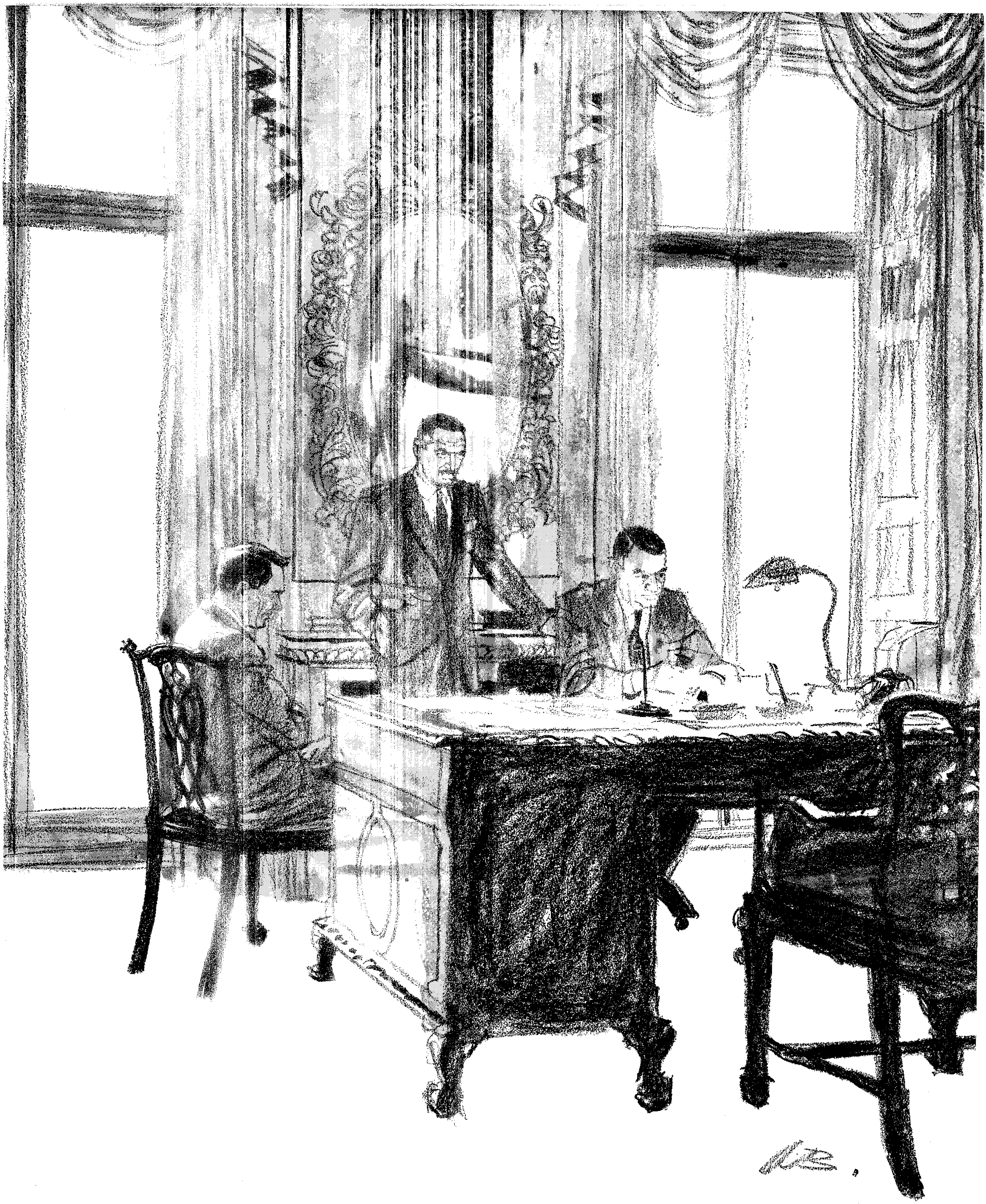

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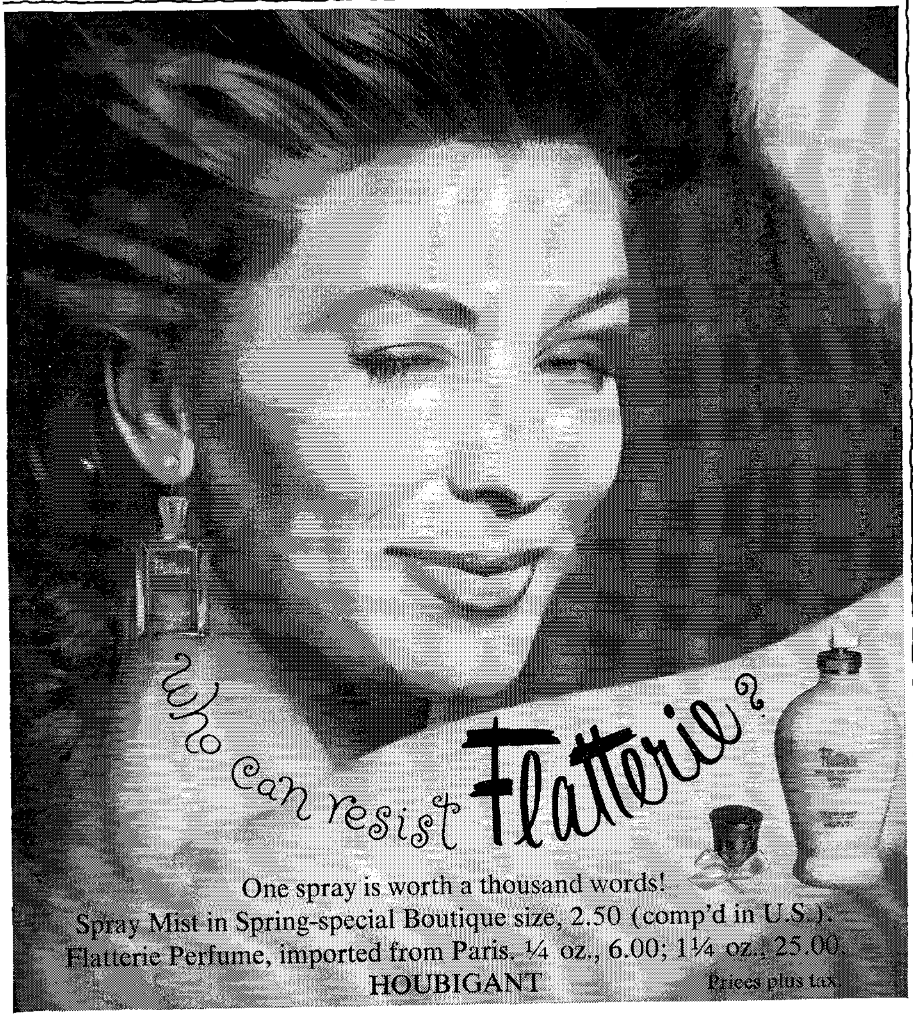

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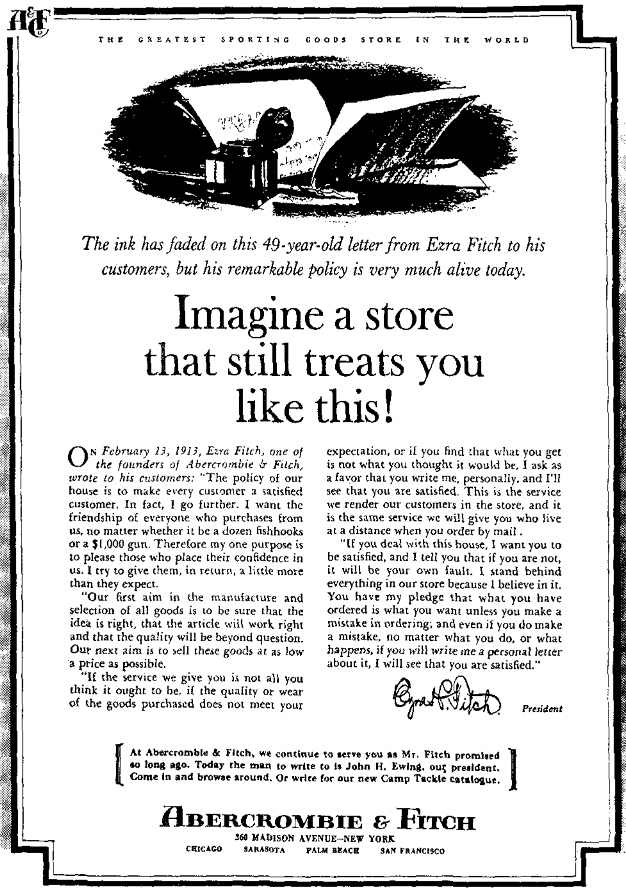
after fourteen hours of non-stop negotiations in Governor Rockefeller's office in midtown Manhattan, he was able to obtain an agreement. He had persuaded the contesting parties to postpone a solution of the main issue—the right of the railroads to decrease the size of tugboat crews—by promising to include it in a long-term study of railroad working conditions and regulations that a White House commission, then headed by Goldberg's predecessor as Secretary of Labor, James P. Mitchell, who is a close friend of his, was conducting. (The commission has completed its basic study on the railroads, but it is still examining the tugboat issue.) Goldberg flew back to Washington at nine o'clock on the morning of the settlement, catching a little sleep on the way, and went to his office, where he shaved and changed his shirt. Then he set out for the White House to report to President Kennedy on the strike settlement and to discuss some pending legislative matters. His accomplishment in settling the strike was obviously a feather in the new administration's cap.

A month later, Goldberg intervened in a wildcat walkout of flight engineers working for six of the nation's major airlines, which had started on February 17th. The issues were complicated, and the struggle was bitter. In addition to seeking fewer hours aloft and more job security, the engineers were struggling for the right to maintain their own union rather than be absorbed into the pilots' union. Some of the airlines, for their part, threatened to fire all the strikers. Without solving the basic problems (these were made the subject of a study by another special commission, and no comprehensive solution has yet been reached, but the engineers, once assured of their job security, are expected to merge with the pilots), Goldberg persuaded all but one of the airlines to take no reprisals and the engineers to return to their jobs. Then, in mid-June, Goldberg attempted to end a strike of some eighty thousand maritime workers, belonging to five different unions, who were demanding higher wages and more generous fringe benefits, as well as bargaining rights on "runaway ships"—vessels owned by Americans but sailing under foreign flags for the sake of lower costs and lower taxes. Months of mediation had failed to avert a strike, and Goldberg could not get anywhere in his efforts to end it, so on July 3rd he flew to Hyannis Port and reluctantly recommended to President Kennedy that he invoke the Taft-Hartley Act. A court injunction was issued to get the



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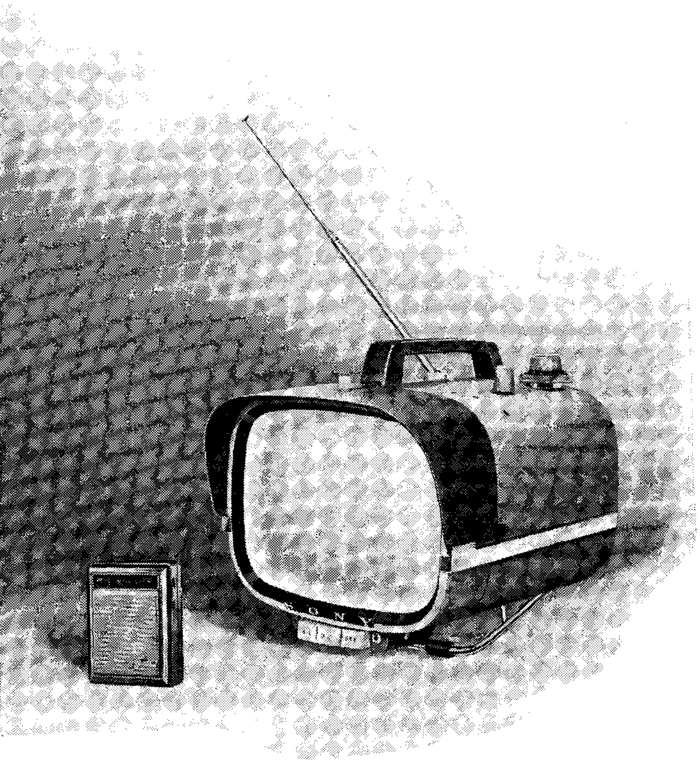

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men back to work, and soon afterward the dispute over wages and fringe benefits was settled with the assistance of a fact-finding board that the President appointed. (The runaway-ships issue is still being considered by yet another special commission.) Goldberg's decision to request an injunction—which, according to the provisions of the Taft-Hartley Act, is justifiable only in the event of a national emergency—put him in a difficult spot, for the maritime unions had strenuously denied that an emergency existed, just as Goldberg himself had done during the long steel strike of 1959, when he unsuccessfully fought an injunction all the way to the Supreme Court; he insisted then that a steel strike did not imperil the country and now that a maritime strike did imperil it. "The distinction is a pretty hard one to draw," a man conversant with both situations has said, "but Arthur has a way of getting away with it. Somehow, beyond his brilliance and the fact that he is on the side of the angels and the common man, he can make you forget what he said yesterday. As a polemicist as well as a practical lawyer, he's a tremendous broken-field runner."

Actually, both the President and Goldberg, like the whole labor movement, have deplored many provisions of Taft-Hartley—Goldberg has regarded the law as cumbersome, often ineffectual, and discriminatory in its definitions of what constitutes a national emergency and what circumstances warrant an injunction—and the President followed up his action in the maritime case by asking his Secretary of Labor to head a group of experts who would study ways of improving the machinery of the law. These experts, mostly technicians and academic specialists, are still considering the question, and so is another group of experts, a subcommittee of the President's Advisory Committee on Labor-Management Policy, composed of top leaders of both labor and management, as well as representatives of the public. It is expected that the two study groups will propose the formation of some sort of new emergency board, to be appointed by the President, which would have the right to make recommendations for a settlement before and, if necessary, after the declaration of a national emergency. Goldberg, who in general approves of this suggestion, will pass it on to the President with his own comments and ideas, and the President will probably make specific recommendations to Congress for changing the existing law.

Goldberg's interventions in strike situations have been criticized as over-

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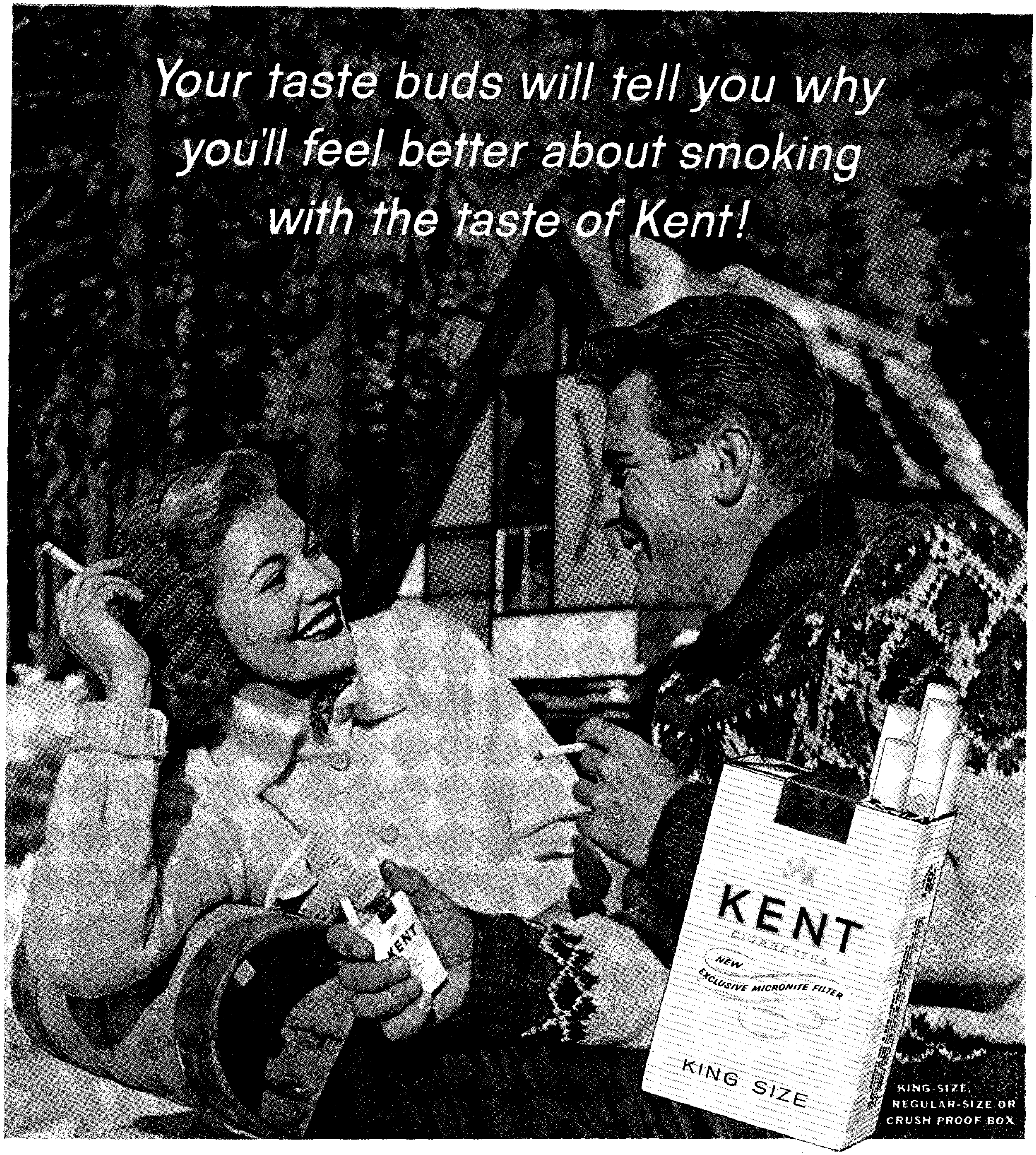
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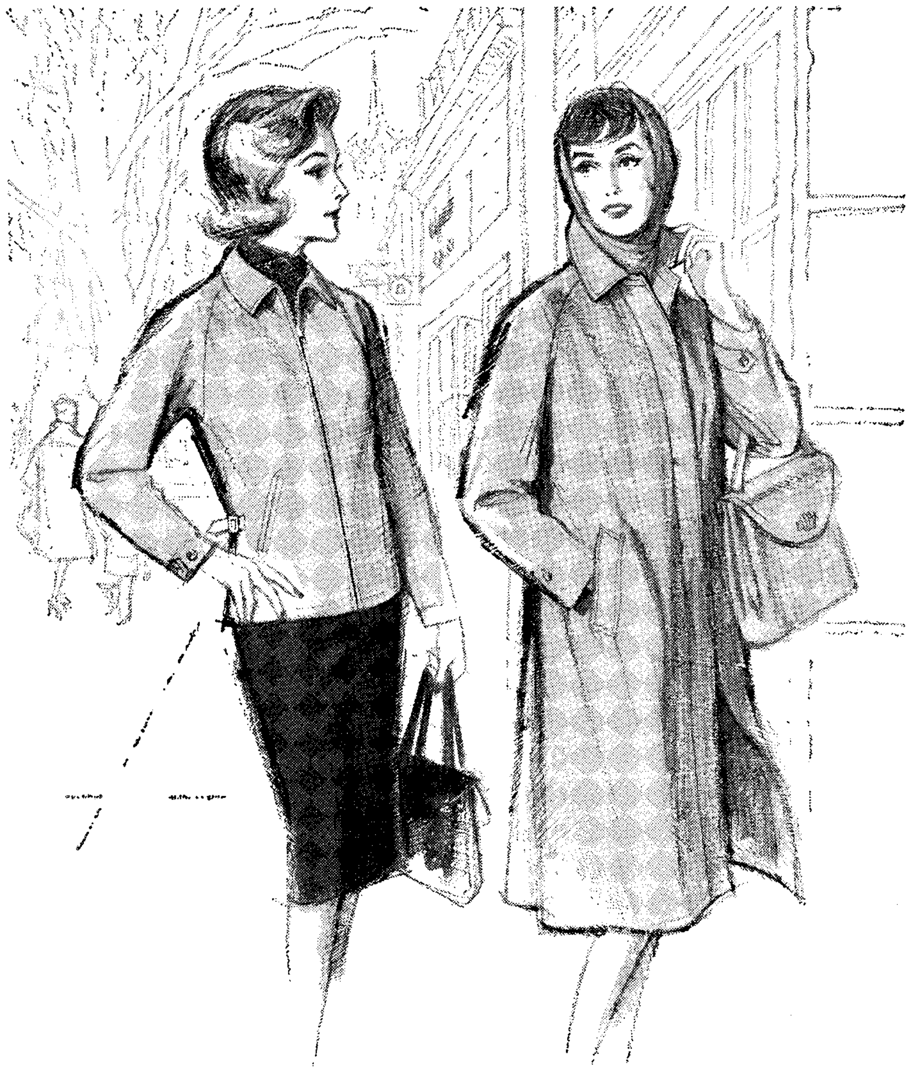
hasty, and it has also been said, among other things, that he weakens the role of the government's Mediation and Conciliation Service, which operates independently of the Labor Department. Most labor experts agree, however, that even if there has been a touch of flamboyance about Goldberg's interventions, he has usually acted only when all the parties concerned have asked for his help or when all possibility of mediation has been exhausted. Goldberg himself believes that the issue runs deeper than that. In today's critical atmosphere, he maintains, big strikes can no longer be afforded, because of the damage they cause to the whole economy as well as to what he calls "the nation's moral fibre." In line with this thinking, he recently did everything he could, working quietly but forcefully, to prevent walkouts in the auto and steel industries. During the long auto negotiations last fall, he spoke several times on the phone to Walter Reuther, the president of the United Auto Workers, and to Louis Seaton, a vice-president of the General Motors Corporation, and its chief negotiator; he could approach Reuther directly because he had known him well for many years, and he was able to deal directly with Seaton largely as a result of a social evening they had spent together last May in Detroit, where Goldberg had gone to deliver a speech to the Economic Club. While Goldberg was not called upon formally to help out in the auto talks, he scribbled a paragraph on so-called work-relief schedules—the amount of time off, or "breaks," allowed workers during the working day—and telegraphed it out to Detroit as the General Motors negotiations were approaching their climax; the paragraph served as the basis for settlement at a time when the issue could have caused a major breakdown in the talks. In the case of steel, Goldberg has just achieved what many observers have called his major contribution to labor-management peace. Between them, President Kennedy and he persuaded the steelworkers and the steel industry to agree on a new contract stressing job-security benefits for the workers in place of an outright wage increase and shorter hours; the agreement is considered a non-inflationary one that ought not to lead to a rise in steel prices—something the administration has been eager to avoid. In the steel crisis, Goldberg introduced the concept that the government should provide both parties to a dispute with economic "guidelines"—data on national wage and price trends, and information on the relationship of collective bargaining in a



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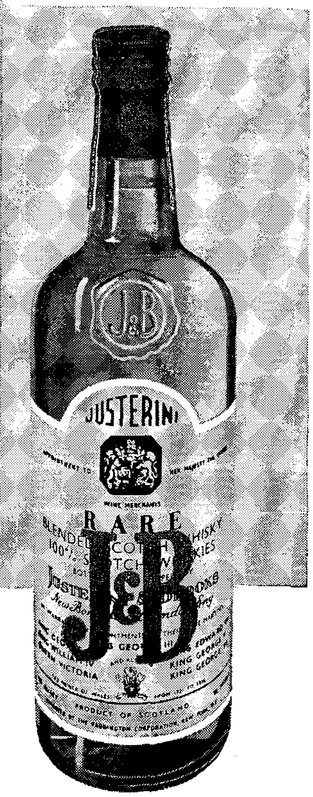

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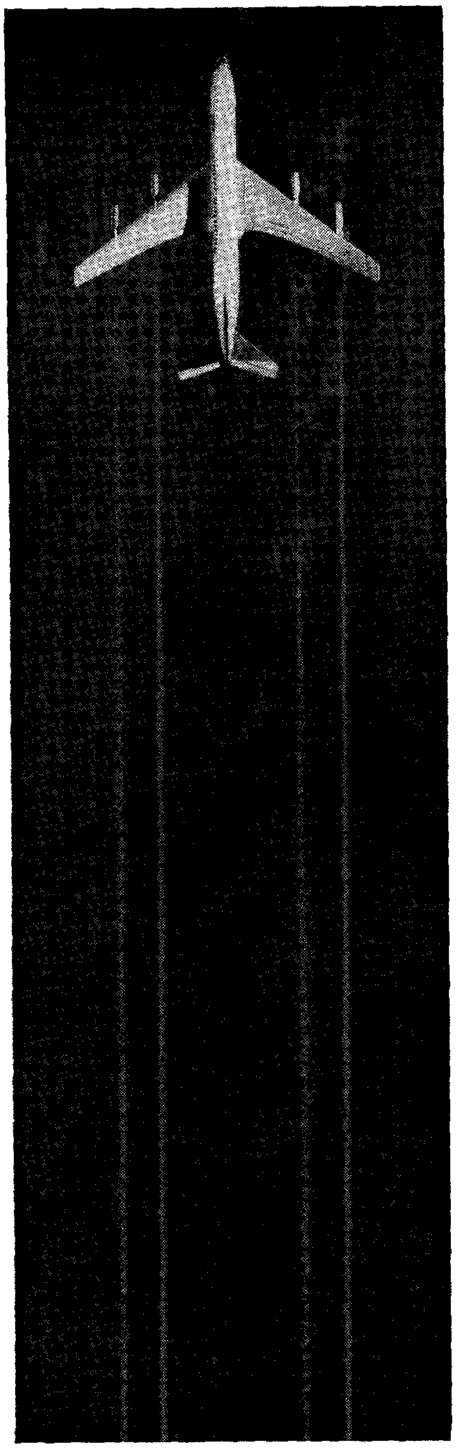
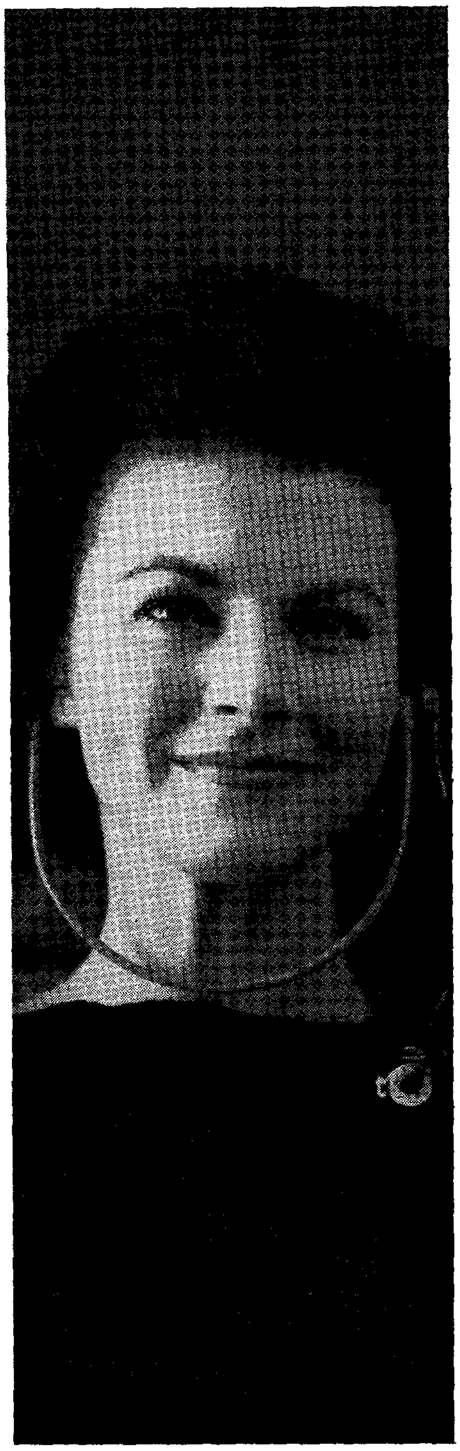
specific industry to such over-all problems as full employment and foreign-trade policy—and he succeeded, to a large degree, in demonstrating what he regards as the essential role government must play as a "third party" in collective bargaining today. Goldberg's theories about collective bargaining go even farther. In the type of mixed economy that has evolved since the New Deal, he believes, collective bargaining alone is outmoded, and must be tied to general legislative action. In this area, he has been tough on management, pointing out, for instance, that if it were not so irreconcilable in opposing a permanent system of unemployment benefits, unions might not be so insistent on shortening the work week, and also that if management wants tax benefits for itself, it must support pro-labor measures, too.

In the area of vital defense work, as in steel, Goldberg has had unusual success in heading off strikes. Soon after the Kennedy administration came into office, the President created the Missile Sites Labor Commission—a group whose setup and method of operation Goldberg helped define. At each of the country's twenty-three missile bases, the commission has stationed at least one mediator, who is responsible for settling not only any conflicts that arise between management and labor but also any touchy jurisdictional disputes that arise between certain craft unions in the building trades, and between these unions and some industrial unions, over the right to perform specific jobs, such as laying cables and installing electrical equipment. Where stoppages have occurred or been threatened, the commission has demanded that the men continue working and has handed down rulings that, if they haven't always been welcomed, have been generally observed; while the commission may not have made a lasting contribution to labor solidarity, it is credited with having put lagging construction programs, including the Atlas construction program, back on schedule, and in spite of a recent flurry of small strikes at four of the bases, its work has been widely praised. Last July, Goldberg covered sixty-seven hundred miles in a two-day tour of some of the most important bases; he talked to scores of workers about their individual problems, such as housing and transportation, and he was vastly impressed with the scientific accomplishments he saw. Upon returning to Washington, he wrote a long confidential memorandum to the President, summarizing his observations and ex-





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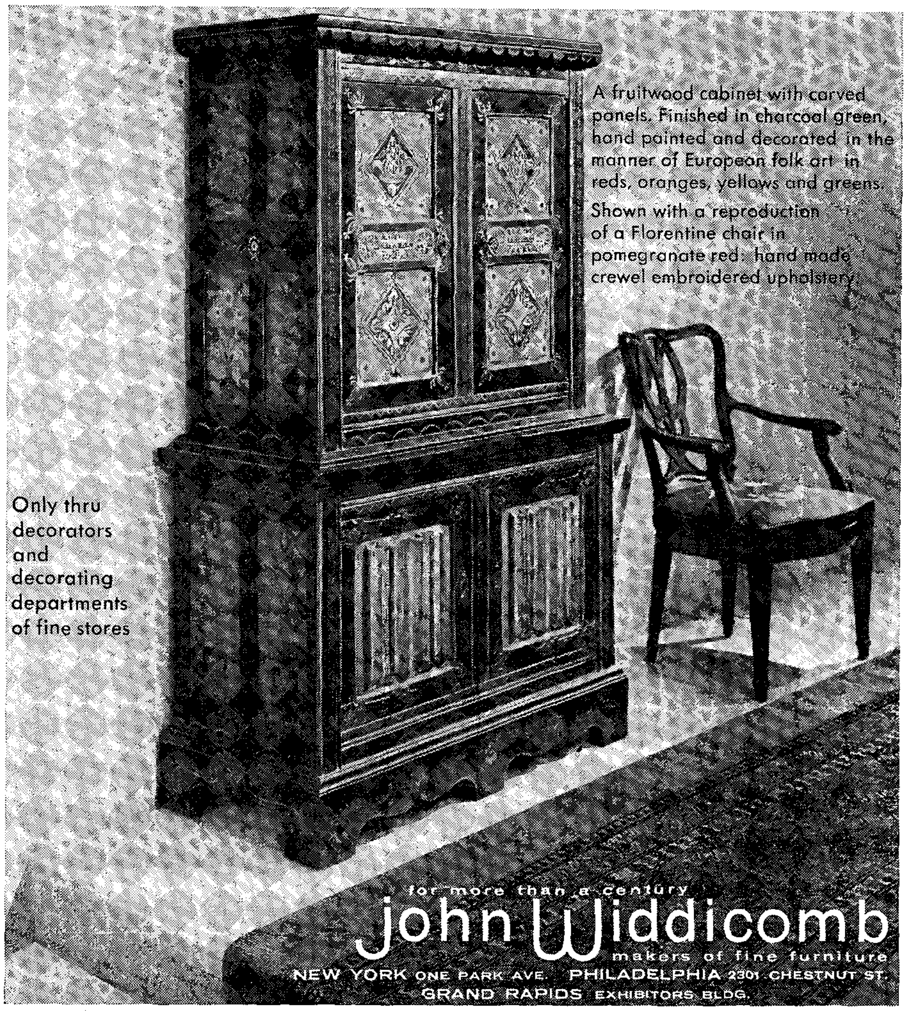

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plaining why he was convinced that a certain missile should be rushed ahead (he had already consulted the manufacturer to find out why there had been production delays in the past); there was some shaking of heads at the Defense Department about this bit of Goldbergian jurisdictional intervention, but since the Pentagon happened to agree with his views, the move was not unduly resented.

The intervention that has brought Goldberg his greatest publicity is also the one that he has most enjoyed—his arbitration of the dispute last summer between the management of the Metropolitan Opera Association and members of its orchestra. On August 17th, after city mediators had failed to settle the controversy, the Met announced that it would skip its 1961-62 season, whereupon the singer Risë Stevens got in touch with the President, and the President got in touch with Goldberg. The situation could scarcely be considered a national emergency in the usual sense, but both the President and Goldberg made it clear that in their view the Met was a national asset and ought not to be sacrificed. Goldberg, who has always been an opera lover, first tried to get the contesting parties to resume contract talks; that proved impossible, so late in August he summoned them to Washington, where they agreed to submit their differences to arbitration if he were the arbitrator. After vainly trying to get both sides to accept someone else as arbitrator, Goldberg agreed to do the job, and in mid-September and mid-October he conducted two hearings in New York, both of which were broadcast over WNYC, the city-owned radio station. At the conclusion of the second hearing, which was attended by the full orchestra, Goldberg began his study of the mass of testimony and evidence, and, meanwhile, the opera season opened on schedule, with a performance on October 23rd of Puccini's "The Girl of the Golden West." Goldberg attended, sitting in a box with Anthony A. Bliss, president of the Metropolitan Opera Association, and during the first intermission he was escorted into the Opera Club, where he was toasted with champagne. Society columnists claimed that, thanks to Goldberg's lifesaving feat, it was the most festive opening the Met had had in years. "I can't recall any dispute that seemed to draw so much attention from so many people," Goldberg says. "When I walked up Fifth Avenue one afternoon, at least fifty men and women, from beatniks to dowagers, stopped me and thanked

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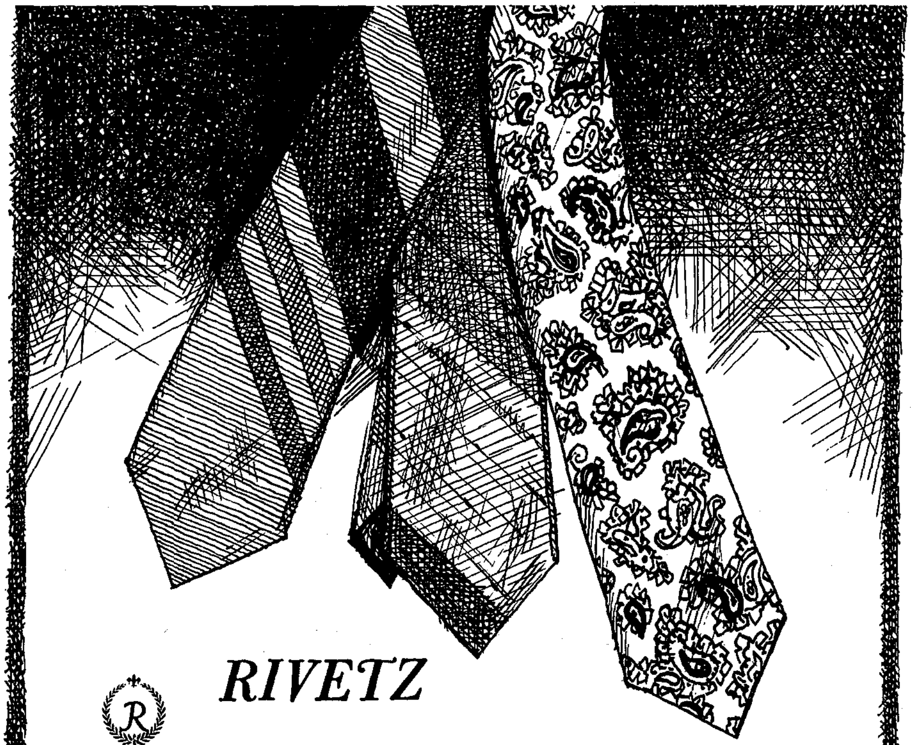

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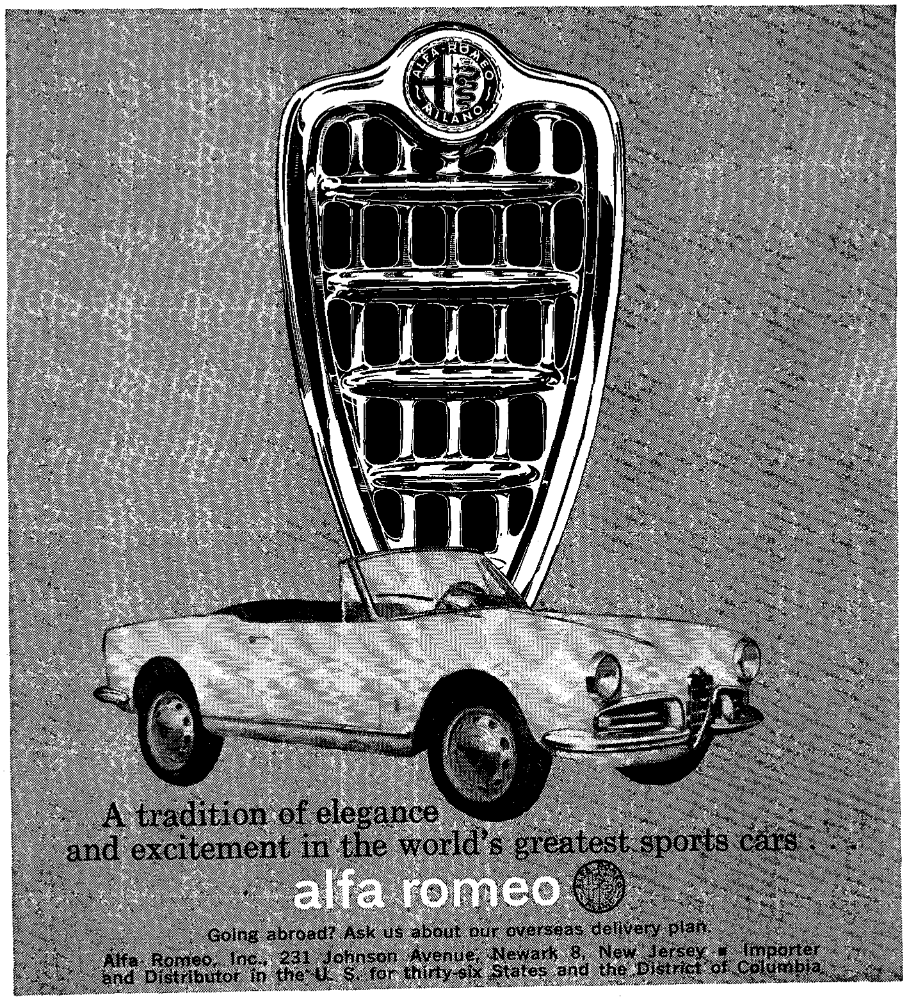

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me for being the savior of the opera, and when I went to Canada the newspapers hailed me for my 'role in the opera.' " The Met's new star soprano, Leontyne Price, sent Goldberg a recording of Bach's "Goldberg Variations," originally written for a harpsichordist named Johann Gottlieb Goldberg; one Washington wag was moved to describe Goldberg as "the Figaro of the New Frontier;" and President Kennedy entered into the spirit of the thing when, at a state dinner for President Manuel Prado, of Peru, at the White House, he said that two Met stars, Roberta Peters and Jerome Hines, who sang for the guests, were appearing "under the sponsorship of Arthur Goldberg."

Shortly before Christmas, Goldberg handed down his decision—salary increases that were much smaller than the musicians had asked for but, he decided, were all that the Met could afford. At the same time, he issued, on his own hook, a lengthy statement on the future of the performing arts in America. Tantamount to a "white paper," it was by far the most exhaustive declaration on the subject ever issued by a government official. In it Goldberg said that although "the American artistic scene today is live and vibrant," many cultural institutions are in grave financial difficulty, and he proposed federal, state, and municipal aid in the form of partial subsidies. "We must come to accept the arts as a new community responsibility," he wrote. "The arts must assume their place alongside the already accepted responsibilities for health, education, and welfare." He acknowledged that government support carried with it "the danger of political interference," but he added that he had faith in the freedom of the arts, and sug-

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gested that federal subsidies be paid out only on a matching basis, the rest of the funds being supplied by patrons and benefactors, by private corporations, by the public at large, and by the American labor movement as well as by state and local governments. "The more levels of government, institutions, and individuals involved, the more likely it is that the artists themselves will retain control over their work," he added. He also suggested additional tax benefits for contributors and for the artists themselves. Goldberg's proposals are bound to provoke some heated discussion this year in Congress, where a bill for the creation of a federal advisory council on the arts, which was held back in the House Rules Committee last year, is supposed to come up again. The immediate effect of his dissertation, which he had not shown to the President in advance, was to introduce him into a new kind of activity. "I don't know how Arthur will find time to be Secretary of Culture, too," one of his Labor Department aides remarked when the statement came out, "but it looks as if he had usurped the title in advance."

During the Met hearings, when Goldberg, predictably, came under attack for intervening in a collective-bargaining situation, he replied to one critic that arbitration is "simply an extension of collective bargaining, and, as such, is the counsel of wisdom." Actually, Goldberg turns down far more requests to intervene than he accepts, and he feels that the mere possibility of government action is often enough to spur agreement. He has continued to intervene, however—sometimes, it would seem, by mere accident. Late last fall, as one of the itinerant Cabinet members assigned by President Kennedy to explain the administration's policies and programs around the nation, he went to Cleveland to speak, and was challenged in an editorial in the Cleveland *Press* to settle a thirty-seven-day-old strike of ironworkers, whereupon he took time off to do just that. The *Press* hailed his formula for peace and congratulated him, but the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* was less pleased. There was a danger of breakdown of sincere negotiations, it noted, "on the ground that it is easier just to go through the motions of negotiating while waiting for Goldberg."

It has sometimes happened that Goldberg's minor interventions have brought the greatest wrath down upon him. In February, 1961, when a thirteen-year-old Brooklyn girl named Nell Seidenberg wrote to him declaring, on be-

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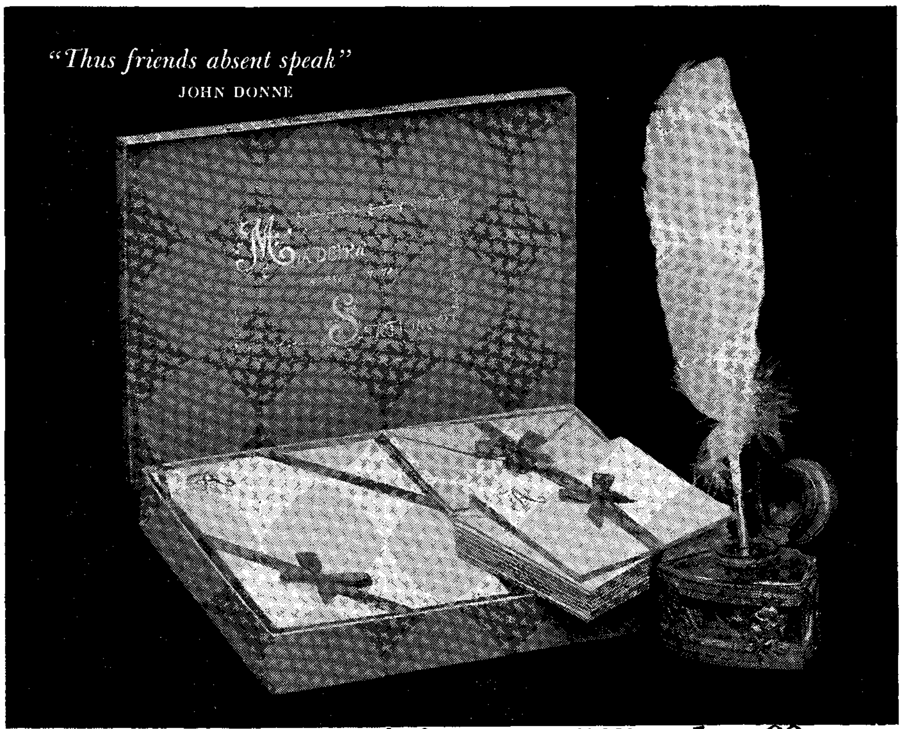
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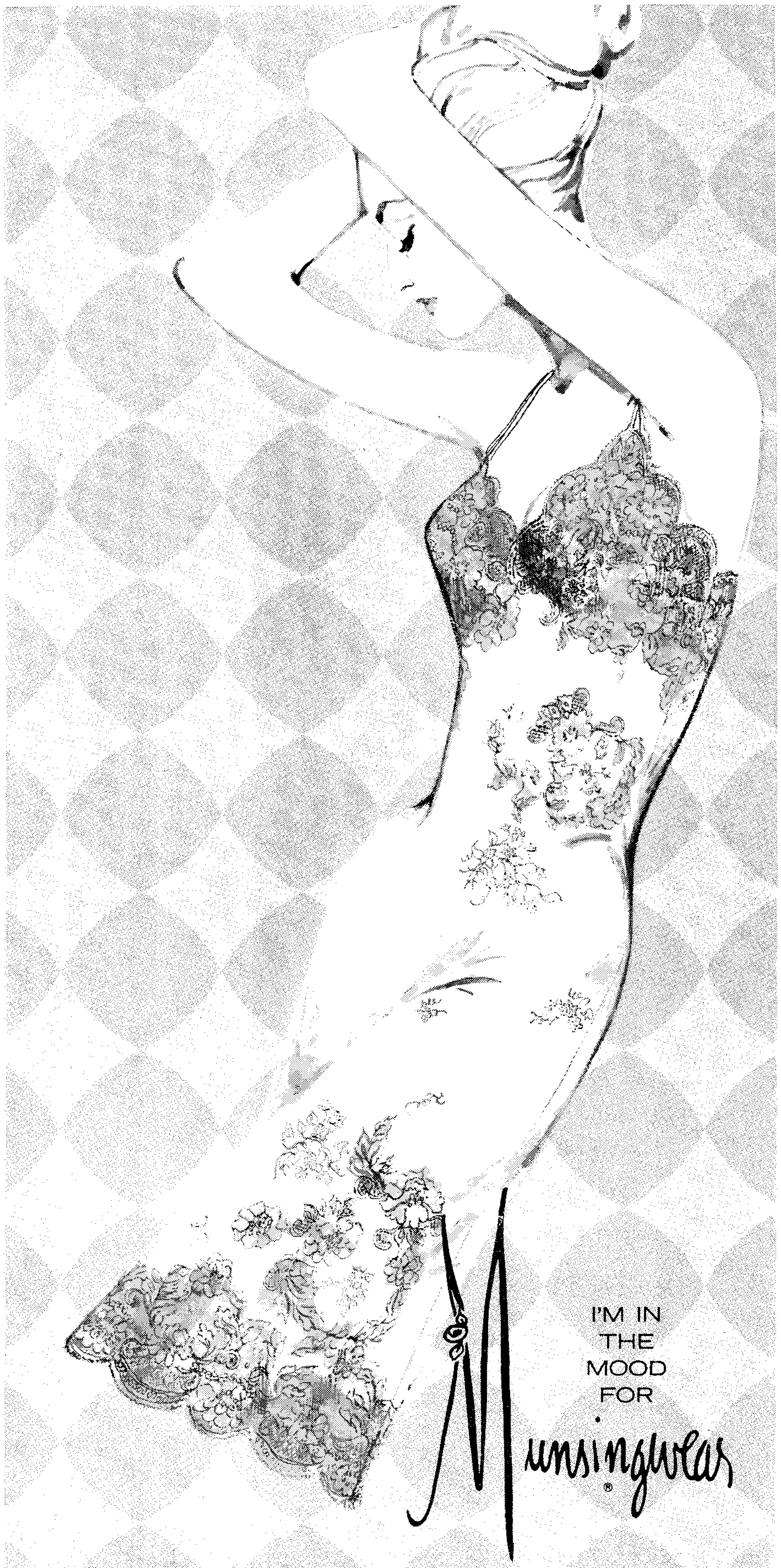
half of fifteen girls who had formed a piano players' union at Lefferts Junior High School, that half an hour of practice a day was sufficient and that parents and teachers were tyrants, Goldberg thanked her for joining the ranks of organized labor and recommended collective bargaining. Mrs. Olga Gluckman, a piano teacher representing the Brooklyn Music Teachers Guild, thereupon made an angry rebuttal, in which she protested against his "giving children a stick to hold over our heads" and pointed out that Vladimir Horowitz, among other pianists, still practices eight or ten hours a day. A week or so later, on a television program, Goldberg discussed the issue pianissimo. "I support what the piano teachers are doing, but I also have a sympathetic note for the kids," he said. "They are being burdened today with many, many things. They have to take music, they have to take dancing, they have to take speech, they have to carry on their activities. I hope we will have a reasonable accommodation of viewpoints in this area as well as in other areas."

On another occasion, Goldberg's impetuosity got him into trouble with some of his own employees, who are scattered about in fourteen buildings in and around Washington. Roughly half of the workers belong to a chapter—or "lodge," as it is called—of the American Federation of Government Employees, and the other half do not. One day, a group of non-lodge workers complained that their quarters were uncomfortable and unsafe, and Goldberg, taking matters into his own hands, went to the building in question, an old one, walked out onto a fire escape, and inspected the rooms and corridors; he decided that even if the Fire Department said the building was all right, it was ugly and run down, and was scarcely the proper sort of place for government workers. Back in his own office, he instructed an assistant to find more suitable accommodations. Soon afterward, a delegation from the lodge descended upon him; its members told him that the lodge had been insisting all along on better work surroundings, and asked why it had not been consulted. Goldberg, of all persons, had ignored a union. Feeling chastened, he went back to another floor of the same building—a floor where the lodge was well represented—and walked out onto another fire escape and through other rooms and corridors. Arrangements have since been made for the workers in several Labor Department buildings, including the one he inspected, to be moved to new quarters,



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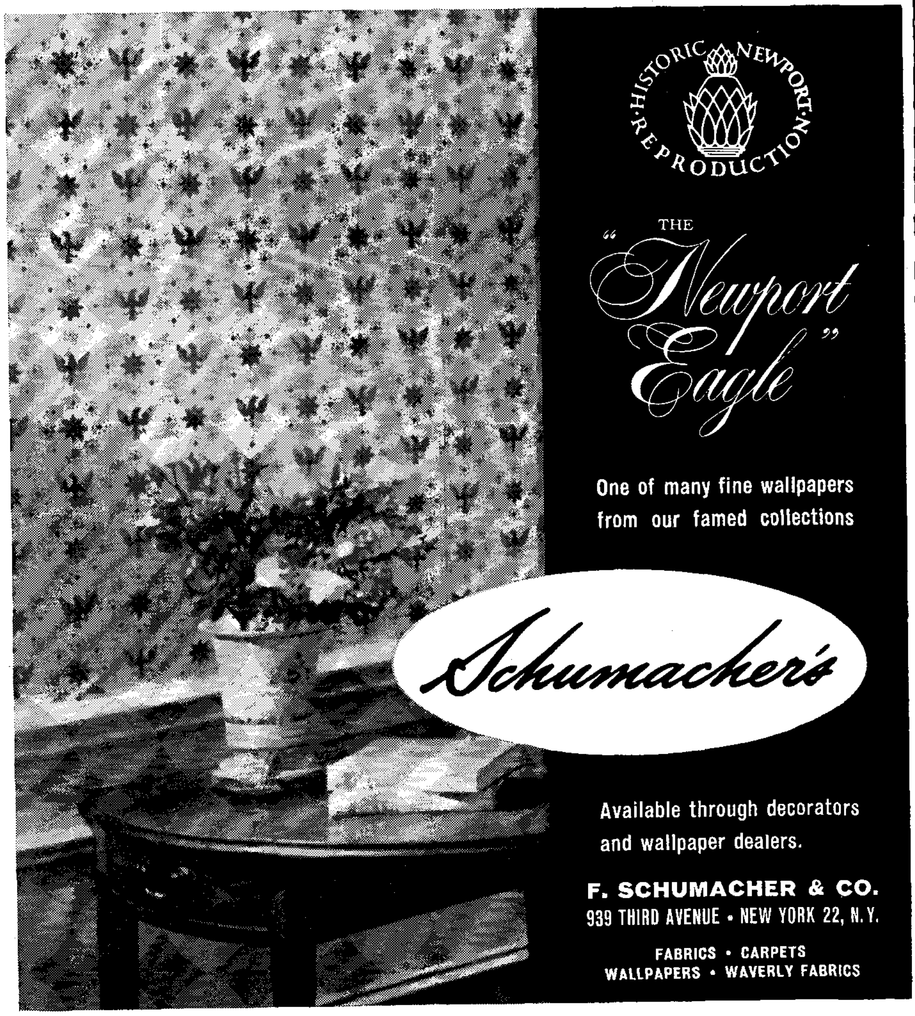

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in Silver Spring, Maryland. Goldberg followed up the question of accommodations for government workers by raising it at a Cabinet meeting. "People don't feel they're part of a department if they're all over town," he said. "Bad working conditions make for bad morale." The President immediately appointed him to a three-man committee to study the matter, and among the other things now bouncing around in Goldberg's mind is a set of architectural plans for creating a new federal-office-building complex between the White House and the Capitol.

There can be no doubt that Goldberg is thoroughly enjoying every moment of his new career, but, inevitably, there are times when his past as a labor lawyer seems to creep up on his present as a public servant. As a rule, he dismisses the problem forthrightly, although often platitudinously. "Once you accept public office, you have a public responsibility," he has said. (An old lawyer friend of his has remarked, almost in awe, "Arthur is a man who is never afraid of using a cliché.") From the outset of his public career, Goldberg has made it a point to address as many business groups as labor groups, and he always begins and ends his speeches to businessmen by stressing the fact that the public interest is paramount. All the same, he seems more uncomfortable in front of them, even when he is explaining how "pro-business" the administration is, than in front of labor officials, even when he is criticizing a stand a union has taken. One morning last fall, he spoke before a New York convention of the Transport Workers Union, which he once represented, and took issue with its president, Michael Quill, on four positions that Quill had set forth, and been applauded for, two days before: Quill had suggested socializing the whole transport industry, permitting James Hoffa and his International Brotherhood of Teamsters to return to the A.F.L.-C.I.O., reducing the working week from forty hours to thirty, and creating a labor party. As Goldberg explained his opposition to each recommendation, he was applauded just as loudly as Quill had been, and at the end he was given a "spontaneous" demonstration, in which union members carried printed signs proposing him as the Democratic candidate for Governor of New York. (Goldberg told the crowd that, except for the fact that he doesn't meet the residence requirements, he was eminently qualified for the job, because "I think I have had more experience than Nelson Rockefeller in eating blintzes and knishes.") A few hours later, Gold-

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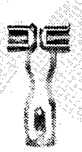

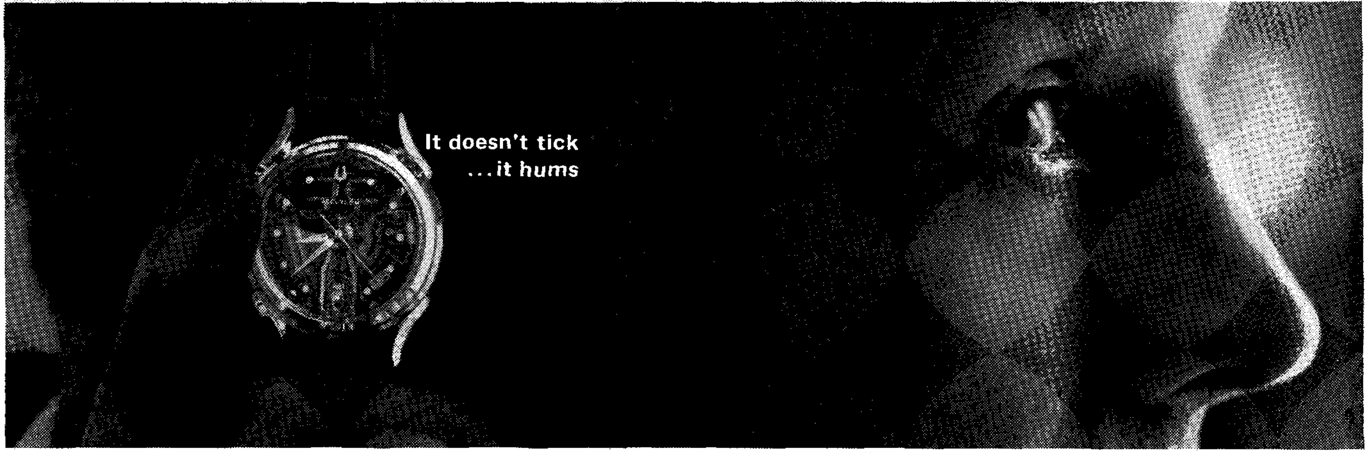

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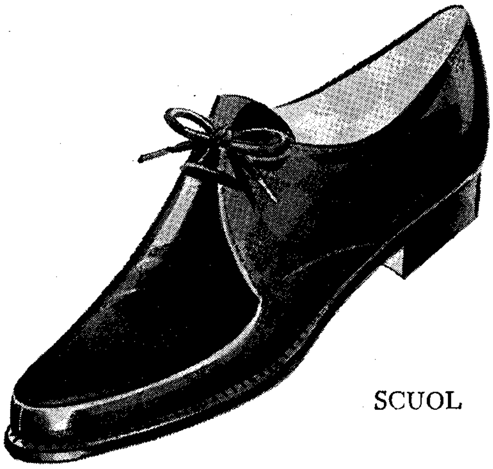

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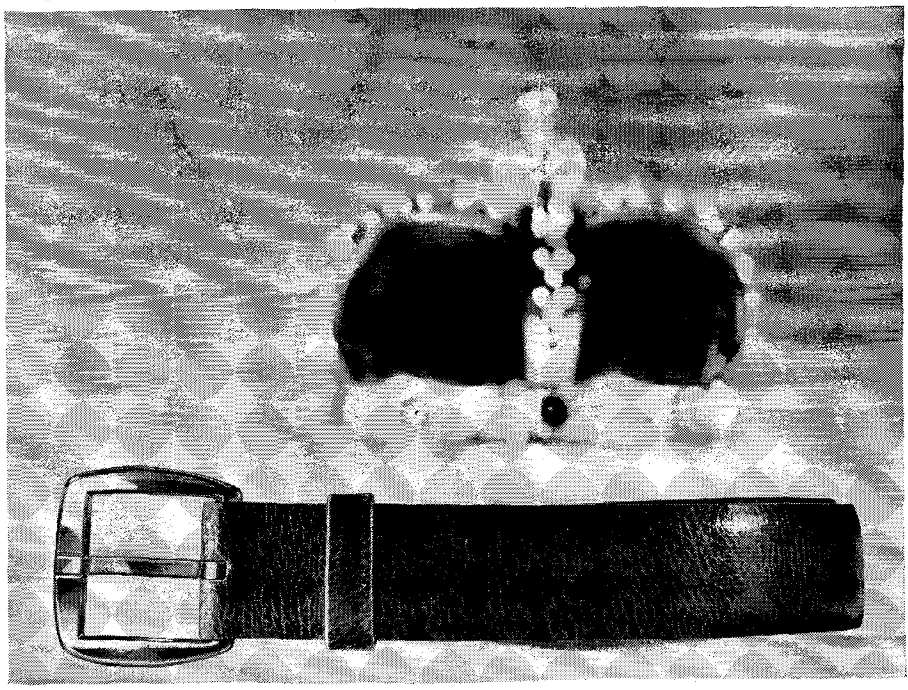

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berg spoke at a luncheon given by the National Association of Manufacturers, who unaccountably applauded him when he suggested that they could learn something from Socialist Sweden's successful program of government-sponsored labor-management relations. He also told the N.A.M. that he believed strikes to be bad for the country in times of stress; he was making the same point he had made in the maritime situation, but now he discovered that it is one thing to criticize labor to labor's face and quite another to do it in the den of the enemy. As one veteran union man observed, "If Arthur is going to keep on using that crisis argument, he might as well come right out and say there ought to be no strikes at all, because we're always in one crisis or another and I guess it's going to be that way for a long time." On the other hand, Goldberg has frequently made clear his continuing belief in the right to strike, and last December he told the A.F.L.-C.I.O. convention in Bal Harbor, Florida, that there was still plenty of room for wage increases in low-paying industries. While he emphasized that he thought any and all increases should be gauged to workers' productivity, the convention voted to push demands in general for shorter hours and higher wages. Goldberg's former labor associates suspect that, by advocating too strongly what attitudes both labor and management ought to take, he is bound to create trouble for himself sooner or later. "It's all well and good to talk so much about being *pro bono publico*," one of the country's top-ranking labor officials has said, "and it's true that, as Americans, we've got our problems in the world and that we have to be aware of them. But the fact remains that the country is prosperous and at peace, and when we union men sit down at a table with management there's still that big pie to cut up. Goldberg has cut up plenty of pie himself, and I'm sure he hasn't forgotten what it tastes like."

IN his new role, Goldberg has a nationwide staff of about eight thousand men and women, who are chiefly concerned with the enforcement of a variety of labor laws, the collection and analysis of economic data, and the administration of the government's employment-security program. Three thousand employees work in Washington, and thirty per cent of these are Negroes—a state of affairs that immensely pleases Goldberg, who, as vice-chairman of the President's Committee on Equal Employment Opportunity, has

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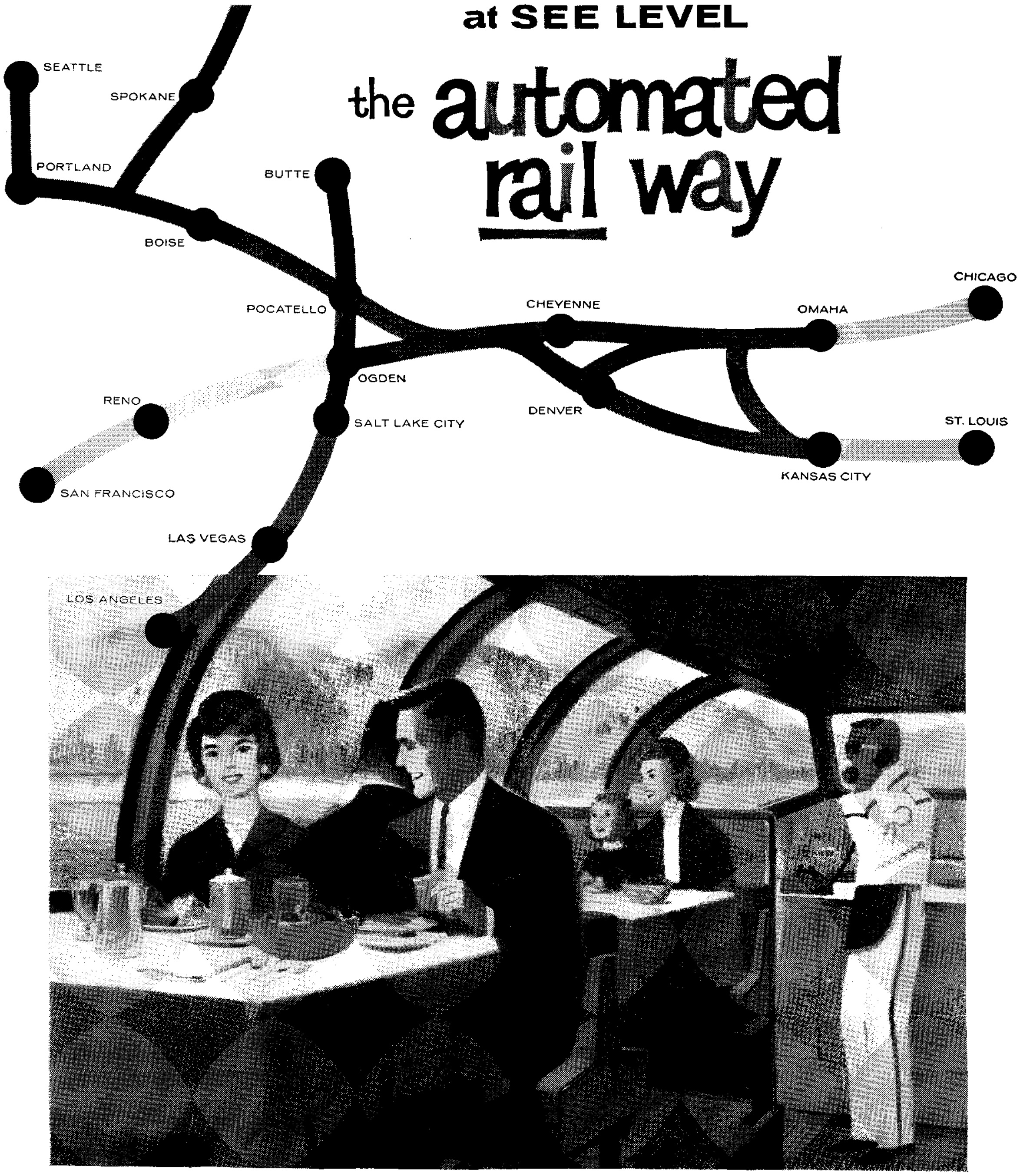
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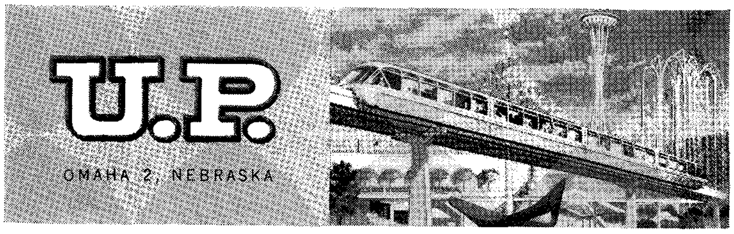
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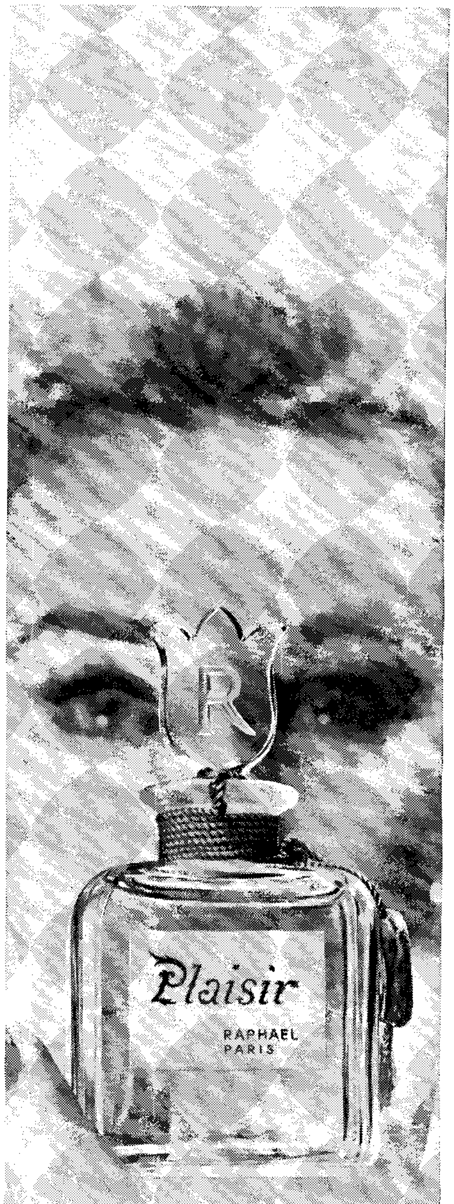

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been among the administration's most active campaigners for civil rights. One of Goldberg's Assistant Secretaries, George L.-P. Weaver, who is in charge of international labor affairs, is a Negro—the second ever appointed to so high a job in the department. The department now has its first woman Assistant Secretary. (It once did have a woman Secretary, of course—Frances Perkins.) She is Esther Peterson, who started out as director of the Women's Bureau of the department in January, 1961, and was elevated to her present job a few months later. Mrs. Peterson, who, like Weaver, comes from the labor movement and has known Goldberg for many years, handles a variety of matters, but her chief concern is still women, who now constitute a third of the nation's working force of approximately seventy million.

Goldberg believes in giving Mrs. Peterson, Weaver, and his other top aides a free hand in working out their problems, but he insists that everything pass across his desk eventually, and there are times when they wish he were a bit less preoccupied with matters outside the department. Under-Secretary W. Willard Wirtz, the No. 2 man, has described his relationship with Goldberg as "just about totally intuitive." Wirtz, a former member of the War Labor Board, has been a teacher, an arbitrator, and a law partner of Adlai Stevenson in Chicago, and he is among the men in Washington today who feel that the New Frontier has aroused much the same sort of fervor as the New Deal did. "Arthur regards the Labor Department as an instrument for carrying out his deep convictions, and since his loyalty to the President is intense, he regards them as the President's convictions, too," Wirtz said not long ago. "He has an extraordinary ability to represent a particular interest, but he does it best by relating it to a common cause, and that's probably the explanation for his being all over the map. He has his own unique sense of direction, and he can go to the heart of several matters at once. During *the first hundred days or so around here,* while we were fighting fires all over the place, I just had to guess what his feelings were on any given matter, and it's pretty much kept on that way. But we do have a sort of understanding, and if he should differ with me on a certain position, I figure he'll let me know."

Perhaps because Goldberg had so much experience with bureaucracy—there are those who say the labor movement is the greatest bureaucracy of them all—he has got along well with the

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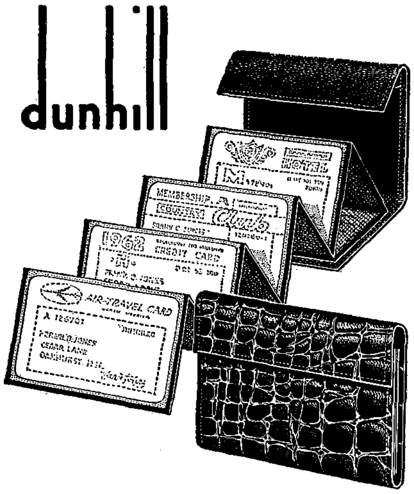
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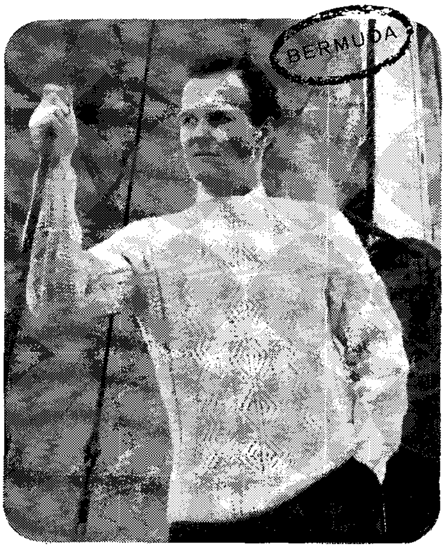

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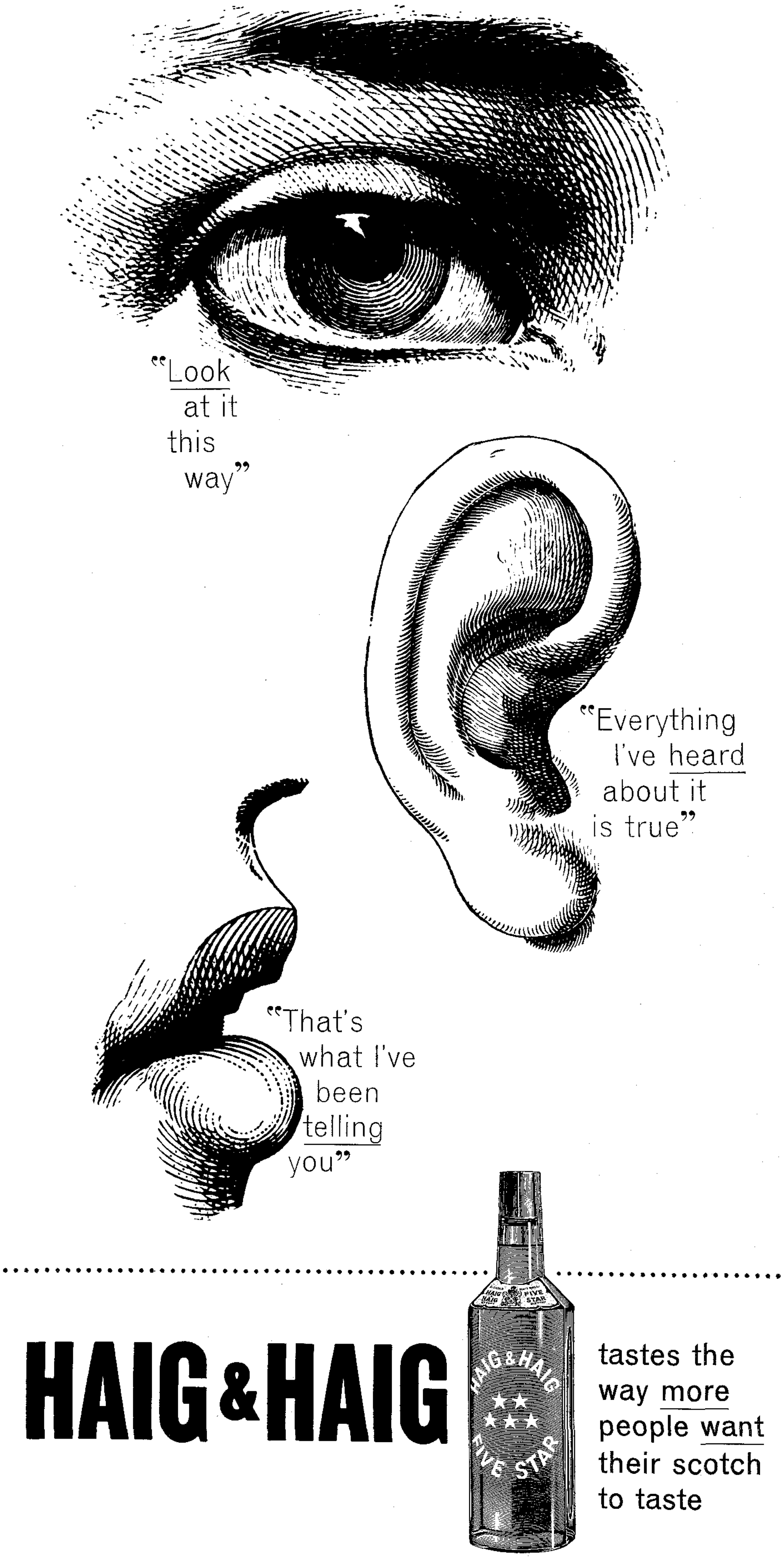
veteran civil-service employees in the department. "Every career man naturally watches the arrival of a new Secretary with great interest," Seymour L. Wolfbein, an economic-research specialist who has been working for the department for twenty years and is now a Deputy Assistant Secretary, has said. "The transition to Goldberg was very smooth. It's pretty hard to survive in Washington without getting deeply involved in bureaucracy, and he was wise enough to do that quickly. A lot of us divide our superiors into listeners and non-listeners. Goldberg is a listener. 'Labor' is a funny word, with all sorts of strange implications for the other departments, and the fact that Goldberg has used it all-pervasively makes for exciting times around here. Yet he has also taken a tremendous interest in the simple, everyday affairs of the department. At the rate he's going, I'm sure he'll have shaken hands with every employee by the time he's through. He even cares about the color of the walls in the offices, and he insisted on completely air-conditioning all the employee rooms before remodelling the executive cafeteria. That sort of thing makes quite an impact, you know."

Goldberg's capacity for hard work and his ability to give his attention to many things at once and not lose track of any of them are talents he developed as a youth. He has always been an early riser, and each morning when he is in Washington—he lives in a comfortable brick house in the northwest part of the city—he gets up at seven and takes, weather permitting, a fifteen-minute walk before breakfast. He enjoys walking and talking, and has a number of friends with whom he does both regularly, but ordinarily he takes his morning constitutionals either alone or with his wife. At 7:45, he has breakfast, and at 8:10 his government chauffeur appears to drive him in a government Cadillac to Labor Department headquarters, a large seven-story building in what has been called the Federal Graeco-Roman style, on Fourteenth Street, a few blocks from the White House. Entering a small private elevator, he ascends to his office on the third floor, usually arriving before any of his immediate staff other than a secretary, who has set out a pile of mail for him to read. With the possible exception of Robert Kennedy, who likes to wander around the Department of Justice in his shirtsleeves, Goldberg operates the most informal headquarters of any top-echelon member of the administration. His suite comprises a reception room,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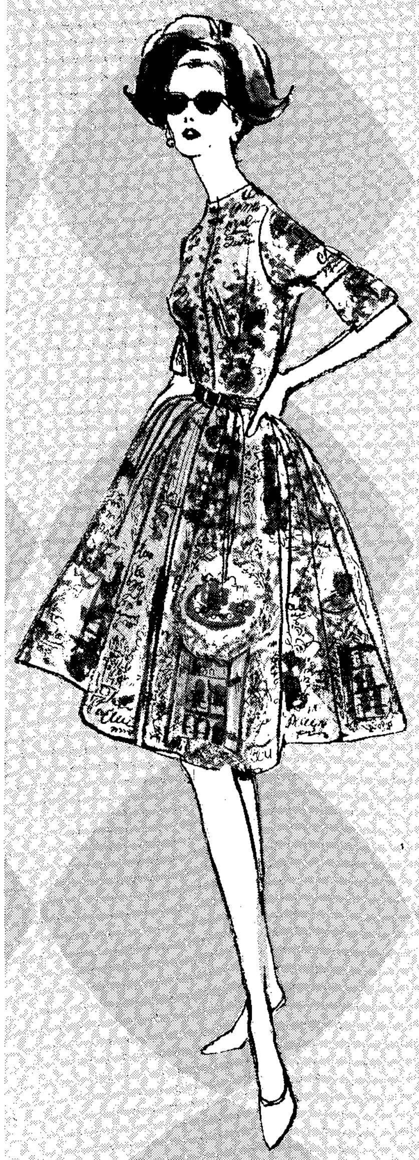

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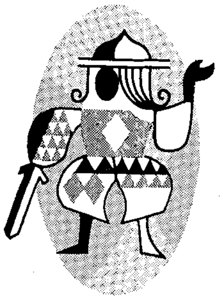
an office for his two secretaries, and a long conference room, as well as his own private office, and the various connecting doors are almost always kept open; he doesn't like to sit still for any length of time, and he moves from room to room all day long, like an anxious host. Next to the offices in the White House, his offices are probably the most artistic in town, largely owing to the influence of Mrs. Goldberg. Several of her own works—"*poem paintings,*" she calls them, because they are colorful abstractions employing both words and forms—hang on the walls, along with a number of modern paintings she arranged to borrow from museums. Goldberg, who knows a good deal about art, enjoys showing off the collection to his visitors and identifying the abstract figures in his wife's paintings, including one called "The Labor Convention." Mrs. Goldberg believes there are basically two kinds of modern painters—those who carefully impose order on their compositions, and those who, like her, find a new order of their own in seeming disorder. She once said that if her husband had been a painter, he would have painted like Mondrian, but he objected to the implication that he was unduly deliberate and analytical, whereupon she dutifully reconsidered. "The secret of Arthur's whole creative drive is that he really represents both types of painters," she says now. "It's a little unusual. His work is his art, and he has a special kind of creativity that consists in knowing where he is at a given moment and knowing what to do, and also in being able to see the sense in apparent chaos. He likes to get the community excited. He has so much energy, and he loves to work. Work sustains him without swallowing him up or defeating him. At the end of the day, we always have a real howling laugh."

A Goldberg day would be enough to send most men tottering miserably to bed. On a typical morning recently, after he had gone through his mail and dictated replies, Goldberg turned to the telephone, returning a dozen calls and making some of his own. There were calls to the State Department; to Walter Reuther, in Detroit; to Joseph Germano, head of the steelworkers' union in the Chicago area; to J. W. McGovern, *retiring president* of the National Association of Manufacturers; to Speaker of the House John McCormack; to the Israeli Ambassador; to Judge David Bazelon, of the Circuit Court of Appeals in Washington, an old friend; to Edgar Kaiser, the industrialist; to Lawrence O'Brien and



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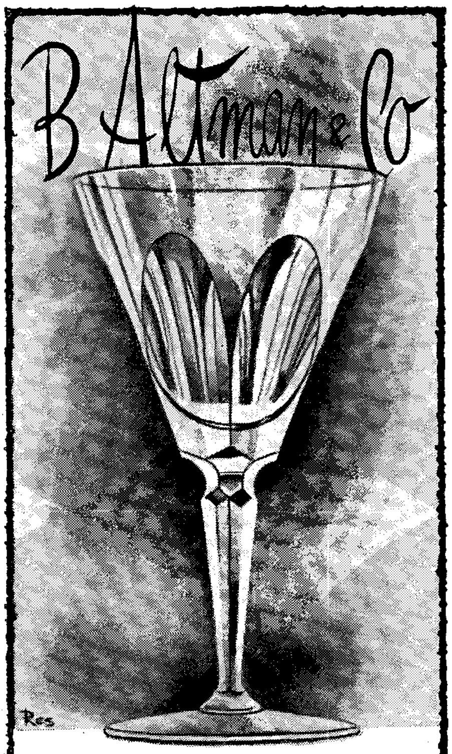

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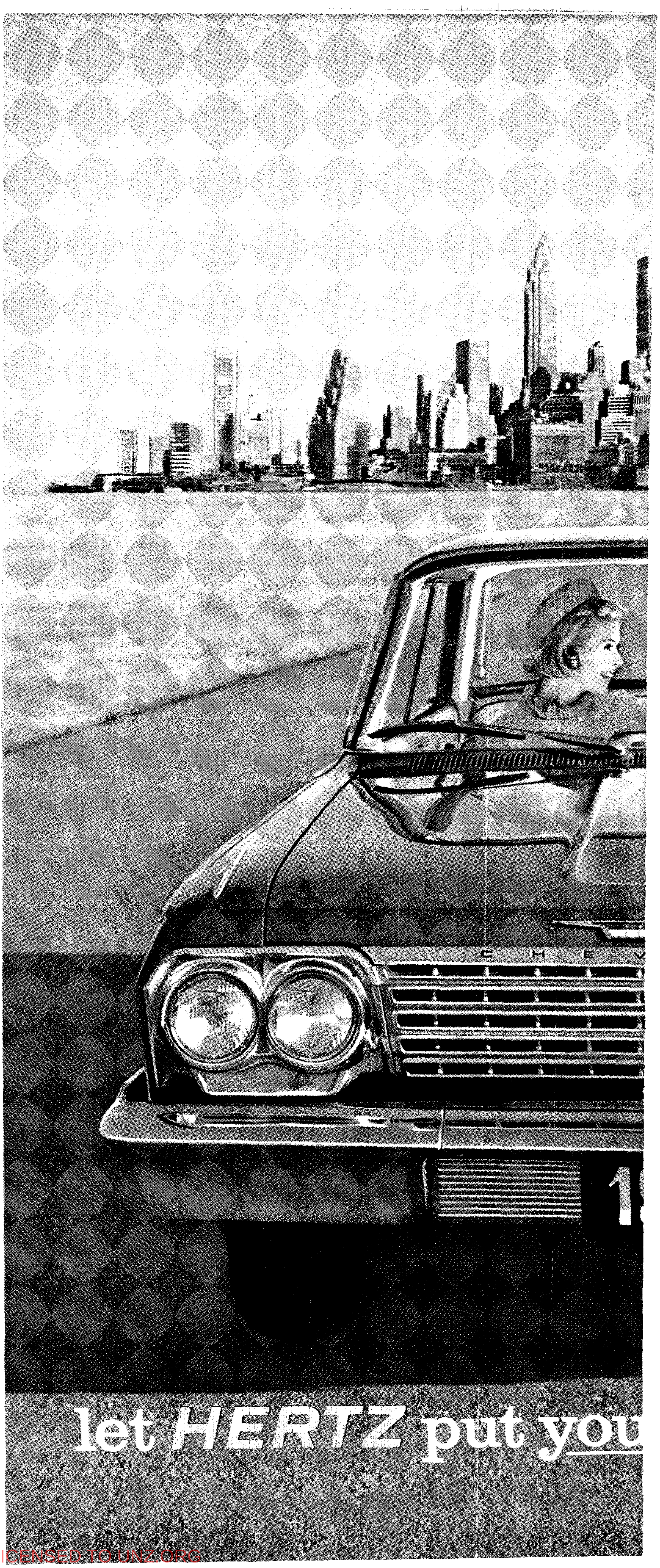

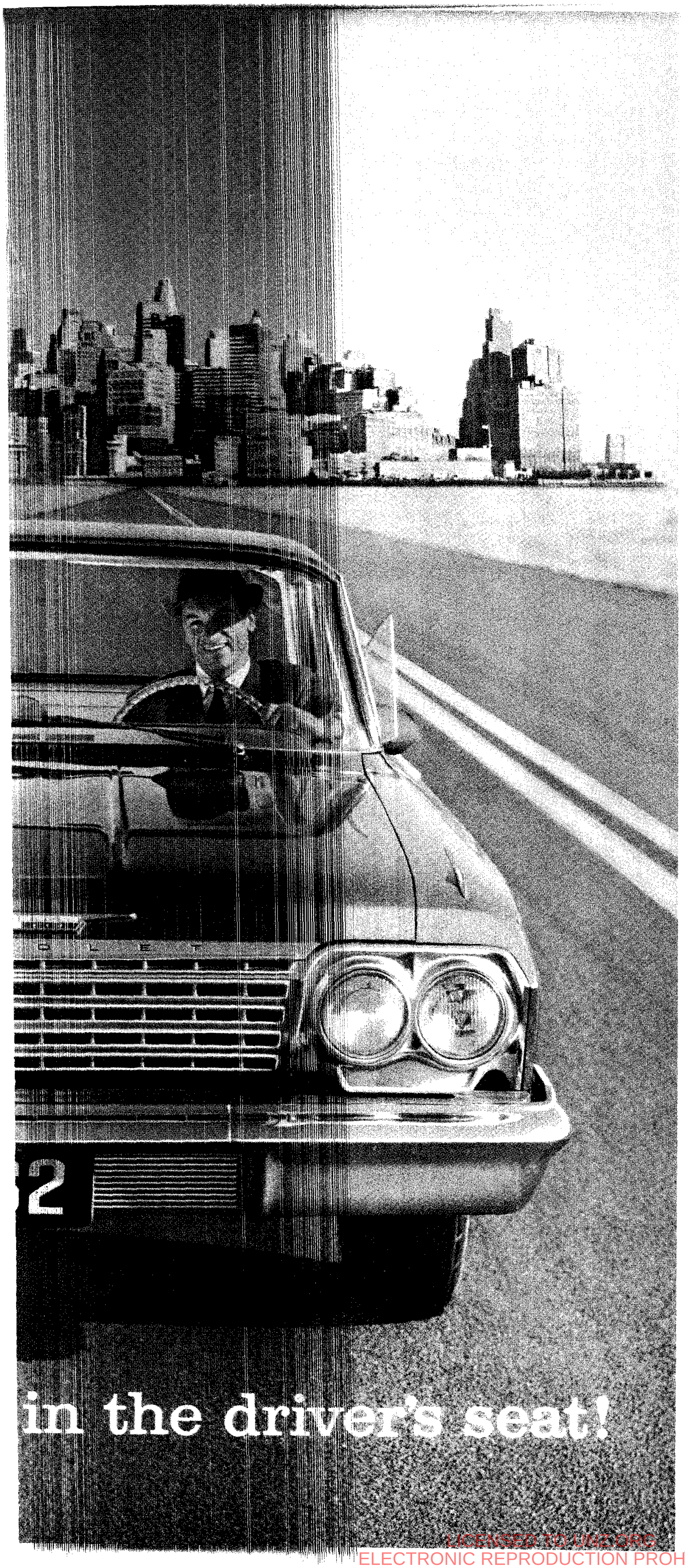

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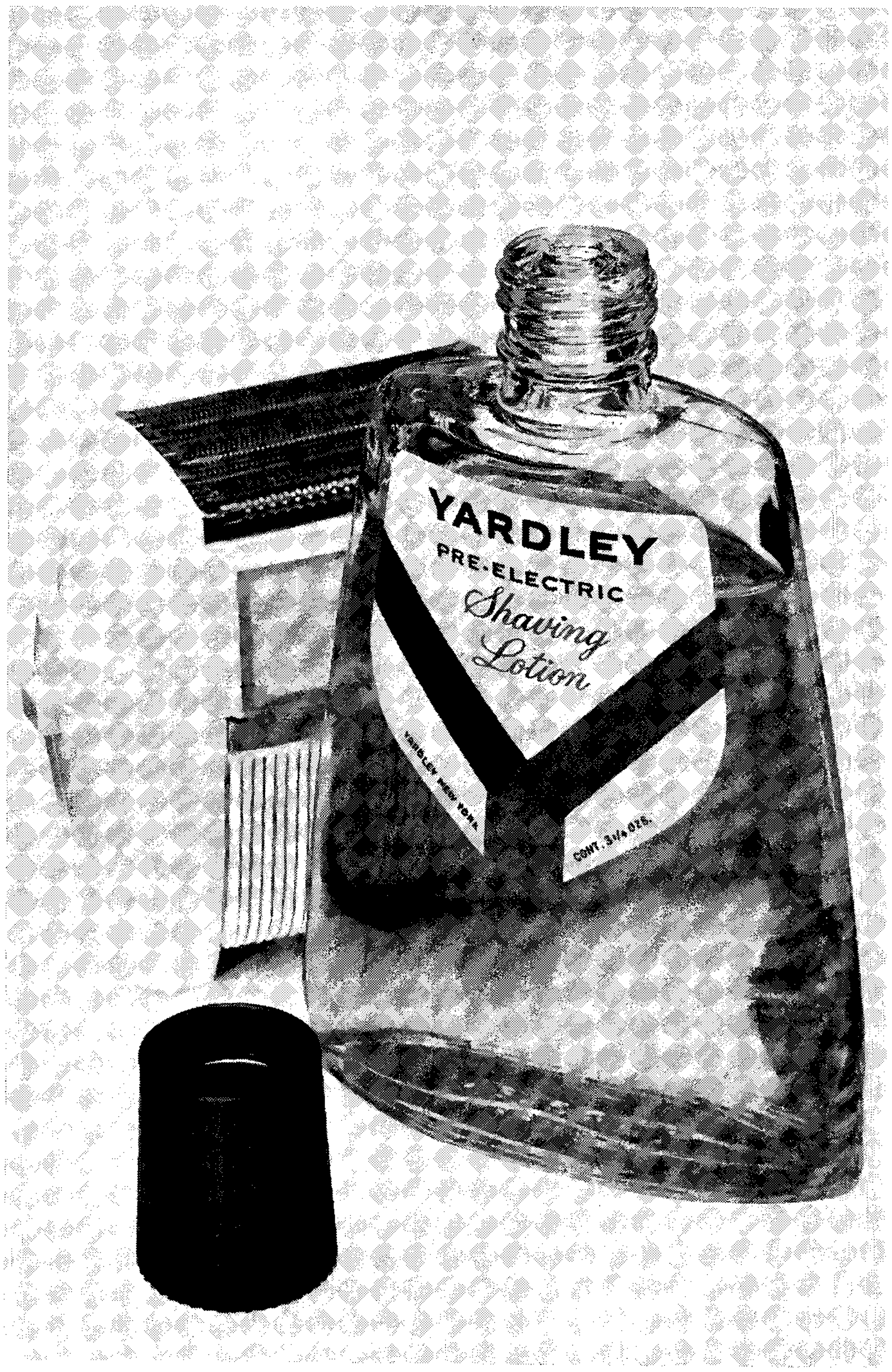
Ralph Dungan, who are White House aides; and to Adlai Stevenson, at the United Nations.

The letters and phone calls had dealt with practically every subject under the sun, but now, at the instance of some of his assistants, Goldberg spent an hour or so on department matters. His first caller was Mrs. Aryness Joy Wickens, a ranking civil-service economist, who was working on some of the economic aspects of what is called the Area Redevelopment Program—one phase of a larger program that Goldberg has helped devise to solve a problem that concerns him deeply. The problem springs from the effects on the country as a whole and labor in particular of automation and of the shifting proportion of blue-collar and white-collar workers in America's work force—since 1957 the white collars have outnumbered the blue—and the resulting circumstance that hundreds of thousands of men and women have become "hard-core" unemployed, stranded in areas where there are no longer any jobs for them. Machines and new production methods are displacing nearly two million workers a year from their present jobs, and many of these lack the education or training to shift to new trades. Goldberg feels that automation can be a boon if its challenge is met coöperatively by government, industry, and labor, and he does not believe that it need increase unemployment. "There are a great number of jobs available in America, but a limited number of trained persons to fill them," he has said. "The man standing on the assembly line cannot qualify overnight for work in a laboratory. And the situation is aggravated by the fact that the job markets are shifting ground. One out of every six jobs today is in California, Texas, or Florida. Ten years ago, only one out of every nine jobs was to be found in those states." Goldberg has urged that plans for automation be made several months, or even a year, in advance of actual changes and that, in addition to setting up retraining programs, management should, where necessary, provide special technological-adjustment pay for workers who cannot be transferred to new jobs within the same company. (One collective-bargaining contract calling for such pay has already been worked out, at the Chicago meat-packing plant of Armour & Co.) In May, 1961, Congress passed the Area Redevelopment Act, which authorized ten million dollars for subsistence to unemployed trainees, to be administered by the Labor Department, and four and a half million for up



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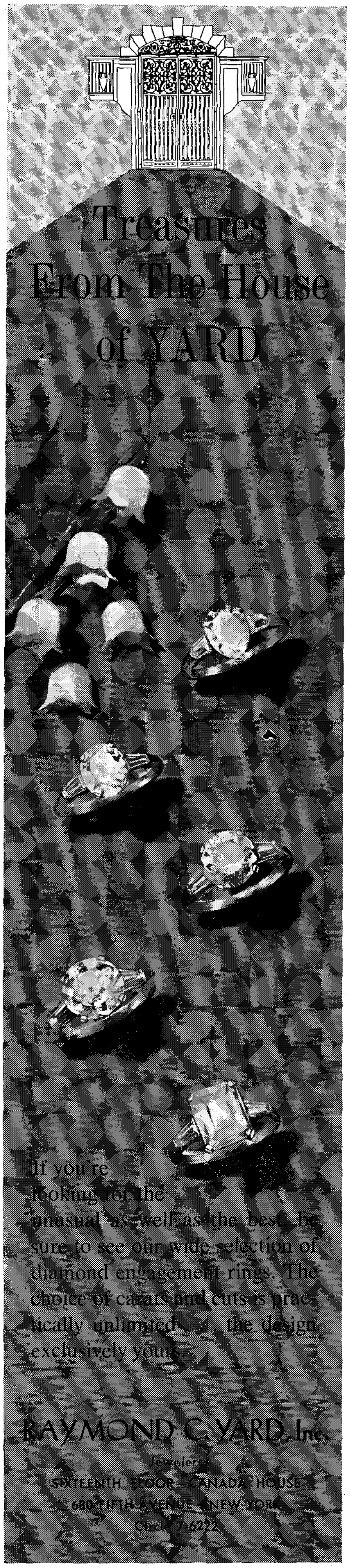
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to sixteen weeks of actual retraining, which comes under the jurisdiction of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. Goldberg considered this only a drop in the bucket, and he kept pushing for the more comprehensive Manpower and Training Act, which Congress passed just a month ago. This Act authorizes the expenditure of up to four hundred and thirty-five million dollars over a three-year period to retrain almost half a million displaced workers for as long as one year. The program will get under way as soon as the money is formally appropriated—a hundred and fifty areas have already put in requests for funds—and meanwhile the area-redevelopment operation is gathering momentum.

In Goldberg's office that morning, Mrs. Wickens brought him up to date on some of the redevelopment programs—in West Virginia, Rhode Island, Connecticut, and Pennsylvania. He nodded affirmatively from time to time, and appeared to approve of what had been done, but when she had left he turned to a visitor who had been listening and said, with a momentary flagging of his customary buoyant spirits, "There's so much to be done about all this, and we've barely started. It's a pity we have had to fight so hard for the obvious. We may still be centuries ahead of much of the rest of the world in our standard of living, but our economy is undergoing many vast and subtle changes. We can and we must come to grips with them, because what we are able to do in the world on behalf of freedom will be exactly proportionate to what we do at home."

Goldberg's executive assistant, a young attorney named Stephen Shulman, poked his head in at the door, and Goldberg waved him into the room. Shulman has grown used to catching Goldberg between appointments and on his way in and out of the office, and he has acquired the knack of clearing up several matters in a few minutes. Now, among other things, he reminded Goldberg to discuss with the Philippine Ambassador the temporary admission of some Filipino workers and to be on hand to greet the first full-time blind civil-service worker to be employed by the department. The next person to appear was Edward J. McVeigh, director of personnel, who discussed the student-employment program under which the department last summer hired two hundred and sixty college students and high-school graduates for temporary jobs in Washington. A meeting, in the conference room, with the senior staff of

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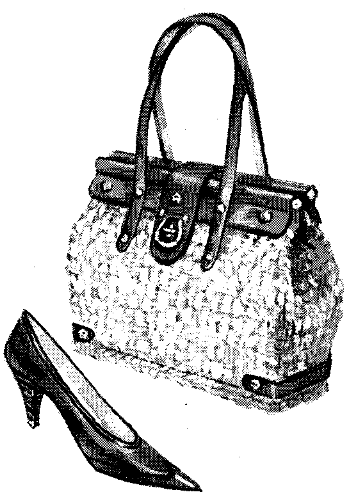

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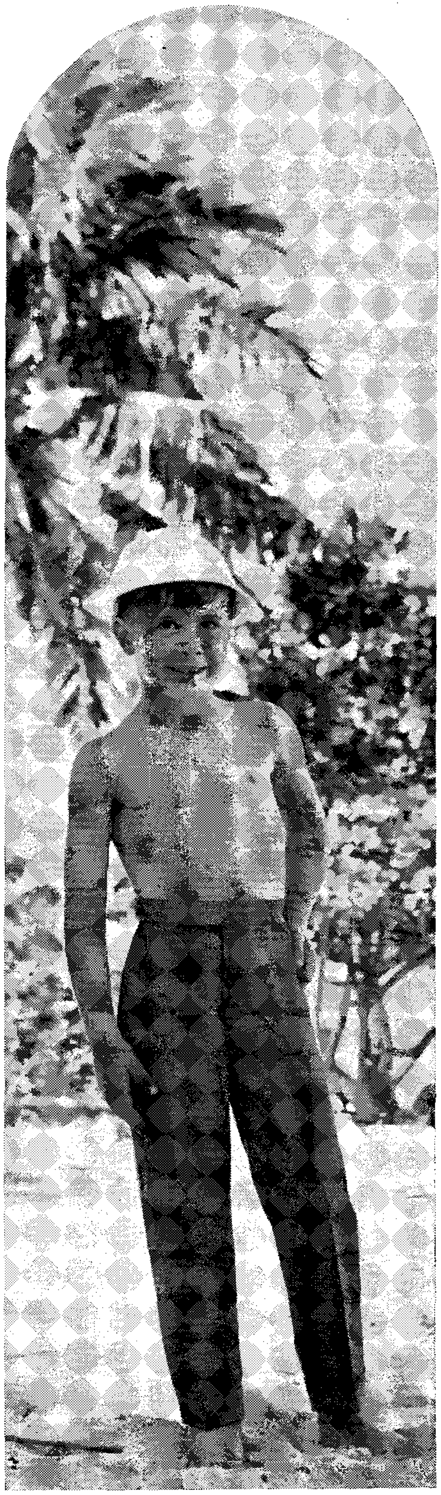

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the wage-and-hour division followed, primarily to discuss the continuing administrative complications brought on by the Minimum Wage Act of 1961, which provides for progressive increases over the next few years in the minimum wage and which extends minimum-wage coverage to three and a half million workers who had not been covered before. When the meeting was over, Goldberg was driven to the Senate Office Building, where he had a meeting scheduled with Senator Richard B. Russell, of Georgia, and four other Southern senators, who were seeking to persuade him to exempt workers in the shrimp and crab industries from the wage-and-hour regulations. Goldberg offered a compromise and, by exercising his charm, induced the senators to accept it. Later, he said, "I believe in due process, and I'm making it a point to keep consulting with representatives of marginal industries. I want to convince Congress that we're going to be reasonable about enforcing the minimum-wage laws. In the early New Deal days, there was too much zealotry in these matters. I'd rather be flexible than have things we want thrown out by amendments later on."

It was time for lunch, and Goldberg had it in his conference room with two State Department guests, Richard Goodwin and U. Alexis Johnson, who had come over to discuss Latin-American policy. Back in his office, Goldberg made another series of phone calls, and then Julius E. Kuczma, who is in charge of the missile-sites labor program, arrived to report on a problem at one of the bases, after which a delegation from Atlanta came to discuss Goldberg's recent refusal to go through with a scheduled speech in what he had learned was a segregated hotel there. The delegation stayed half an hour and left with Goldberg still firm in his decision. Shulman, John Leslie, and Mrs. Helen May, who has been Goldberg's personal secretary for years, all took advantage of a brief break in the schedule to dash in and out with problems, and so did Wirtz and James Reynolds, an Assistant Secretary whom Goldberg brought into the department from the ranks of industry. Jerry R. Holleman, another Assistant Secretary, also came by, but too late; Goldberg was in conference again—his last meeting before he had to dash off to the White House to see Walter Heller, the President's chief economic adviser, and then go home and dress for a formal dinner party.

The final conference in his office was attended by three of Goldberg's own top

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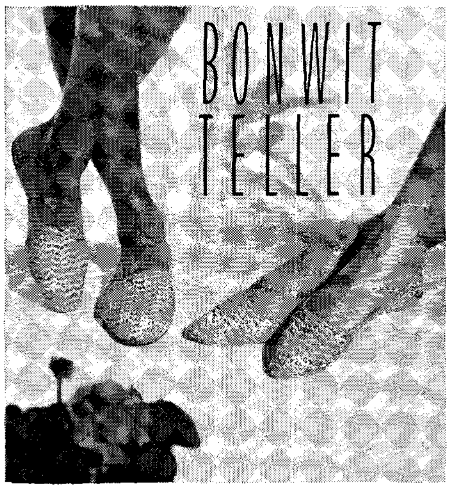

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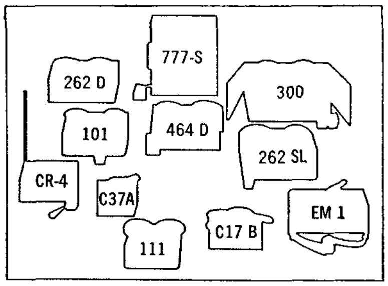

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economic advisers—Robert Goodwin, Robert Myers, and Wolfbein, all permanent civil-service men. After the three had sat down, there was a pause, and Goldberg suffered one of his rare moments of absent-mindedness. "Did I call you or did you call me?" he asked, looking puzzled. Wolfbein explained that the Secretary had called them, and then Goldberg remembered that he wanted to discuss the appointment of an impartial committee of prominent citizens to study the types of employment and unemployment statistics that the department publishes each month and the methods of gathering such data. "I think we need a review, and if we don't arrange for it, then Congress will, and that will cause a fuss," he said. There has been no problem with which Goldberg has occupied himself more diligently than unemployment; it has cut across almost everything else he has dealt with in his testimony before Congressional committees and in his speeches—such matters as area redevelopment and manpower retraining; the creation of a Youth Conservation Corps and of programs to discourage young people from leaving school and looking for jobs prematurely; and an increased public-works program. Almost immediately after taking office, Goldberg made his first "field trip"—to Pennsylvania and four Midwestern states, where the unemployment levels were especially high—and at its conclusion he publicly proclaimed that the country was in a recession. This was the first such blunt statement by an administration spokesman, and the Republicans accused him of making a political trip, but Goldberg replied that he had been asked by the President to dramatize "the trouble many Americans find themselves in, and make others who have never had it so good realize that so many still have it so bad." His trip was widely publicized, and he himself wrote an article about it for a national magazine. When he got back to Washington, he made his first legislative appearance—he has since made thirty-six—testifying in support of a bill providing a temporary thirteen-week extension of unemployment benefits. Goldberg quickly proved himself a master lobbyist, and, with the help of Assistant Secretaries Peterson and Holleman, he spent hours on the Hill, buttonholing recalcitrant senators and representatives, politely asking them what their objections to the bill were, and persuading many of them to change their minds. The bill itself eventually passed both the House and the Senate by wide margins, but an amendment submitted by Senator Harry

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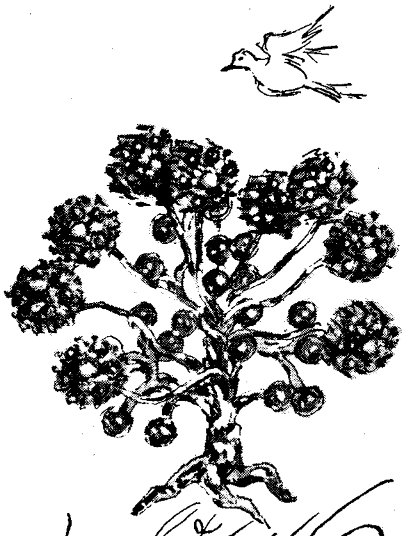

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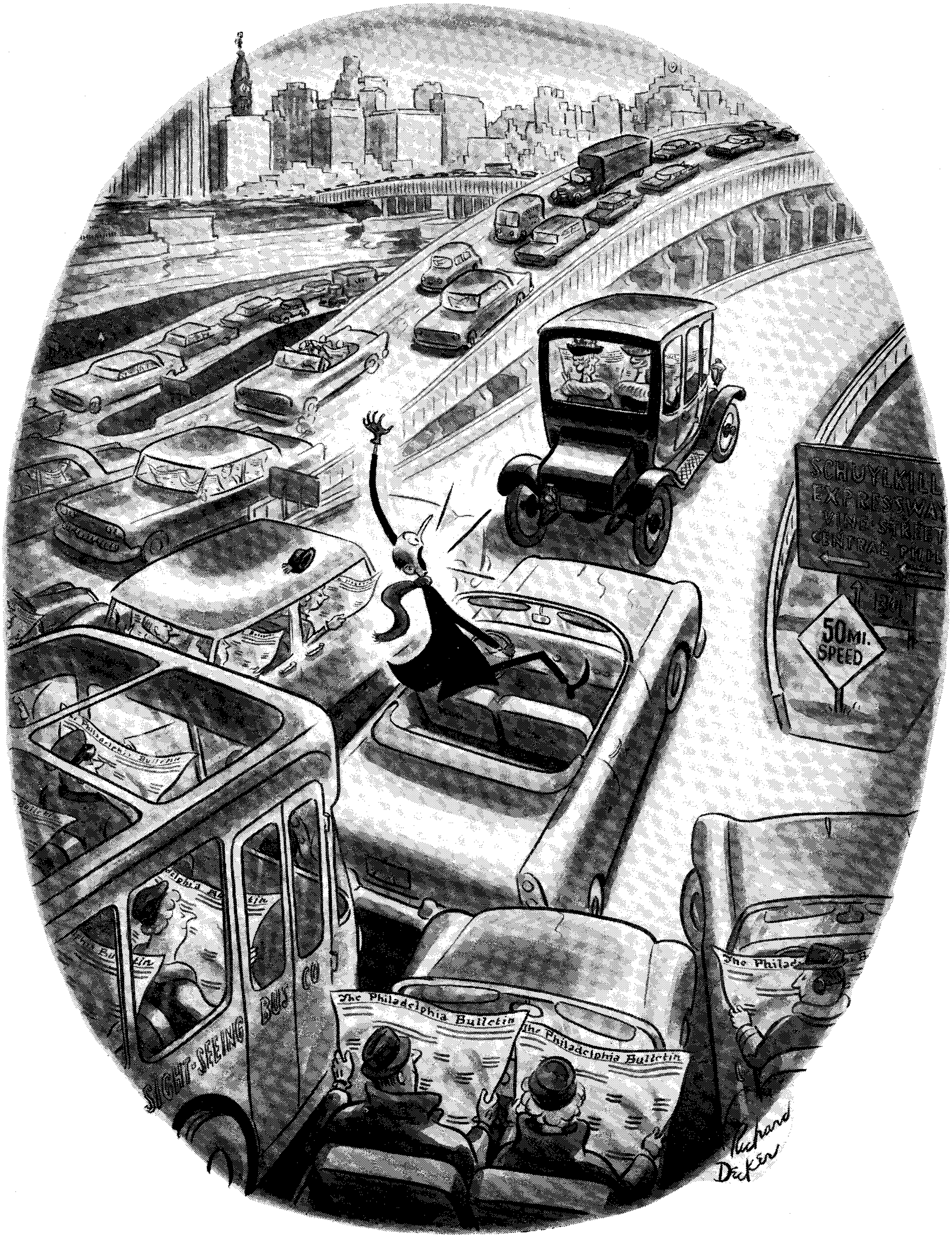
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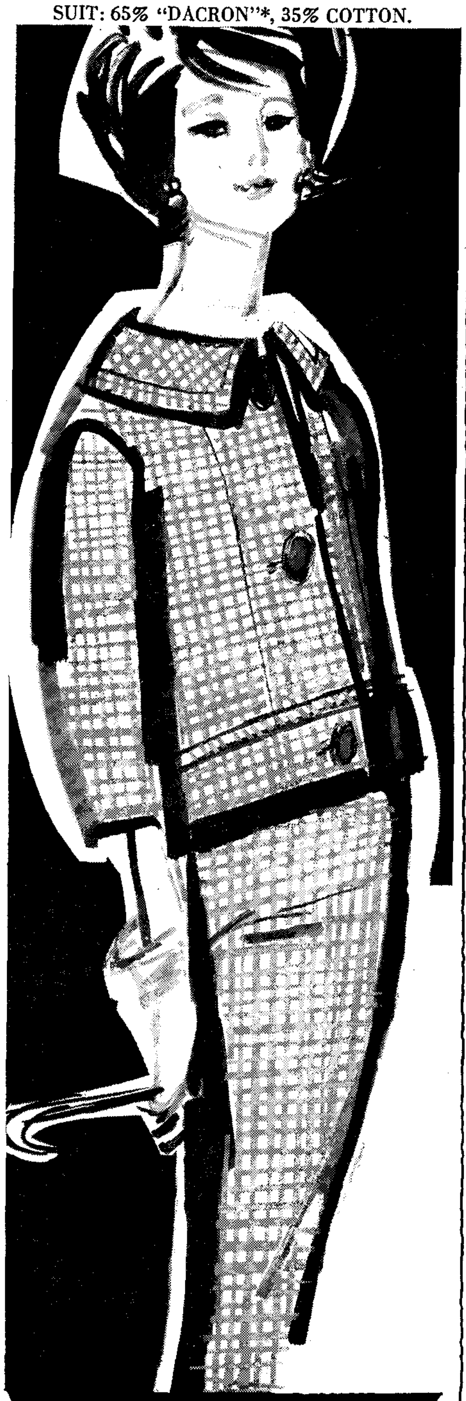

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F. Byrd, of Virginia, which would have put a heavy financial burden on the states that needed assistance most, was defeated by only two votes. Goldberg stayed on tap until the Senate vote was taken, late on the night of March 16th, and then he called the President at the White House with the news. Elated, he quoted a line of poetry—" 'Twas a famous victory." The President hesitated a moment and then said, "That's Byron." Goldberg said yes and, the following morning, remarked to his staff that it was a pleasure to have such an erudite man in the White House. He was only slightly taken aback when John Leslie checked up and informed him that the quote was from Robert Southey's "The Battle of Blenheim."

THERE are those who say that if Goldberg doesn't get appointed to the Supreme Court or become a college president, he will end up as a senator from somewhere. ("Maybe outer space," one observer has suggested.) Lawrence O'Brien, the President's liaison man with Congress, credits him with having "perfect political pitch." Commenting on Goldberg's activity on the Hill, O'Brien has said, "He really understands the language of politicians, and he has a total awareness of how Congress works. We insist that all Cabinet members attend to the programs of their own departments, but Goldberg has made himself available for everything, and we call on him for just about everything." Senator Lister Hill, of Alabama, who is chairman of the Senate Committee on Labor and Public Welfare, has said that Goldberg is more active on the legislative front than any other Cabinet member in his memory; Senator Mike Mansfield, of Montana, the Democratic Majority Leader, has set aside a pair of comfortable chairs in a corner of his special anteroom, off the Senate floor, for Goldberg to use when he wants to give a senator a few moments of planned persuasion. "We got to calling it the Goldberg Room after a while," one member of Mansfield's staff says.

While Goldberg is not one of the old guard around President Kennedy, like O'Brien or Theodore Sorensen, he has thoroughly established himself as a member of the White House inner circle, and seems to possess the "toughness" that the new administration so vigorously advocates—a word that a lot of people in Washington now take to mean "loyalty." Robert Kennedy, who is most responsible for fostering the Kennedy brand of toughness, has described

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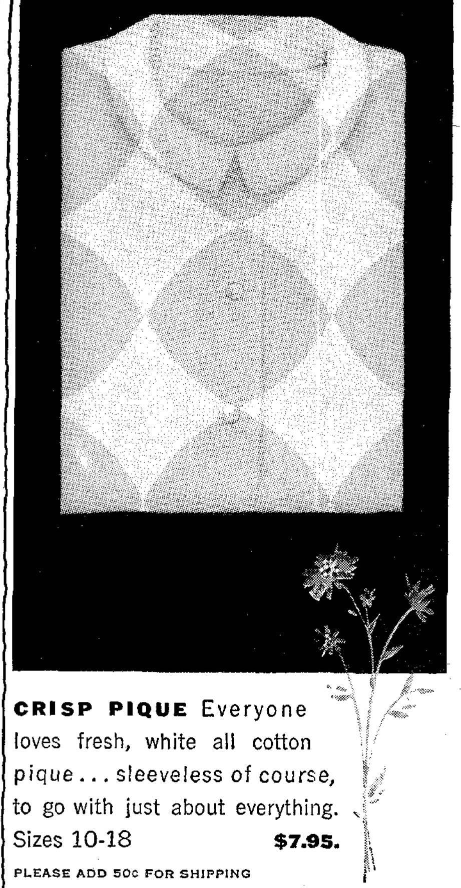

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Goldberg as "a great persuader and advocate," adding that he has "courage" and "integrity"—words that also belong to the special lexicon of the New Frontier. Goldberg's desire to be more than a traditional Secretary of Labor has been made thoroughly clear by now, and he is fully accepted as a Presidential trouble-shooter, a planter of ideas, and a bearer of both good and bad tidings, and also as one of the principal ideologists of the administration. "Arthur can't help overexposing himself," an old Washington friend of his says. "He's always been at his best in putting things together across a bargaining table, and now that he's able to do things with people and ideas on a grand scale, he's just about uncontainable. It's conceivable that he may overreach himself and run into trouble in this rough-and-tumble town, but somehow I doubt that he will. Emotionally and intellectually, he is able to comprehend and manipulate power to a degree that few people are capable of. He did it for years in the labor movement, and he still does it now that he's outgrown his past and discovered the world. The fact is that he sees all that is happening at home and throughout the world as part of the essential problem of human survival, no aspect of which can be separated from the rest, and considers himself not just professionally but personally concerned. Perhaps more than anyone else in Washington today, he is the mid-century dedicated, worried, yet hopeful man."

—ROBERT SHAPLEN

(*This is the second of two articles on Secretary Goldberg.*)

◆

CHICAGO—(UPI)—Dana Rose, vice president of the Michigan Bell Telephone Co., predicted that some day every member of a household will have a separate telephone line, each with its own individual signal.

"Instead of a bell," Rose said in a speech here, "perhaps chimes will ring when the lady of the house is called, a bugle-call for the Girl Scout daughter and a fog-horn for the head of the house."—*Detroit News.*

And a Bronx cheer when it's a wrong number.

◆

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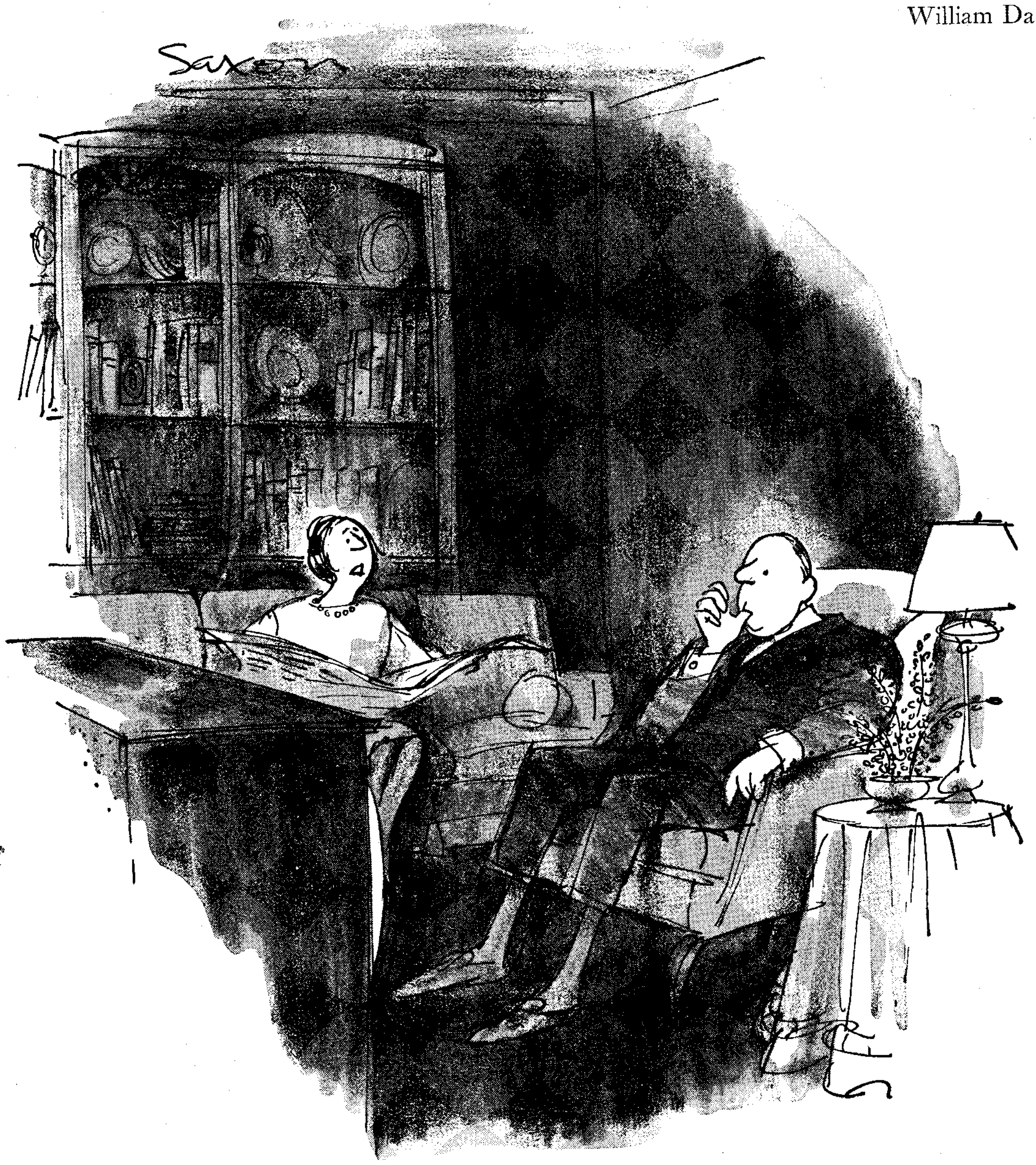
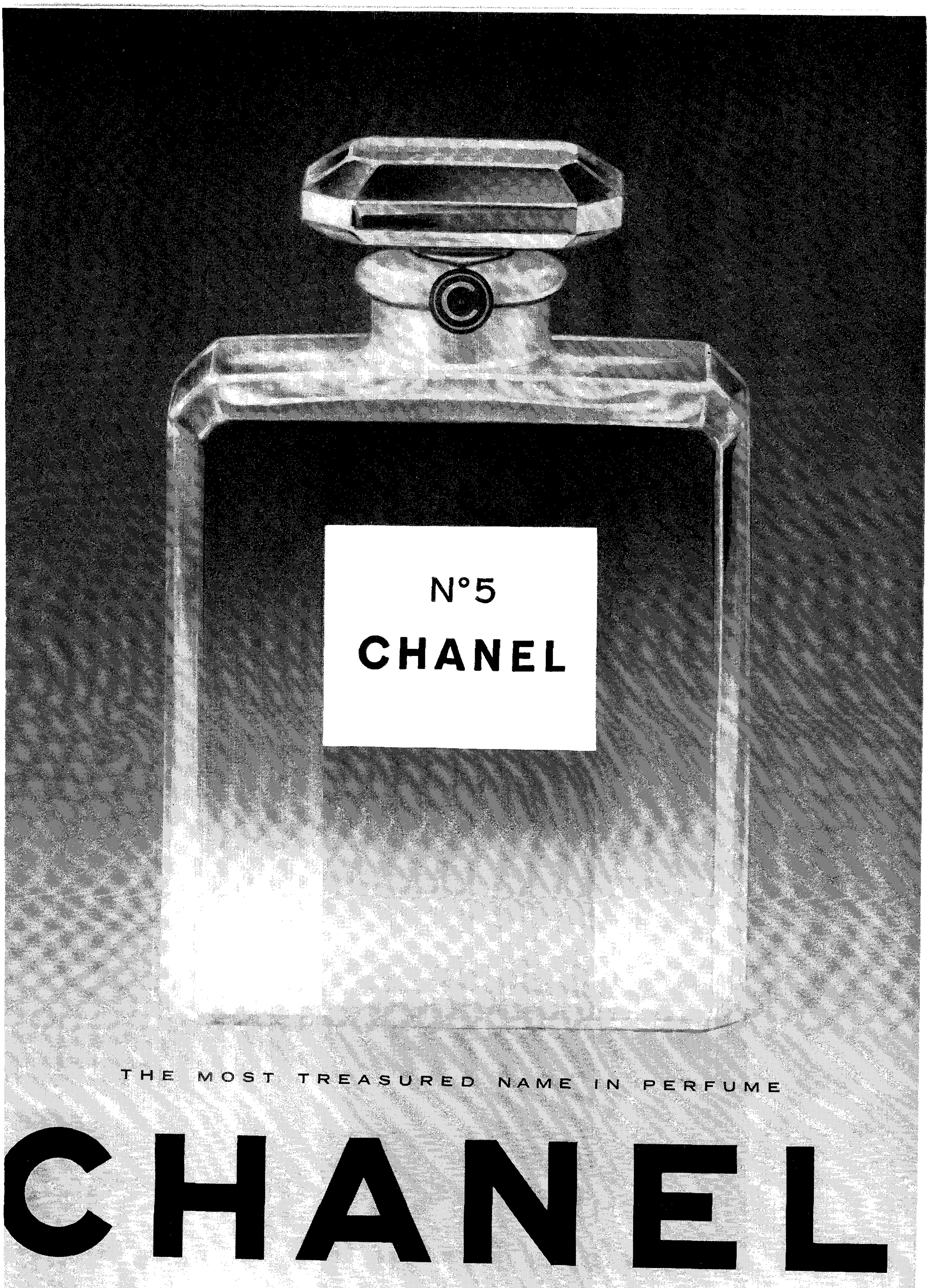
HERB GARDNER, the author of "A Thousand Clowns," at the Eugene O'Neill, is garrulous, repetitive, and undisciplined, but also pretty funny, and if you ignore the plot of his comedy, which never does resolve itself, and just watch his characters capering about, it should give you a pleasant enough evening. Mr. Gardner presents us with a hero who has been in revolt for several months against the Madison Avenue Establishment, in which he formerly served as the writer of a television show called "Chuckles the Chipmunk." When we meet him, the revolutionist is on a kind of passive-resistance kick, living in utter dishevelment in a one-room apartment in a seedy area uptown and refusing all offers of work, even though his brother (A. Larry Haines) is a big-time agent who can get him a job practically any moment our man says the word. As portrayed by Jason Robards, Jr., the nonconformist is a very engaging type as long as he sticks to his comic knitting; when, however, he starts sounding off about his philosophy of life, which seems to add up to "Hallelujah, I'm a bum, with reservations," he makes no sense whatever and becomes a windy bore. Fortunately, Mr. Robards is not called upon to deliver many of these deep-think monologues. For the most part, he is occupied in frustrating the schemes of the Bureau of Child Welfare, an outfit that has been taking an interest in his precocious twelve-year-old nephew (Barry Gordon), a lad, born to his sister out of wedlock, who shares the apartment with him. Having come to the conclusion that the boy would be better off spending his formative years in a less bizarre environment than the one provided by Mr. Robards, the Bureau sends a team of representatives—a budding girl psychologist, played by Sandy Dennis, and a hardboiled social worker, played by William Daniels—to do an on-the-spot report at his apartment, whereupon "A Thousand Clowns" settles down to some droll observations on the methods of welfare operatives, and permits the uninhibited Mr. Robards not only to break up the team but also to induce Miss Dennis first to confess that she hates some of her clients, among them one who is only nine years old, and then to spend the night with him. Miss Dennis is wonderfully antic as a girl plainly not cut out for social work, and Mr. Daniels is effective as her thin-lipped teammate, but once word has come that Mr. Robards is due to lose the company of his nephew if he doesn't go to work, the convolutions of the plot aren't very hard to anticipate. Nevertheless, all hands—including Gene Saks, who presently makes his appearance as Chuckles the Chipmunk in person—keep coming up with lively performances, in scenes that Mr. Gardner sometimes seems to have introduced just for the hell of it, and in the long pull we are beguiled. The scenery, by George Jenkins, is appropriate, and the direction, by Fred Coe, who, in collaboration



"Oh, for goodness' sake! Smoke!"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with Arthur Cantor, also produced the play, is bouncy. —JOHN MCCARTEN

OFF BROADWAY

Cloak and Hokum

GEORGE M. COHAN'S "The Tavern"—the third, and final, production of the versatile APA company, at the Folksbiene—is a reverse parody in that it uses the tricks and techniques of ridicule to celebrate, rather than deflate, the thing it is making fun of. What it is making fun of is theatrical hokum—the hokum of old-fashioned, innocent melodrama—and in this revival it does so through the agency of George Grizzard. Cast as a vagabond who is one of an assortment of travellers taking shelter in a country tavern on a stormy night, he combines the functions of enthusiastic commentator, master of the revels, and author's deputy; indeed, he is the author's deputy in more senses than one, since Mr. Cohan played the part when the show was done in 1921. The other travellers include the governor of the state and his party, who have just been held up by highwaymen. The state, to judge by the flowery cadence of the accents, is somewhere in the South; the time, to judge by the costumes, is the late nineteenth century. Until Mr. Grizzard made his entrance, ten minutes or so after the curtain went up, the carryings-on seemed more foolish than funny. Once he appeared, though—the mysterious, romantic stranger in a long black cape and, under it, a jacket decorated with colored patches—and started compounding the confusion, sharing with us his delight in the explosive action of the plotless plot, mimicking one character, asking another to repeat an especially juicy reading, and spurring everybody on to ever more outrageous posturings, I found the play irresistible. Mr. Grizzard's performance is so buoyant and intelligent that it is hard to imagine anyone else in the role, and the contrast between his stage-struck tramp here and his chilly Joseph Surface in the APA production of "The School for Scandal" should give you some idea of his range as an actor. It is his show, but he gets first-rate support. I particularly admired Rosemary Harris, as the governor's daughter, a lisping, winsome girl, whose flirtation with the vagabond makes the funniest scene of the evening ("The thing I admire motht about you ith your complete admiration of yourthelf. . . . You am*yooo*th me"); Paul Sparer, as her shady-looking fiancé (a ringer, whether by accident or

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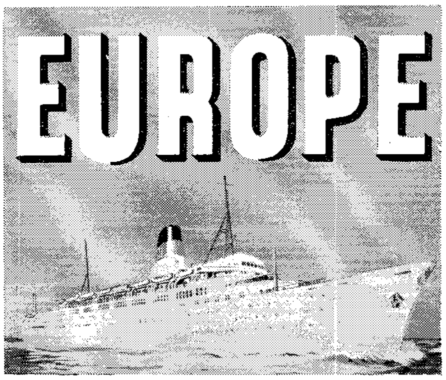

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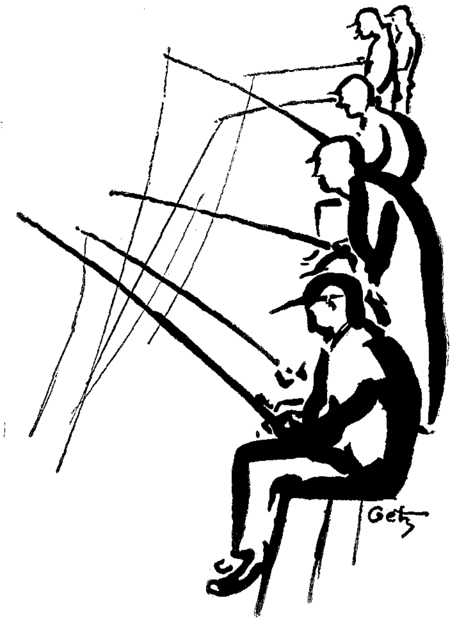
design, for the late John Barrymore); Earl Montgomery, as the bland governor; David Hooks, as the surly tavernkeeper; Tucker Ashworth, as his gun-shy son; and Page Johnson, as his leering, put-upon hired man (one of his lines is the classic "What's all the shootin' fer?").

The company, under Ellis Rabb's direction, performs Cohan with the same inventiveness and scrupulousness it has shown in its productions of Sheridan and Chekhov. Mr. Cohan may have been kidding melodrama, but the actors, with the exception of Gerry Jedd, who is smirky and a bit oversportive as an impassioned, accusing woman, never kid the play—they do it.

IN "Man Out Loud, Girl Quiet," at the Cricket, a droll fellow named Alan Arkin appears as the chum of a lapsed cabdriver who has been holed up in a loft on Canal Street meditating on global matters for the three years that have passed since he sent his pants to the cleaners. There is no need to go any further into the play—which is the second of a couple of oppressively whimsical farces by William Herman—except to tell you that there is also a girl in it, and that it is a strained and self-conscious piece of work. Nevertheless, some of the nonsense comes off, and Mr. Herman has provided Mr. Arkin with a number of chances to display his talents for lunatic, nimble-footed clowning, for mimicry, for musical composition and performance (on a recorder, a whistle, bongo drums, and a tin ukulele), and for a funny delivery of whatever amusing lines come his way. Mr. Arkin is a member of the "Second City" company, and he is a



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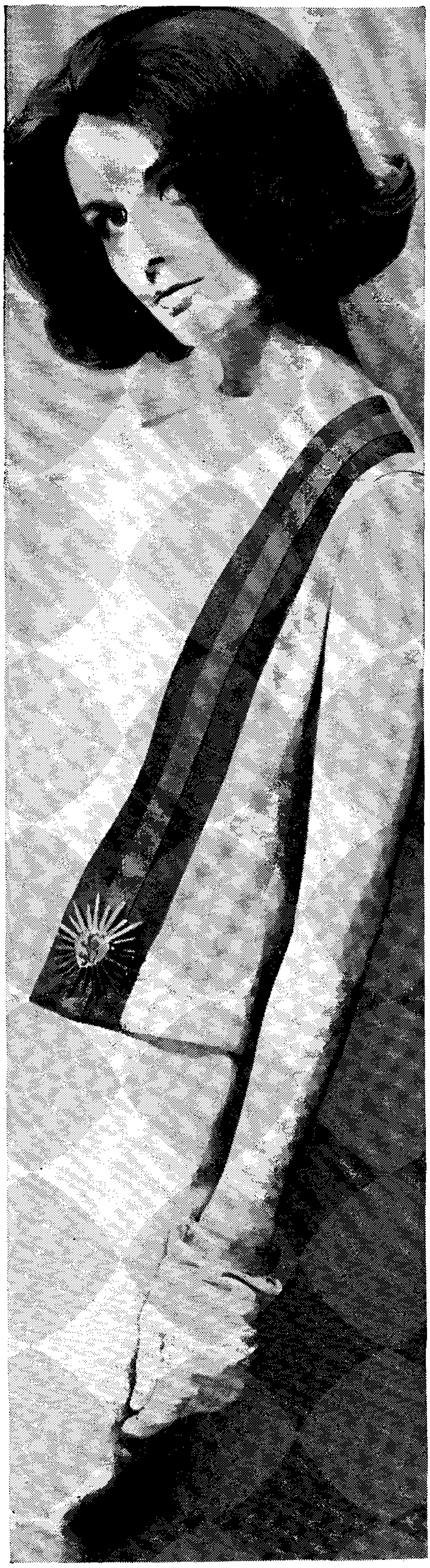

credit to that splendid troupe of entertainers.

The opener, "The Spanish Armada," which would barely pass as a dramatic exercise, is a dialogue—the frowzy, arch dialogue that precedes the seduction, at a Catskill resort, of a Mrs. Levi by a lawyer named Medina. It is most ineptly performed by Barbara Burris and Gabriel Dell. (Mr. Dell does better next time around, as the unfocussed cabdriver.) There is some connection between the two plays, but the connection is not strong enough to warrant your rushing through dinner to get to the theatre on time. —Edith Oliver

•

Some twenty centuries ago, ten thousand Greeks joined the Persian armies of Cyrus, to help put down an incipient rebellion. A "summit conference" was called while the armies were encamped on the Euphrates. But there was treachery in the parley. Cyrus was slain; the Greek generals were assassinated—except for one who escaped, and with his last breath gasped out a warning to his officers.

Leaderless, thousands of miles from home, in hostile country, the ten thousand took stock of themselves. All they had were their weapons, their organization, and their common sense. What they needed was a leader and a plan. Xenophon, a young officer of little previous distinction, showed up well in the discussion of their plight. He was acclaimed as leader for their march up country.

Over the snowy mountain passes, through the hostile territory of savage tribes, across Asia Minor, the ten thousand made their way home. When they crossed the last ridge, and saw the sea, they shouted and threw their helmets in the air for joy, for to the Greeks the sea was home. "Thalassa! Thalassa!" they shouted. "The sea! The sea! We're home!" The ragged, sunburned survivors of a thousand-mile march had won through....

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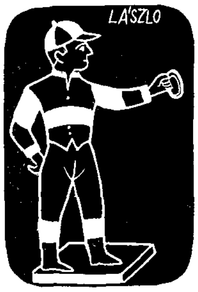

I WISH to pin a small but distinctive rosette on the bridle of Jaipur. In my opinion, he's the best three-year-old out this season. My reason for this view is the style in which he took the Gotham Stakes at Aqueduct last Saturday. Although he hadn't run since last October, he not only won easily but never appeared to be in danger from his opponents, most of whom were well seasoned by winter racing. Sunrise County, who was second, had finished first in the Flamingo at Hialeah (and then had his number taken down); Sidluck, who was third, had won twice in Florida and just missed winning a division of the Bay Shore at Aqueduct; and Admiral's Voyage, Prego, and Duc d'Or, who were also-rans, are all stake winners. What's more, the track was sloppy and the weather wasn't fit for man or beast. Indeed, many horsemen doubted whether Jaipur would run; they thought it was asking the colt too big a question. Even George Widener, who owns him, remarked that it would have been nice if Jaipur had had a better day for his first time out. It's a tradition of the stable, though, never to look for soft spots; the Widener horses take their stake engagements as they come.

Rain and wind plagued the Big A all afternoon and kept the 43,290 spectators—an amazing number, in the circumstances—huddling for shelter between races. Incidentally, they bet $4,233,693 in the course of the day—to keep warm, no doubt. The paddock was crowded at saddling time for the Gotham; everybody wanted to see Jaipur. Last week, I submitted that Globemaster was the handsomest horse in training. Well, he'll have to move over now. Though Jaipur hasn't grown a great deal, he is an imposing fellow. A dark bay, and powerful in build, he has great quality, a fine, intelligent head (it reminds you of Eight Thirty's), and an imperturbable temperament. He was always well up in the running of the Gotham, for Shoemaker hustled him along from the start, and when he swept past Mister Pitt and Sunrise County on the turn into the stretch, everybody knew the winner. His next start will

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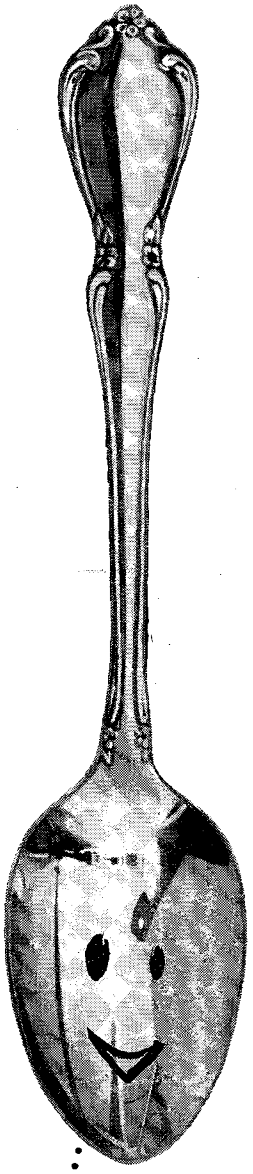

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be in the Wood Memorial next Saturday; after that, the Withers, the Preakness (he's skipping the Derby, you know), and the Belmont, and I fancy he'll win them all. By the way, Native Dancer won the Gotham in his first start as a three-year-old, and you know what a colt he turned out to be.

NEXT to Mr. Widener and Burt Mulholland, Jaipur's trainer, I venture to say nobody was more pleased with the colt's victory than Arcaro. When the jockey announced his retirement last week, he said he might have continued to ride this season if Jaipur had been entered in the Derby. Inasmuch as Jaipur wasn't, he saw no chance for a sixth victory in the classic. He made sure that Shoemaker, his sidekick for several years, got the mount for all Jaipur's engagements this season. Arcaro's reason for hanging up his tack was, to quote him, "I'm forty-six years old, and I wanted a job." Well, he has one. He's a field representative for the American Totalisator Company, which furnishes betting machines to a hundred and sixty-five tracks of all kinds in this country, and he doesn't expect to be bored, as he was with riding last season. He'll still be a celebrity, which he likes to be. In the thirty-one years he rode, he had 24,092 mounts and won 4,779 races, along with prize money totalling $30,039,543. He had a lot of fun, too. The best horses he rode, he said, were Kelso, Citation, and Assault. (I don't think Kelso is all *that* good.) Nashua? "See these gray hairs?" he said. "That so-and-so gave me most of them."

TRIVIA: Crimson Satan, back on his home grounds, won at Keeneland last weekend. He didn't beat much, but it's a start on the comeback trail. . . . Aqueduct had its first 100–1 winner of the season, a filly named Vale Sunshine, who brightened the lives of a number of long-shot players with a $202.70 mutuel. . . . And, my arboricultural knowledge being such as it is, I wrote recently that what Aqueduct's backstretch needed was a hedge of Australian pine trees. I'm told on the highest authority that Australian pines won't thrive north of the frost line. So let's have a hedge of Austrian pines.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

camp follower. A civilian, male or female, accompanying an army, as a sutler, servant, etc.—*Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary.*

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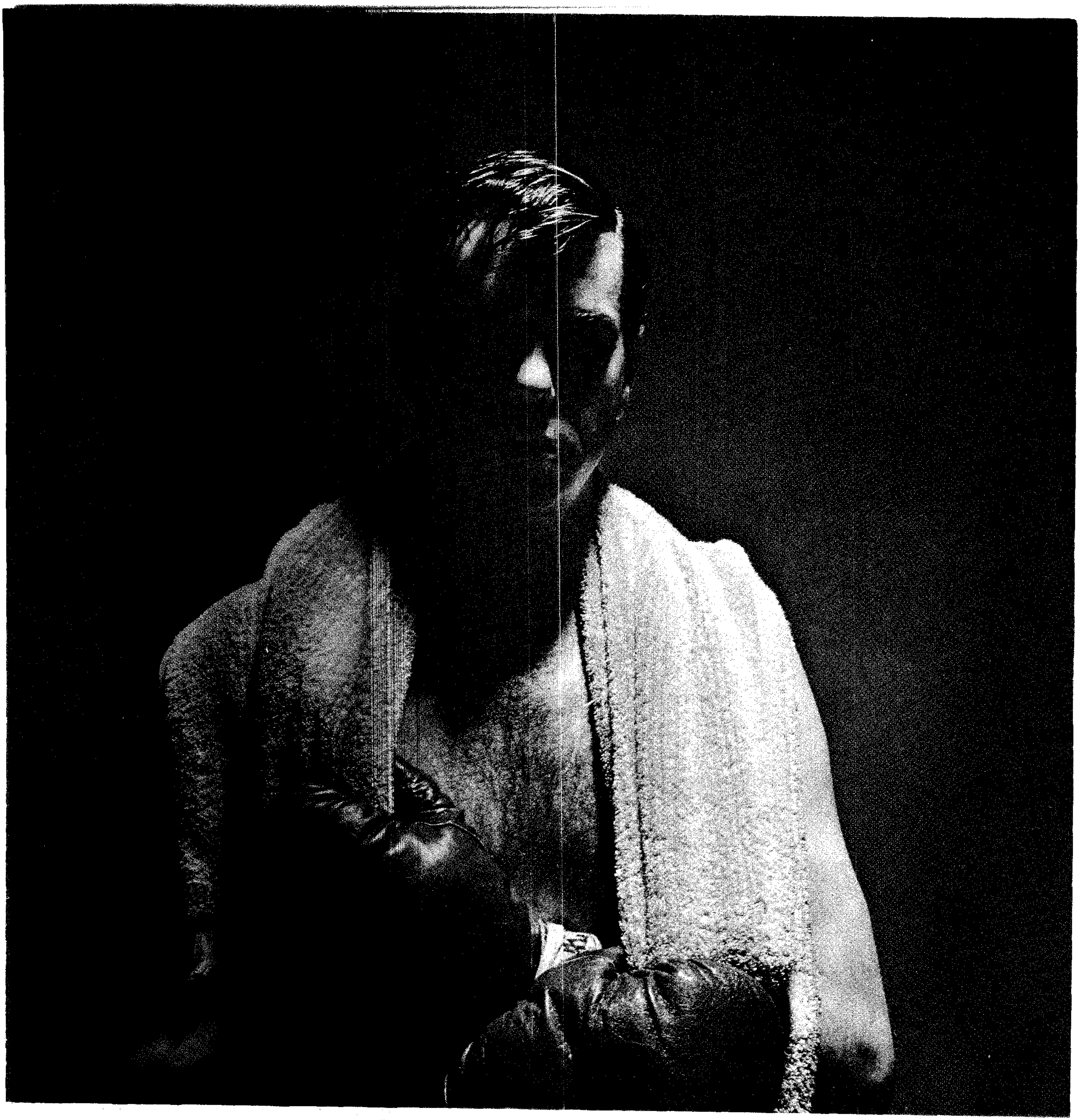

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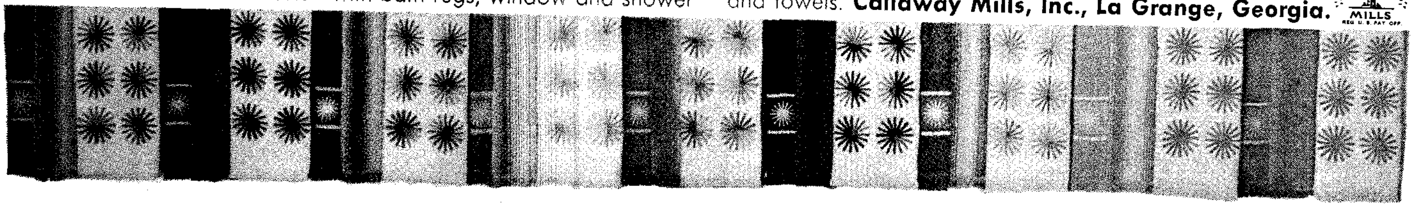

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IN the summer of 1938, my father became Director of Recreation for the city of Wichita, Kansas. In this capacity, he was responsible for a clutter of things, including a golf course, swimming pools, parks, tennis courts, outdoor theatres, and a zoo. It was the zoo that caught his imagination. In no time, it had absorbed all of his creative energy.

Our zoo was not large. It probably had, in fact, less than two hundred specimens, but it was clean and the animals were cheerful and well fed. In my father's imagination, he could see this little assortment as the nucleus of a great exhibition that would be the pride of the city and the delight of the Middle West for years to come. "With a little money and just a little coöperation . . ." he'd say, and then go on to elaborate. Unfortunately, in 1938 Wichita was still recovering from the depression, and, as the City Commissioner put it, "I can't find cash to pay the firemen, much less feed some moldy monkeys!"

I had finished high school that spring and had got a summer job at the J. C. Penney store in order to earn some money for college. I sold shirts, socks, and ties, at a counter in the basement, Mondays through Saturdays, Wednesday afternoons off. It was on one of these Wednesdays in August that my father and I took the first innocent step toward zoological chaos. Until you have known a Kansas afternoon in August, you have known life only superficially. The heat shimmers off the buildings, the sky takes on a brilliant yellow whiteness that pulses at your eyeballs, and through it all there's the steady, twenty-mile-an-hour wind that peels the scalp from the head. On this particular Wednesday afternoon, I had withdrawn to the basement of our house and was stripped down to my underwear between two electric fans when my father telephoned. Did I want to join him in a ride to the country? When I asked what for, he said, "Well, there's a farmer near Haven who says he's found a pelican in front of his house and he wants to know if we want it." Wichita is dead center in the prairie, a long way from the nearest pelican water, and Father added, "It's obviously not a pelican, but we think he may have some sort of crane or heron that might be interesting. He says he's got it cornered in the barn. Want to come along?"

Father was clearly excited, so I agreed, despite the heat. In about fifteen minutes, he arrived in our family car and we headed west. The heat was

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worse than I'd feared. It boiled up off the road and swirled in from the wheat fields. The metal in the car burned to the touch, and the upholstery prickled. By the time we'd found the farm, pulled off the road, and driven in to the house, both my father and I were riding in clenched silence. I kept thinking that if the bird turned out to be a thin turkey or a pale goose, Father might well hit somebody.

The farmer was off his porch by the time we'd stopped the car. Father identified us rather formally, and we started for the barn. On the way, the farmer sketched out the situation. "I was coming in with the tractor and saw this thing flying back and forth along the highway. I called to the wife and we watched him from our porch for maybe five minutes. Then he sort of took a sight down the middle of the road and come in for a landing, with his feet out and his head back. He hit like a bag of feed and knocked himself cold. Just skidded along in a heap. I thought he was dead, so I went out to drag him off the road. I'd got him halfway to the barn when he began to flop around, so I just pulled him the rest of the way and heaved him in the grain room. That's where he's at now, good as new."

We reached the barn, and the farmer rolled back the door enough for us to slip through. With the door closed again, the barn was quite dark and astonishingly cool. It took a moment to adjust from the brilliance outside, and then we followed the farmer to an inside wall, where he squinted through a crack between the boards. We squinted, too, and found ourselves staring at a huge and angry pelican that was striding back and forth on the mounds of threshed wheat. He stood almost four feet tall and weighed at least twenty pounds—all mad.

Father was delighted, and said so. We got some burlap sacks and cord from the car and slipped into the grain room. While Father baited the pelican with one sack held like a bullfighter's cape, I eased another one over the bird's head, and after a short struggle we got him fully sacked, tied, and into the back of the car. There we removed the bag from his head and he lay trussed on the floor, and madder than ever.

The two men then discussed where the bird had come from. As Father pointed out, there were wild pelicans on the California coast and along the Mississippi, but mighty few in the wheat fields of Kansas. The bird's wings showed no sign of ever having been

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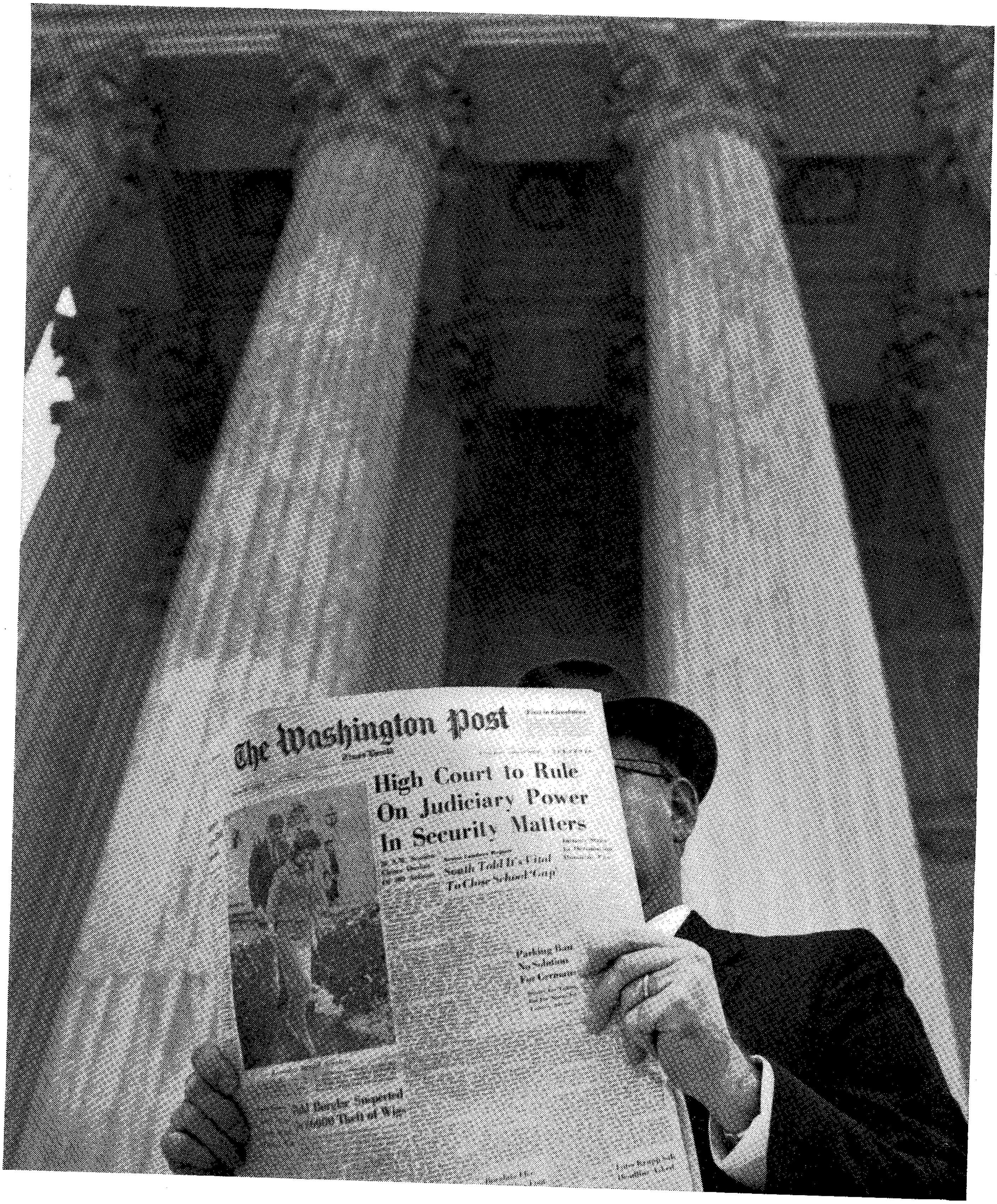
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clipped, so it was unlikely he'd escaped from a zoo. Father's conclusion was that he'd started up the Mississippi, wandered off on one of the tributaries, and just kept making wrong turns till he'd worked his way out onto the plains.

Father wanted to know more about how he came to be caught. "Did he look sick? Did he act hurt when he was flying?" he asked the farmer.

"Nope. Looked in fine shape. Let me show you where he landed."

We followed the farmer down his driveway and out to the highway. He turned toward the west, and it was then clear what had happened. As we looked along the asphalt road, the sun beat down on its surface and radiated back in great shimmering heat waves. The miserable bird had obviously been flying, maybe for hours, across dry wheat stubble and had suddenly spotted what he thought was a long black river, thin but wet, right in the midst of the prairie. He had put down for a cooling swim and knocked himself unconscious.

We thanked the farmer and drove off to town. The Wichita zoo lies in a bend of the Little Arkansas River and is shaded by enormous elms and sycamores, making it cool and green. Once there, we clipped the pinion feathers from one wing of the pelican—the usual technique, as it throws the bird off balance when he tries to fly—and turned him loose in the duck-and-goose pen. He took one indignant look around, then let out an astonished hiss and waddled straight for the duckpond with obvious delight.

FATHER now had a wedge for introducing a scheme of his to secure a more imposing zoo. The first thing he needed was attention, and he hoped that his disillusioned pelican would gain it for him by providing the subject for a newspaper story. After that, he would follow up with the annual lectures he was scheduled to give at the service clubs around town and encourage them to donate money for the zoo. For the zoo needed funds not only for animals but for personnel and equipment.

As Father told Bob Troop, his head keeper, "The zoo's too brief. Folks come in at one end, do the lion house, the birdhouse, look at the ducks and the alligators, and by the time they've made the loop around the bear pits they're out the other side. The kids haven't even finished their popcorn. Why, we don't have a camel or a zebra—much less something colorful like seals or a tiger!"

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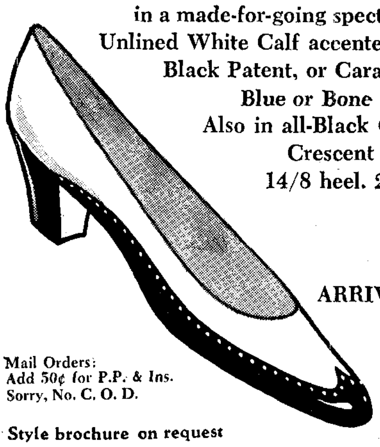

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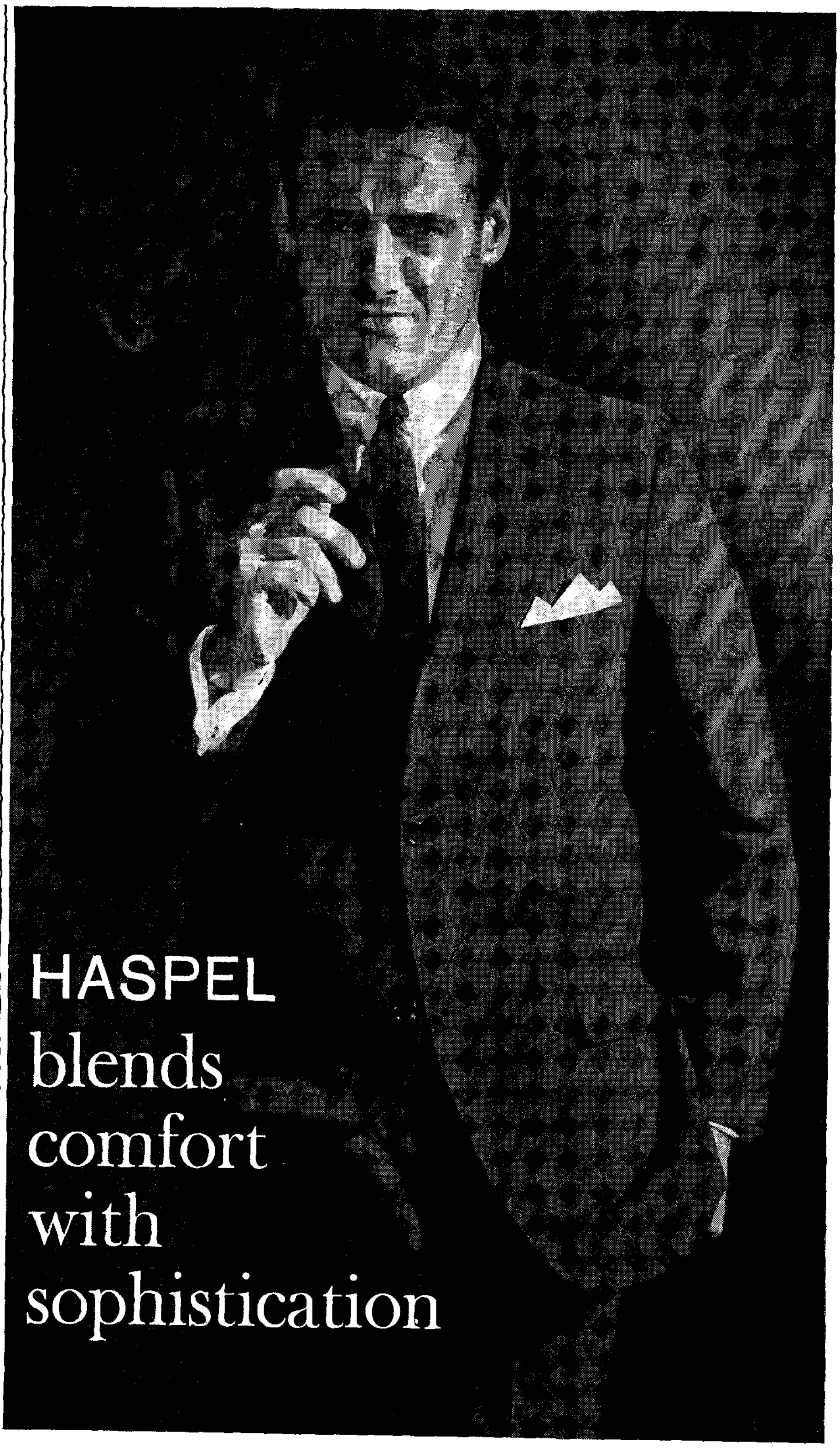
ing that a local paper likes better than a good zoo story. It usually rates a picture or two and a snappy headline ("NICE ICE FOR THE POLAR PAIR," "ZOO NEWS FROM THE NEW GNUS"). The only thing you need to make news at a zoo is to have a new something—bird, beast, house, or whatever. Unfortunately, our zoo hadn't had a new anything (with the exception of an endless stream of black bears) for years. The result was that the papers had given up looking for a story, and most of the citizens had forgotten the zoo. The pelican, trivial as it was, changed this situation. Both the Wichita *Beacon* (evening) and the Wichita *Eagle* (morning and evening) sent reporters and photographers. Stories, pictures, and snappy headlines resulted. Of the city's more than a hundred thousand citizens, a majority were reminded there was a zoo in one of the parks. Many of these readers, furthermore, seemed struck by the fact that the zoo would accept an animal that some citizen wanted to get rid of. Within twenty-four hours, Father had donations of thirty-five parakeets; two cockateels; a dozen finches; two black crows; twenty-odd rabbits, many pregnant; eight pairs of guinea pigs; and any number of ex-ducklings left over from past Easters. Two goats were found tied to the fence outside the monkey cages. Children, parents, and grandparents appeared with pet squirrels and hamsters in boxes, cages, cartons, and paper sacks. It was the beginning of an avalanche, for which my father was totally unprepared.

By the end of a week, the City Commissioner was for erecting a sign outside the zoo, "No Animals Accepted," and locking the gates, but Father persuaded him not to do this, fearing unfavorable publicity. The gifts continued, and the wave of discarded pets, most of which the zoo didn't want either, filled all available space at the park and overflowed into our garage and even into our basement. The sounds issuing up through the hot-air registers in our house caused some remarkable comment the night Mother entertained the

Judith Shahn



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Wichita Art and Literature Club, and her nerves were further frayed by a myna bird, acquired from a local lawyer, which insisted upon mimicking her at the top of its voice. As the stacks of makeshift cages grew higher in our basement, Father would try to mollify my mother by saying, "I can't complain. Publicity is what I wanted. And if we can just carry these pets until the Christmas season, we can sell them to the local pet shops for presents."

By Christmas, to Mother's astonishment, it had worked out pretty much as Father had promised. The pet shops actually did take a lot of the pets. Furthermore, the W. T. Grant store bought from the zoo and later sold a hundred and fifty pairs of parakeets. Some of the animals—such as dogs and cats—were hauled off to the pound. Many of the possums and raccoons that had been donated were driven out of town and just turned loose in the woodlands. A few of the small birds were given to the Kansas Masonic Home, and a welfare agency took a large number of canaries and used them as Christmas gifts to underprivileged families. Peace settled on our household.

Thus, six months after the arrival of the pelican, Father was able to return to his program of improving the zoo. This he initiated by buying his first wild animal, with the proceeds of the Christmas sale. First he wrote Trefflich's, the famous animal importer in New York, requesting a price list. It arrived, and Father read it night after night like a weekend gardener with his first seed catalogue. Because he was new at the game, Father decided he should first buy something rather small. He decided on a coati-mundi. This, as noted in Trefflich's catalogue, was a long, brown, furry beast, with an extended, flexible snout, that looked much like an anteater but was in fact a form of South American raccoon. It ate lettuce and dog biscuits, and had a friendly disposition. Price: seventy-five dollars. Just right. Father filled out the order blank, wrote a check, and sent them off. Fifteen days later, somewhat to his surprise, back came one coati-mundi by Railway Express, healthy and happy. Just like Sears, Roebuck.

THE newspaper reporters arrived, pictures and stories were run, and when there was no new wave of discarded pets Father turned his attention to lions, since most of a visitor's attention focussed on the lion house. Our zoo had two lions, Simba and his three-year-old son. Father sought a new mate

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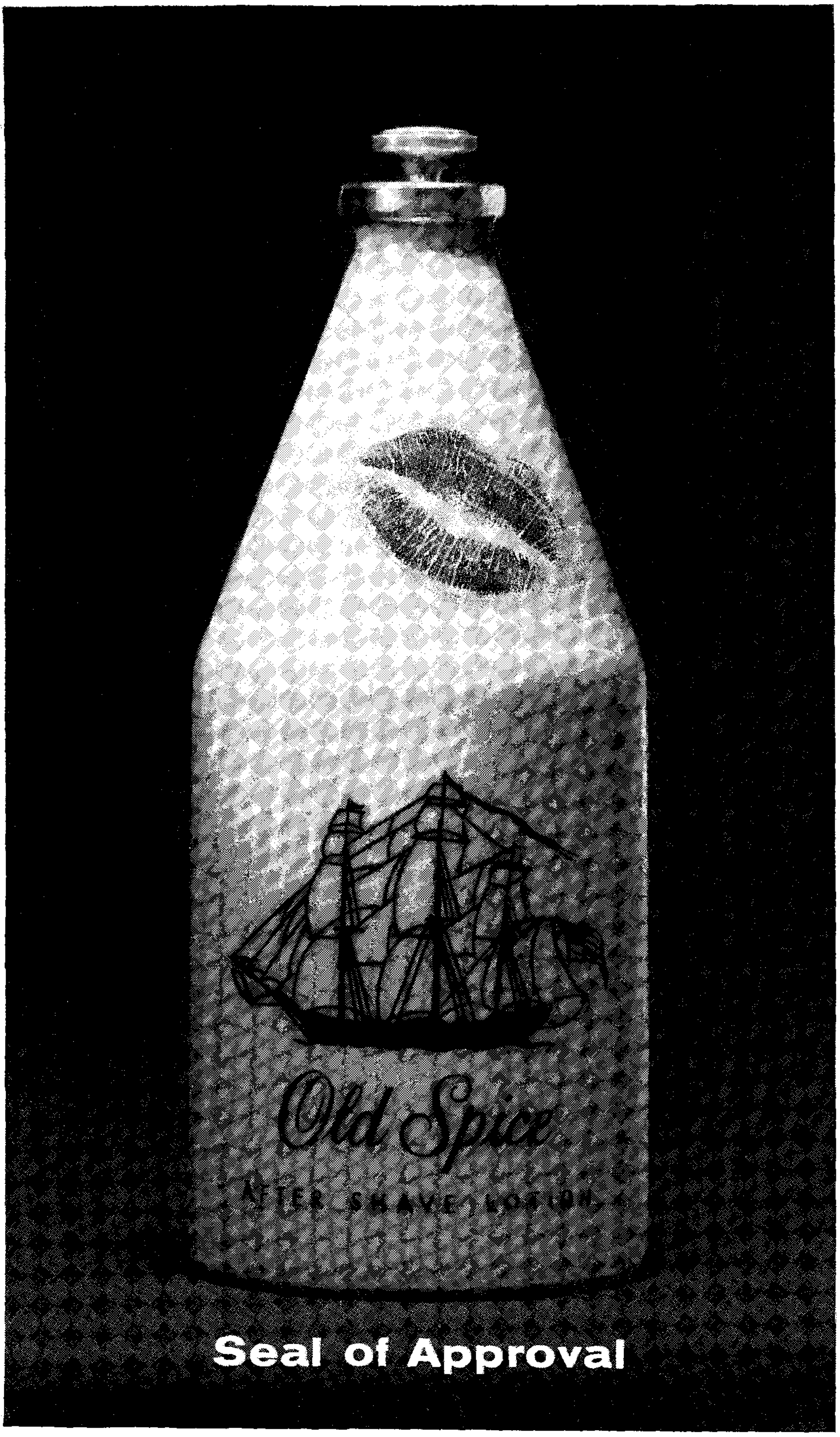
for Simba. To get one, he was going to have to use a technique common to impoverished zoos—trading surplus stock. For some reason, every zoo seems to have a specialty in some brand of reproduction. The National Zoological Park in Washington, for instance, produces young pygmy hippopotamuses like a factory. In the thirties, Oklahoma City furnished half the lions for the Middle West. And even our little zoo in Wichita had its forte. With us it was small black bears. We had been accumulating them almost geometrically until the pits were brimming with them, each bear just like the one next to it.

It was with these surplus bears that Father hoped to bargain. To get the feel of things, he began negotiating for other animals with the zoo at Independence, Kansas, and, sure enough, one day he loaded a bear into a park truck and sent it off; the truck returned, as expected, with a pair of surplus mule deer. Another bear brought in a fine pair of bison from Bartlesville, Oklahoma, and correspondence with the zoo at Colorado Springs revealed that though they needed no bears, they did have some surplus elk, and if they could find someone who had something they wanted who could also use our bears, they'd be delighted to do a three-way trade. Eventually, we acquired several elk, which were entirely new to our zoo, and needed only some fencing and a plain wooden shelter. Father had plenty of unused ground to play with. By that time, also, the City Commissioner, impressed by the renewed interest in the zoo, had given Father the money for some extra pens and some extra labor in the form of part-time W.P.A. and city helpers.

After the elk arrived, Father felt ready for the new lion. Oklahoma City had a young lioness it could afford to trade, but there were several zoos bidding for her. One of them was even offering money! What could we propose? The Oklahomans agreed they could use a pair of bears, but these weren't nearly enough to trade for a lion. Father began to brood. His thoughts drifted back to the days when the people of Wichita left their pets with him. He recalled that individually they were small animals, but when piled stack upon stack around him they had been overwhelming. Was it possible that the same effect might work on the Oklahomans? If he listed everything he had to trade on a piece of paper, almost certainly they would scan it and refuse him. But if he made a great heap of the stuff and pushed it at them in person,



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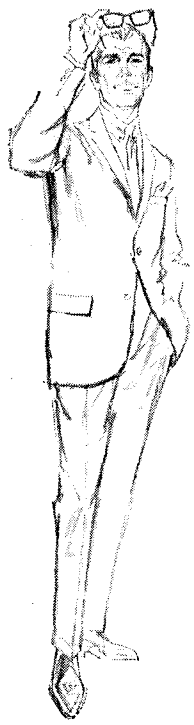

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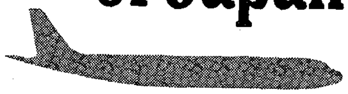
might not . . . He decided it was worth a try.

He picked the first Wednesday in April for the assault, when the Oklahomans would be cleaning and painting up their zoo for the spring and summer crowds. New stock would have its maximum appeal. Having next to nothing of quality, he was going to have to rely on quantity and variety. First, he sent men out to the city's water-lily pools to dip goldfish. They brought in between five and six hundred of them. Next, he made up a lot of wire-fronted wooden crates. Into six of these he put one small alligator each. He filled two crates with a Mexican parrot apiece and split a pair of cockateels into two cages. There were several odd pheasants around the birdhouse, and he made a box for a Reeve's, another for a Lady Amherst, and one for a Black Mutant. Two albino possums filled two more crates, and a raccoon yet another. He sacrificed a male spider monkey for the cause. And finally, he had an extra peacock that had good plumage and would take up a lot of space.

At dawn on Wednesday morning, everyone involved assembled at the zoo. The goldfish were loaded into six water-filled milk cans, which were then tied on to the tailgate and running boards of a large, open-topped park truck. The two bears were driven into crates, and these were slid onto the bed of the truck. This left a little space at the rear and considerable above, so a net was thrown over the end of the truck and the peacock let in loose to fill the space without damaging his tail. The mass of small crates and cages were then craftily hung all over the outside of the truck body so that they completely surrounded it, and a little curtain of burlap was nailed over the wire face of each, so that when the dramatic moment of display arrived the curtains could be flipped back, giving a conglomerate effect of birds, animals, and reptiles of all sizes and shapes. With Troop at the wheel and Father beside him, accompanied by the head of the park police, holding a high-calibre game rifle in his lap (should there be an accident and the bears escape), they started for Oklahoma City. Father had informed the zoo people there of his coming. They, however, expected only a visit of exploration and negotiation; they had no inkling that he had any livestock with him. Father hoped to take them by surprise.

Four hours later, the truck arrived, leaving several hundred baffled motorists in its wake. Father found the proper zoo officials and gathered them around

the
calm beauty
of Japan



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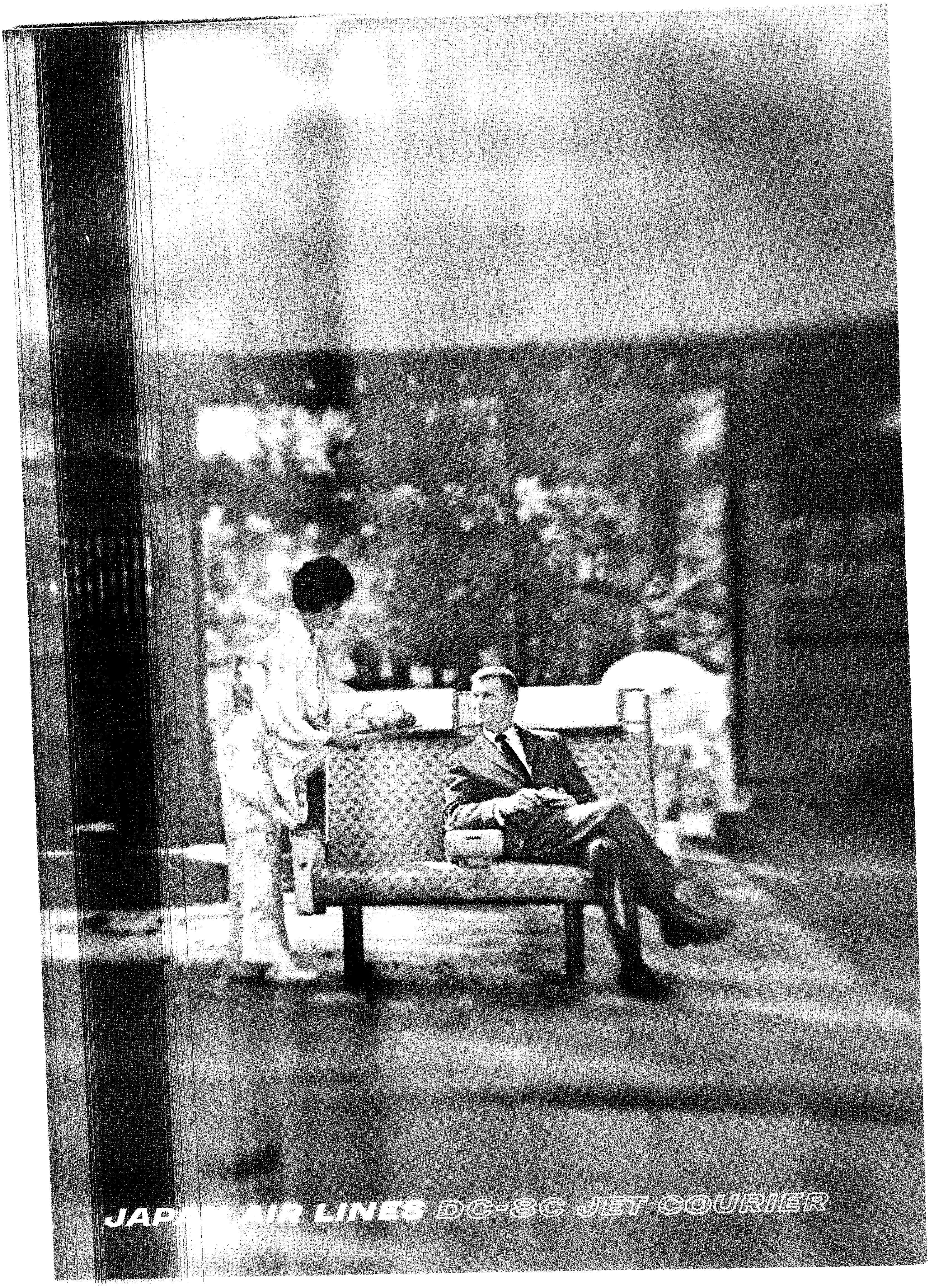

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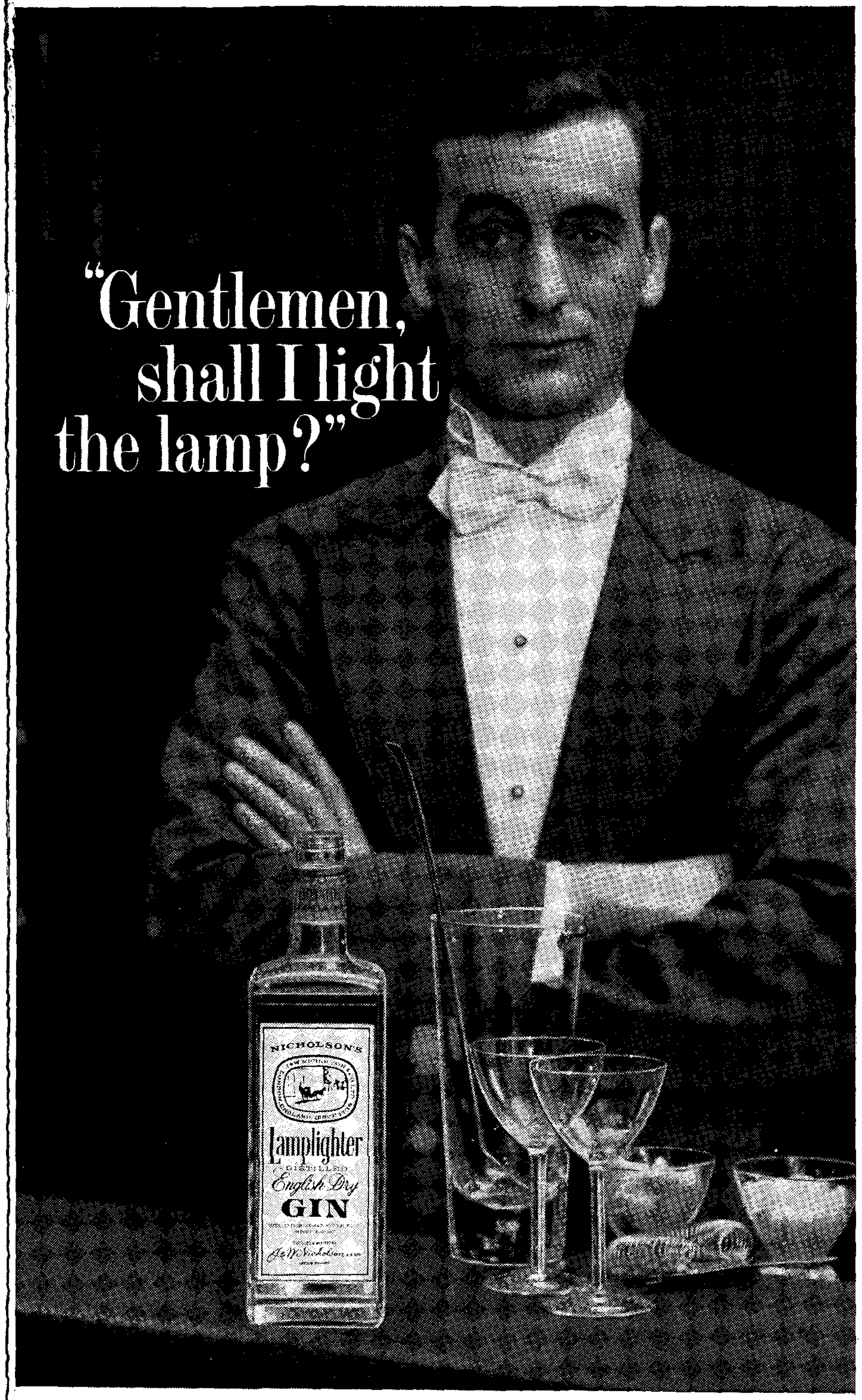
the truck. Then he raised the curtain on his collection of odds and ends, plus two fine black bears. We will probably never know whether the impact of the display actually overwhelmed the officials or whether a great rush of pity stirred by this zoological hodgepodge did the job, but Father returned home with his lioness.

NOW he was almost over the hump. Many animals worth keeping had been given the zoo, such as a pair of beautiful macaws, several rhesus and spider monkeys, and a surprising number of pet alligators, and the newspapers were running a couple of zoo stories a week. Park crowds were larger than ever before. In response to Father's invitation, the service clubs were on the verge of donating money for exhibits—the American Legion had actually offered to underwrite a Kiddies' Zoo, complete with Mother Goose, Peter Rabbit, and Billy Goat Gruff. Father felt that all he needed was a catalyst to provoke action by the other clubs. So he decided to try filling the one empty cage left in the zoo—the cleaning cage beside Simba. It was obvious it demanded just one thing: a tiger. Father could see it as clearly as if it were already there—a massive, savage beast snarling back at the press cameras while the people flocked in.

This time he had to have money, because he knew he lacked the resources to trade for a tiger. Trefflich's, however, was selling tigers for slightly more than our Chief of Police was being paid in annual salary. Nevertheless, Father went to the City Commissioner. He explained, as grandly as possible, that an investment in a tiger would be bread cast upon the waters, which, in the form of thousands of dollars of gifts from the service clubs, would be returned tenfold. The City Commissioner told him he was out of his mind. Father demonstrated with graphs the increase in the size of the crowds the zoo was drawing—a fact that proved, he said, how pleased the citizens would be to spend their tax money for a tiger. The City Commissioner told him to build some tennis courts. They were concrete and they would last.

Father was greatly discouraged until the following Sunday, when one of the newspapers carried a story that convinced him we are all part of a Divine Plan. A circus playing in a small town near Atlanta had had a disastrous fire. The owners had declared bankruptcy and pulled out, leaving the local sheriff with a singed tent and numerous wild, hungry animals. Father dropped the



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paper and placed a call to the Georgia town. It took the operator some little time to find the sheriff, but once she had put him on, Father asked him, "Do you have a tiger?" He did. "How much do you want for him?" The sheriff told him. "I'll take him," Father said. "Don't do a thing. I'll wire confirmation at once."

Father hung up and turned to my mother. "Mae! I've bought a tiger!"

Mother told him she was pleased for him, but what would the City Commissioner say?

"It doesn't make any difference what he says," my father replied. "I didn't say I'd bought *him* a tiger. I bought it for myself."

"You're going to pay for it? How much does it cost?"

Father casually gave her the figure, which slightly exceeded two years' payments on our house. When Mother seemed on the edge of hysteria, he made soothing remarks about getting bargain tigers at fire sales. Then he sent our Christmas Fund savings to Georgia as earnest money.

Two weeks later, the tiger arrived by express and was delivered to the zoo. The next day, Father reported to the City Commissioner that he had purchased the animal as a private citizen and wished to present it to the city. Since there might be some questions asked about such activity by a civil servant, Father suggested that the donor be listed as anonymous. The City Commissioner was not overly pleased by this generosity, and felt sure he was being taken, but, being unable to figure out just how, he gave the news to the papers.

The press acted handsomely. Finding that the tiger had no name, the *Beacon*—on its own initiative—inaugurated a Name-the-Tiger contest, open to any Wichitan aged ten or younger. The leading merchants contributed small prizes. Daily pictures of the tiger kept the contest going and swelled the zoo crowds. By the close of the month, the contest had been concluded, the tiger named (I've forgotten just what the name was), and additional citizens had acquired the zoo habit.

At this point, Father was called upon to make his first payment on the tiger. The truth was, of course, that he didn't have the money, and this he told the City Commissioner, with immoderate embarrassment. "I'm afraid I'm going to have to return the tiger to Georgia. I simply can't meet the payments."

The City Commissioner now knew how he had been taken. "You know

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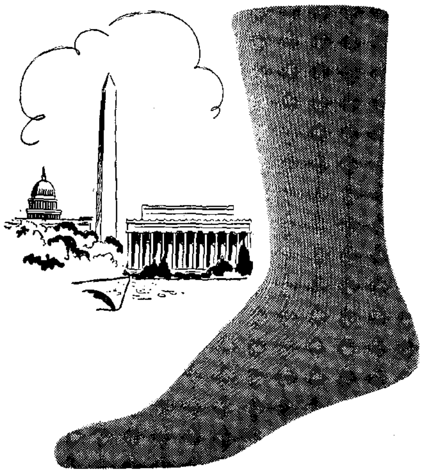

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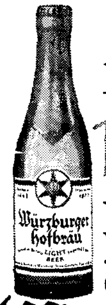

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goddam well you can't pull that animal out of there after all this fuss. If you get rid of it, there'll be a hell of a yell for another one just like it." He agreed to buy the tiger, but he said he would not forget this incident ("blackmail," he called it) if my father worked for him for a hundred years, which at the moment did not seem likely. The city kept the tiger, which dedicated its every waking hour to stealing Simba's crowds.

Unfortunately for Father's plans, the tiger did not mark the beginning of a time of glory for the zoo. It arrived in the summer of 1939. By September, the war in Europe had broken out, and Boeing, Cessna, and Beech, Wichita's airplane plants, shifted to wartime production, while the city—including its service clubs—moved to a war footing, two years ahead of most of the country. My father soon left his municipal job and went into Red Cross and U.S.O. work. The city was far too preoccupied with such things as new airports and housing for nearly a hundred thousand new citizens to worry any longer about its zoo, which quietly sank back into the lethargy of an earlier day.

—CHARLES A. GOODRUM

•

WHERE THE CURVE BEGINS

In the mystery famine,
Where love is technical,
Detective stories are read from the back—
All is known;
All is How.
In the mystery famine
Of miracles deadened by technique,
We thirst for mystery.

Slippered, in gear, riding
The pavement of a sunny day,
I see, where the curve begins,
Water, a dark leak of mercury.
I overcome it in the car,
And nothing is there.

That, for example.

—DONALD STEWART

•

An American Airlines 990 Astrojet flew from Albany to Boston—139 miles—in 12 minutes yesterday. Ground speed was 770 miles an hour.

The plane carried 100 New York newsmen and magazine writers on a press demonstration flight. It took off from Idlewild Airport in New York and did not land either at Albany or Boston.—*Boston Herald.*

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A SECOND VOICE

A LITTLE while ago, when I was lunching with a friend in the Delegates' Dining Room at the United Nations headquarters, on the East River, a stranger came up to our table and greeted my companion.

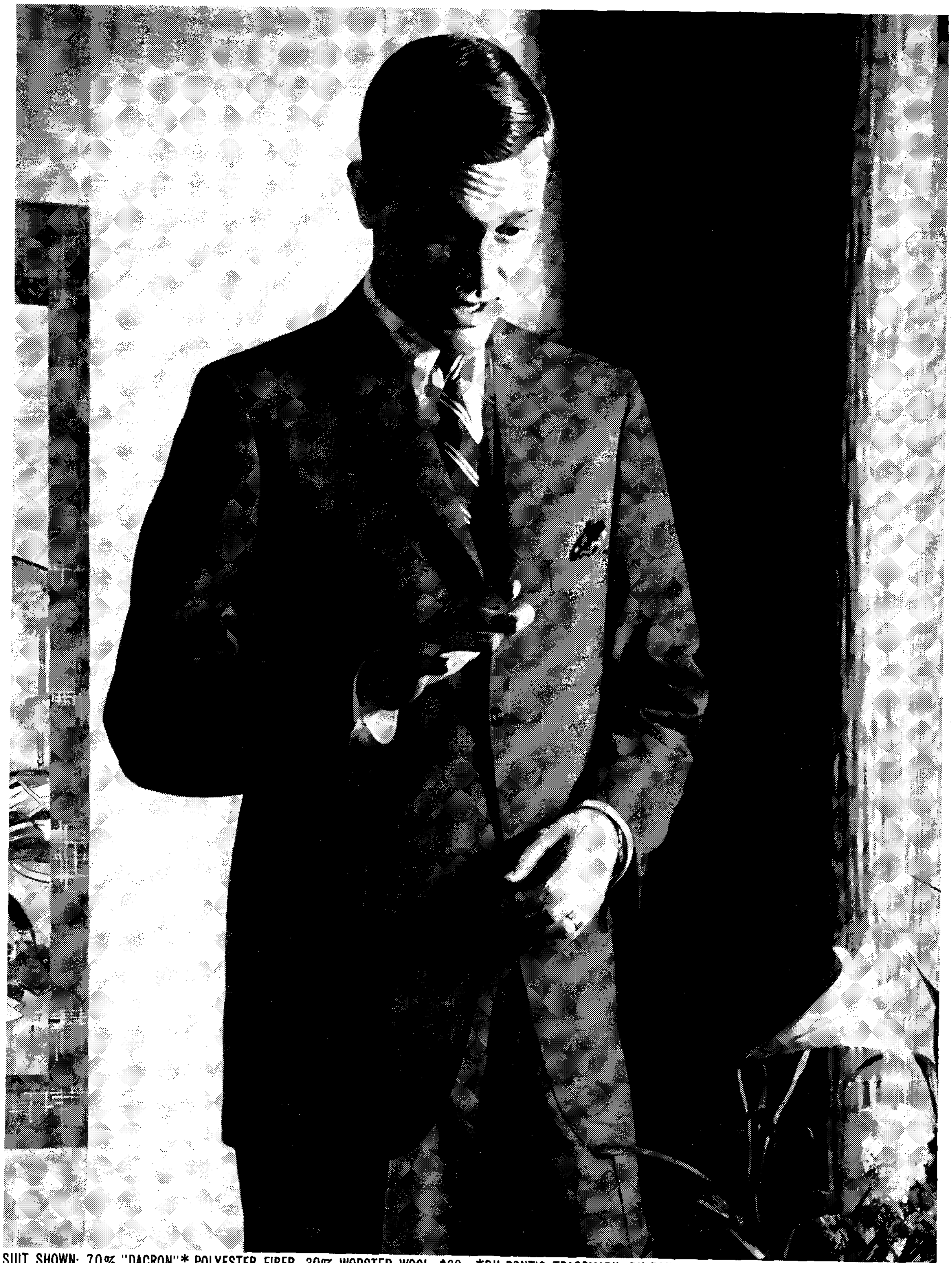
"Hello, George, what's new with you?" my friend said.

"What's *new?*" George retorted, in a loud, raspy voice. "Why, Bongandanga, Bokenda, Lingunda, Balangala, Bolomba, Lulonga, Belondo, Bomputu, Imbonga, Putubumba, Lualaba, Sofumwango, Bolongo, Benungu, Basankusu, Bulukutu, Bokungu, Kingana, Tumbamami, Popokabaka, Ingololo, Bululundu, Mambirima, Musokatanda, Kamatanda, Mulungwishi, Kintobongo, Mukulakulu, Katentania, Tshimbumbula." At the end of this recitation, which I recognized somewhere in the middle as a list of names of Congolese towns, he roared with laughter. The newcomer had sparkling brown eyes in a pale, round face, made rounder by a prominent forehead and a receding hairline. He was of average height and huskily built, but he didn't give the impression of being a fat man, perhaps because he talked with his whole body—though less in the manner of an actor than in the manner of a prankster. My friend introduced him to me as George Sherry, and after some polite exchanges he walked away.

From my friend I learned that Sherry, who is thirty-eight, was a senior interpreter in the United Nations Interpretation Section, of which he had been a member since 1947, and that soon he would be transferring out of interpretation to the Executive Office of the Secretary-General, to work on political affairs under Ralph Bunche; in fact, my friend said that he was already spending some of his time drafting cables and diplomatic notes for the Secretary-General's Congo staff. Sherry originally joined the Interpretation Section as a précis writer and an editor, but he switched to interpreting almost immediately; now, fifteen years later, his colleagues regard him as one of the two or three truly superlative interpreters of all time. Sherry made his mark within days of his arrival. At that time, the U.N. was switching from the time-consuming system of consecutive interpretation, in which successive interpreters redelivered the original speech in different languages, to simultaneous interpretation, where the speech would be converted into several other languages sentence by sentence as it went along. Even after the switchover had begun, many of the professionals—who were mostly carryovers from the League of Nations, and loved remaking delegates' speeches—pooh-poohed the idea of a simultaneous transmutation of language, especially if there was no advance text of a speech to work from; the human mind, they argued, was incapable of working at such speed. They still saw consecutive interpretation as a great advance over translation (a term interpreters apply only to written conversion of language), and to them the simultaneous method seemed as farfetched as the four-minute mile seemed to ordinary mortals before Roger Bannister. Then Sherry came along and began successfully running and rerunning the four-minute mental mile. His incredible linguistic gifts and dexterous voice took the professionals by surprise, and almost at once that voice started talking English for Andrei Yanuarievich Vishinsky, who was the Russians' permanent delegate to the U.N. from 1945 to 1949 and again in 1953 and 1954. Vishinsky was one of the most difficult speakers to interpret for, because he never followed his text and was given to making rapid speeches full of literary allusions, biting wit, and violent outbursts at unexpected moments. For six wordy Cold War years, Sherry had many opportunities to simultaneously interpret Vishinsky, until, finally, the U.S.S.R. requested him for many important meetings, and Sherry started receiving poison-pen letters that accused him of being a soul mate of Vishinsky's. Although Sherry spoke with an almost aggressively American accent, the audience so easily identified the voice with the Russian fulminations that the Secretary-General himself started receiving letters that urged him to fire the Communist's twin.

"Without people like Sherry, delegates from different countries couldn't speak to each other, and without simultaneous interpretation the U.N. would have to quintuple its meeting time—a human impossibility," my friend said. "I

"... *and, Doctor, hurry.*"



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remember listening to Vishinsky through George's voice. It was extremely unnerving. You know, Vishinsky made a profession of extemporaneous virtuosity. Well, George's voice worked like an automatic reflex, until one felt that Vishinsky was a double-headed, double-voiced, bilingual monster, simultaneously interpreting himself."

Soon after meeting Sherry, I looked up a few facts about the breed of men who, sentence by sentence, within the space of a few seconds, turn a speech in English, French, Spanish, Russian, or Chinese—the official tongues of the U.N.—into any of the other four languages. I learned that an applicant for the job of interpreter is required to know three of the five languages of the U.N.; that top interpreters receive (before taxes and deductions) about sixteen thousand dollars a year; that during the plenary sessions of the General Assembly there are altogether approximately seventy interpreters at work; that the interpreters range in age from twenty-eight to sixty-one; and that men outnumber women two to one. Even within an international body like the United Nations, they are remarkable for their diversity of background, nationality, and professional training. For one thing, almost all of them have been bilingual from early childhood, thanks to foreign governesses, foreign schooling, the rolling-stone existence of expatriate children, or parents of mixed nationalities. (One interpreter was born in Buenos Aires of a Swiss mother and a Chinese father; another, who eventually took an Australian bride, had a Russian mother and a French father.) More than half of them have American citizenship, but some hold French, Chinese, Argentine, Mexican, English, Belgian, Chilean, Canadian, or Australian passports. Before joining the interpreting service, some of them were teachers, journalists, lawyers, civil servants, film editors, opera producers, or policemen. When I had absorbed all these facts, I determined to seek out Sherry and discover exactly how one top interpreter had developed. I called him up, and he invited me to lunch at his home the following Sunday.

ON Sunday, I took a taxi up to West 107th Street, where Sherry and his wife and their six-year-old daughter have a five-room apartment. I rang the bell, and Sherry admitted me to a foyer lined with modern, glass-fronted bookcases, which, in turn, were lined with assorted scholarly books in French, Russian, English, and German. Sherry was turned out much as one would expect

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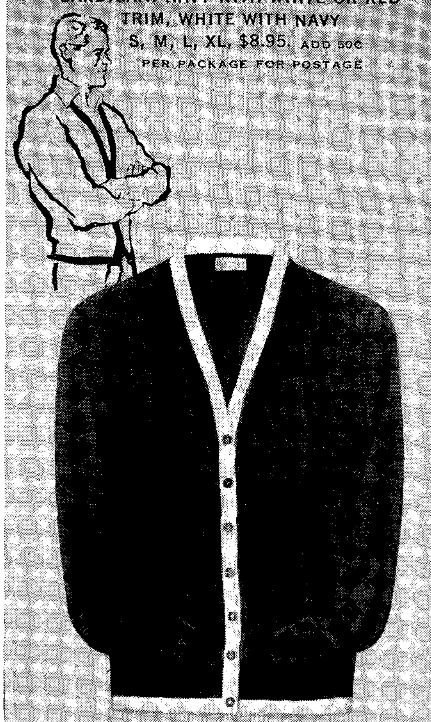

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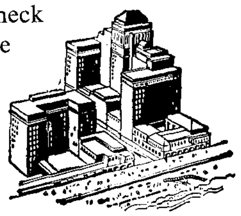

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a U.N. diplomat to be; he was wearing an inconspicuously striped dark-gray suit, a white shirt, and a maroon tie, with a woven pattern, that was fastened to his shirt by a silver tie clip with a small Oriental design, and a white handkerchief rose from his breast pocket. We sat down under an abstract painting of a ballet girl in motion and talked.

"My wife, Doris," he began, "has taken our daughter, Vivien, to the park. By the way, 'Vivien' means 'lively,' from the Latin '*vivus*,' and also has a suggestion of hauntedness—from Merlin's Vivien. You know, the magician teaches her a charm, only to be imprisoned in an oak tree by her."

I asked him how he had got started on his linguistic path.

He replied in a torrent of mocking words, which rather startled me, because he seemed to be talking about someone else's life. It was as though his voice were still working for some other man. "Like any other boy," he said, a little too loud—his voice seemed to be attached to my ears by earphones—"I was born, and had a mother and father, and went to school. There wasn't much to my life until I touched America, at fifteen. I've never talked about my birth, but here I come. Catch me." His eyes had a sparkle. "My mother's father was rich, a minor cotton king, in Lodz, in Poland, who could afford to have his sensitive only daughter, Henrietta—she is a wonderful pianist—educated first in Poland, then Switzerland, and then at a finishing school in Margate, England. My father's father, Gregory Szerszewski, who lived in Rostov, on the Don, was an ordinary, middle-class Jewish intellectual. He sold books and he wrote poetry and edited a Jewish literary journal. He begot four sons: Abraham, who grew up to be a lawyer in Rostov; Ilya, who went on to become an elementary-school principal; Mendel (I've forgotten what he did); and Leon, my father, who graduated *s otlichiem*, or *summa cum laude*, from the Kharkov Institute of Technology. Although the family remained in Rostov, my father settled in Kharkov. You might say I started being born, if not with my grandfathers and their families, then with the courtship of my mother and father. After my mother returned to Lodz from England, the First World War broke out and she fled with her mother to Kharkov, for safety, and there she met my father. In 1917, she went back home. When, in 1922, my father—like three million other Russians—also decided to leave Mother Russia, he discovered that he had another motherland in Po-

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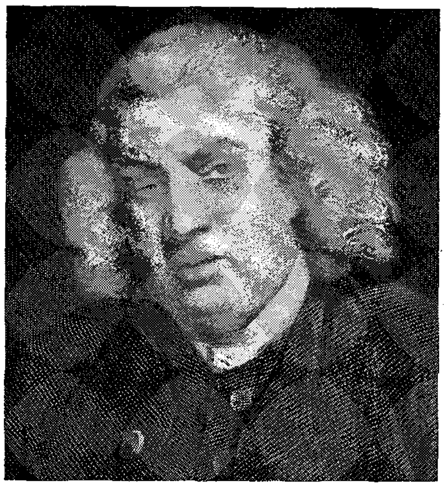

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land. Neither my father nor his father nor his father nor *his* had ever lived in Poland, but in accordance with a Russian law that had to do with identifying different nationalities, they had always been described as people from Pinsk. Pinsk, which had been part of Russia since 1795, was given to Poland in 1918, so, as a "man of Pinsk," Leon was able to move to Lodz, in Poland, and he and my mama got married, and in the course of things I followed—to be exact, on the fifth day of January in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and twenty-four. After begetting me in Lodz, my father went to Vienna in search of a job. He was taken on by the famous Körting engineering firm, and until the depression, when he went into business for himself, he looked after the Körting office in Bucharest. I therefore passed my whole childhood in the ancient seat of Walachian princes. Bucharest was a relatively modern city, with wide boulevards and overhanging trees. We lived in a seven-room apartment in a four-story building on the Boulevard Elisabeta."

The thing about the apartment that made the deepest impression on Yorik, as Sherry was called as a child, was a breakfront in the dining room, which held porcelain figurines and Meissen, Rosenthal, and Sèvres china. He began to learn German from a German governess, and when he was three his father taught him to read and write Russian, which was the language of the household; two years later, he started on French and English with tutors. When George was six, he began his formal studies, in the Elementary School of the Evangelical Lutheran Community, a private school, where he was taught half the time in Rumanian and the other half in German. Here he fortified his German and quickly picked up Rumanian, but he did not neglect his formal study of Russian. Around George's fifteenth birthday—by which time he had learned to annoy his father by calling Russian "the language of Dostoevski," instead of "the language of Tolstoy," which was its favored sobriquet in the household—Hitler cast his sinister shadow over the face of Eastern Europe and over the boy's life. When he graduated from the Evangelical School, in 1934, he had to choose between going to a German *Gymnasium* and a Rumanian *lycée*, and he chose the second. Clad in khaki knee pants, a khaki jacket, and a cap that had an impressive lacquered visor and was piped in sky blue, the school color, George attended his new school from eight to one, six days a week. "There wasn't

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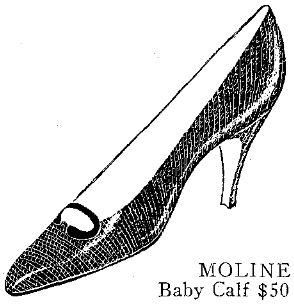

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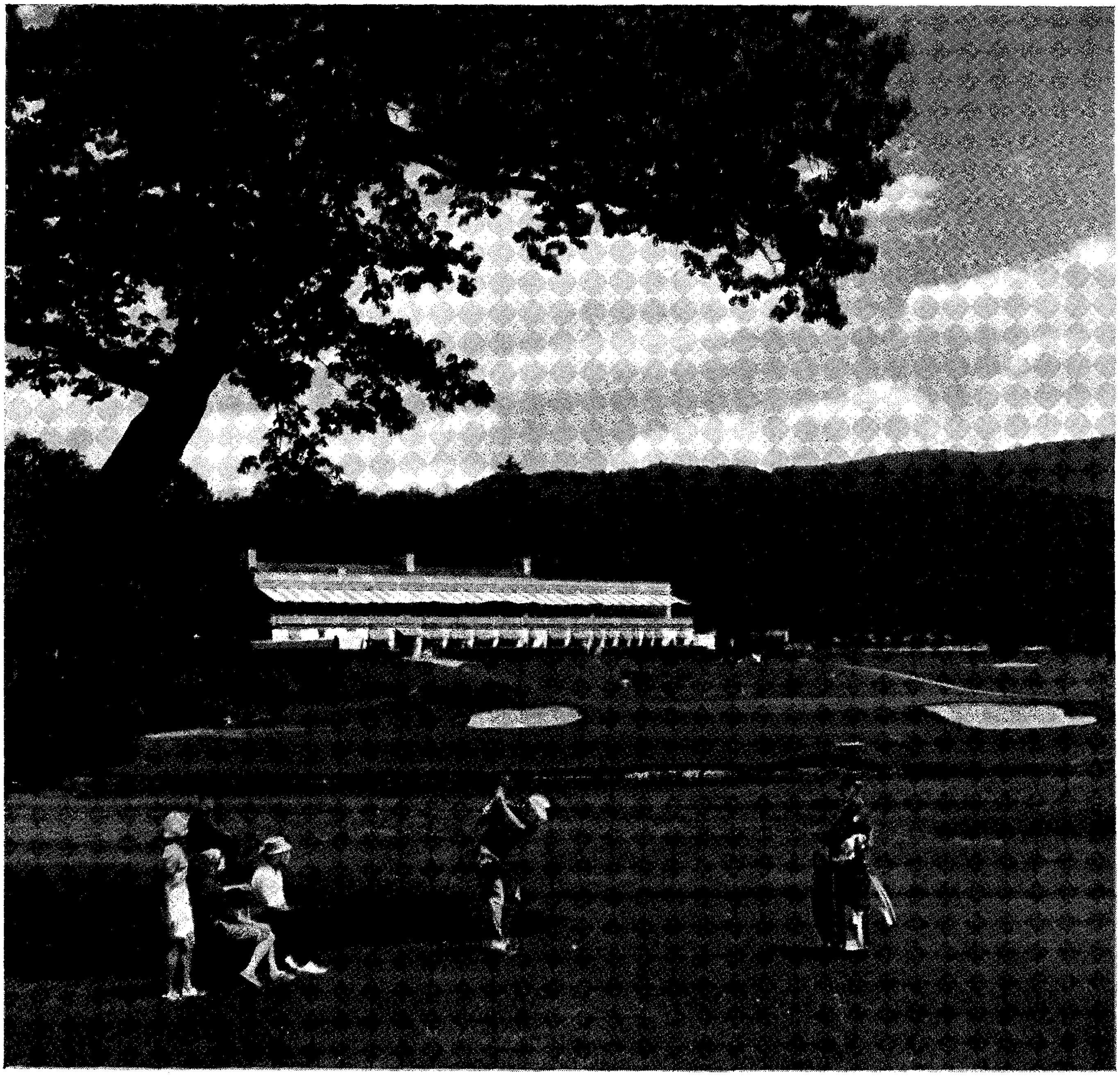

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much time for mischief," Sherry recalled wistfully. "In the afternoons, I was busy with my tutors. On Monday and Thursday, there was French, with Mme. Van Acker. She was an extremely elegant, vivacious, and cultured Frenchwoman who was married to an official of the National Bank of Rumania. Then, on Tuesday and Friday, there was English, with Miss Wisely, whom I can compare only to Miss Prism, in 'The Importance of Being Earnest;' from Miss Wisely I learned the value of understatement, irony, and subtle English-style wit. I passed Wednesday afternoon and Saturday afternoon with Mrs. Papelian, studying the piano. Since we have gone this deep, I may say that Mrs. Papelian was an Armenian, a student of Cortot's, and that she adored Chopin scherzos; she made me practice them an hour a day. In my free time, mostly in the evenings, I would read: things like Gogol's mystery tales; French stories by Jules Verne and Alexandre Dumas; Karl May's German adventure books—he wrote damn well about American Indians and other swashbuckling characters—and anything by Wells. For more serious reading, I had books like the gray cloth 'History of French Literature,' by Des Granges, which encouraged me to read works of Molière and Racine and so on for myself." George's memory developed along with his knowledge of languages, until he found that he could recite reams of poetry by Pushkin and Nekrasov, and could act out whole scenes from Molière. Whenever a schoolmate had a birthday, all the children in the class were given an opportunity to show off, since the favorite entertainment on such occasions was for each child to act a part in a play, recite a poem, or sing a song. "On my eleventh birthday," Sherry said, "I got an extra piece of cake for playing the role of Maître Jacques in 'L'Avare.' "

There was a clatter in the foyer, and Sherry's daughter raced in singing "Ding, dong, dong, ding." Vivien had light-brown hair worn in bangs, and bright-blue eyes, and seemed to be a boisterous, All-American girl. After hugging her father's knee, she got her tricycle and jingled into her room to play. Her mother, a woman in her middle thirties with the same coloring as Vivien's, came in and greeted us. After a few minutes, she called her mother on the telephone and talked to her first in German and then in another language, unfamiliar to me. "The mysterious gibberish you hear is a pulp of German, Flemish, and French," Sherry

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explained, "but Doris chauvinistically insists on calling it Luxembourgish. She was born in Luxembourg, and came to New York at the age of fifteen. We met in college, and were married fifteen years ago."

While his wife was preparing lunch, Sherry told me about his trip from Bucharest to America. If his father was one of three million Russians who had fled the Revolution, the Szerszewskis were one of as many million families who left Central and Eastern Europe in the late thirties. The Szerszewskis had seen the spectre of anti-Semitism looming, so in 1939 they closed down their prosperous business, converted their capital into foreign currency in the black market, packed their belongings, took a train from Bucharest to Paris, boarded the Queen Mary, and, on June 18th, stepped onto the free soil of America. In New York, they moved into a three-room apartment on West Ninety-ninth Street that a Rumanian friend found for them, accepted a drop in their standard of living, and changed the name Szerszewski to Sherry.

Mrs. Sherry called us to the dining room for lunch. The meal, which consisted of cold cuts, was a clamorous affair, with Vivien talking most of the time and Mrs. Sherry making frequent trips between the well-stocked refrigerator and the table. There wasn't a hint of Europe anywhere; the lunch could have taken place in any American home. Over a plate of tongue, corned beef, stuffed eggs, and rolls, Sherry talked about his American school days. "As soon as I arrived in the States," he said, "I entered Townsend Harris, one of the City College of New York preparatory schools, and I spent three years there before going to City College. It was an excellent school."

"Didn't you miss your European tutors?" I asked.

"Never," he replied. "I had other things to think about."

"With your knowledge of Russian, French, German, and Rumanian, you must have felt quite superior to the other children," I said. "You must have been at the top of your class."

"Not at all," he said. "I had to brush up on my English. Anyway, knowing languages has nothing to do with intelligence, advancement, studies. Sometimes I did read my assignments in foreign languages, but otherwise I was just like any other kid."

I inquired how Sherry had got on during these early years in America.

"America?" he exclaimed. "Took to it like a duck to water. I loved everything about it from the start, and have

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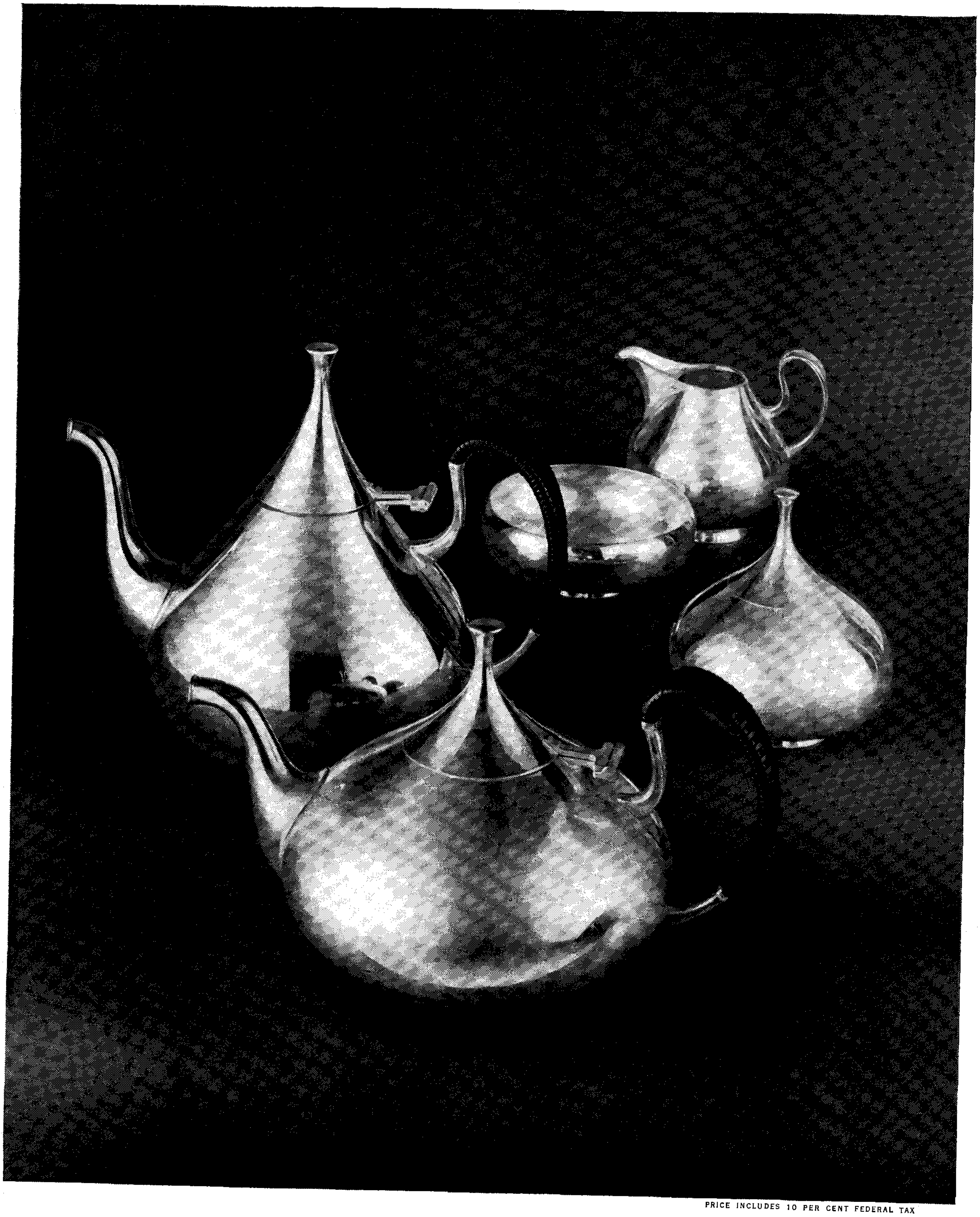

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always found it the best place in the world."

"Have you ever returned to Eastern Europe?" I asked.

"Yes, but only to Russia," he said. "Quite recently, at the Second Unofficial Soviet-American Conference, held in Yalta, I interpreted for a few days."

"What sort of homecoming was it?" I asked.

"There was no homecoming," he said, with a laugh. "I just felt incarcerated. I belong right here. I couldn't wait to get out of Eastern Europe. As soon as I reached France, I picked up back issues of the Paris edition of the New York *Times*, and I read them all the way back across the Atlantic."

After lunch, I arranged to call on Sherry once again, this time at the United Nations headquarters.

A FEW days later, on an unusually bright and sunny winter morning, I walked through the grounds of the U.N. to the Secretariat Building and met Sherry in the Press Club, on the third floor. The club was nice and warm, and Sherry's spirits were high. At the counter, he ordered "a bloody cow and black water," and interpreted this for me by pointing to a roast-beef sandwich and black coffee. When he had settled down at a table with his snack, he told me a little about the history of simultaneous interpretation. The League of Nations had only two official languages, English and French, but even so its system of consecutive interpretation was time-consuming. A speech in German had to be followed by English and French versions of it—today, without simultaneous interpretation, it would have to be succeeded by English, French, Spanish, Russian, and Chinese—and while this often gave the League delegates a chance to think, and to discuss what had been said, the method was never really satisfactory. At some small meetings, therefore, if everyone was familiar with, say, French, interpretation was dispensed with. The League's International Labor Organization, for instance, often conducted its meetings entirely in French. These were sometimes attended by Edward Filene, of Boston, a philanthropist who worked actively for peace and the cause of labor, and since he knew little French, he used to have a friend whisper to him in English about what was going on. It was the Bostonian's ignorance of French that ultimately led to simultaneous interpretation; after a meeting at which his faithful friend was obliged to leave his elbow, Filene determined to discover a mechanical surro-

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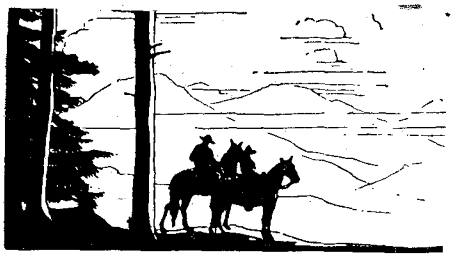

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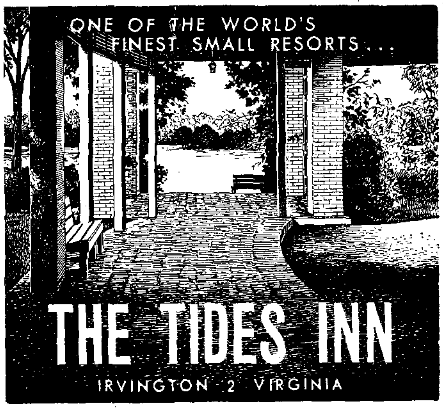

gate for him—a resolution that was later carried out, with the help of the philanthropist's money, by A. G. Finlay, an engineer. Finlay developed a headphone system whereby a speech could be simultaneously translated into six languages and piped straight to the ears of the user. Filene's electrical friend was first used at Geneva in 1931 at a League of Nations Assembly, and later was further developed and improved by I.B.M. engineers. The machine proved its speed and usefulness at the Nuremberg trials (Göring complained that the new method had cut short his remaining life by three-fourths), and today, with streamlining, it is used in all the meeting rooms of the United Nations, including the Security Council Chamber; there, however, because the issues discussed are so sensitive, the consecutive method is also used, in English and French, to give the delegates, as in the League, time to think.

"Before simultaneous interpretation was adopted," Sherry concluded, "it met with a lot of opposition in the U.N., especially from interpreters like the late André Kaminker, who never believed that sentence-by-sentence interpretation would work. I mention Kaminker because he was the greatest of the consecutive interpreters. He felt that the interpreter's speech should be as artistic and as much an organic whole as that of the delegate. While listening to his delegate, Kaminker never took a note; he just stared at the speaker, and when the speech was finished—sometimes it went on for an hour or two—Kaminker rose to his feet and delivered an oration, which was very often better than the original. Now and again, the speaker whom Kaminker was interpreting would come up afterward and say, '*M. Kaminker, ce n'est pas ce que j'ai dit.*' '*Monsieur le Délégué,*' he would answer, with a shrug, '*c'est ce que vous eussiez dû dire.*' "

THAT afternoon, I went over to the General Assembly Building to watch Sherry in the act of doing some interpreting on the explosive question of seating Communist China. I arrived at the English booth, through a labyrinth of hallways and back stairs, to find Sherry already there. He was chatting with his boothmate, Theodore Fagan, a British-Argentine in his early forties with glasses and close-cropped hair who was smoking furiously. The cubicle itself, high above one side of the auditorium, was not much larger than a couple of good-sized telephone booths, and it contained only three chairs and a built-in desk below a glass wall. On the

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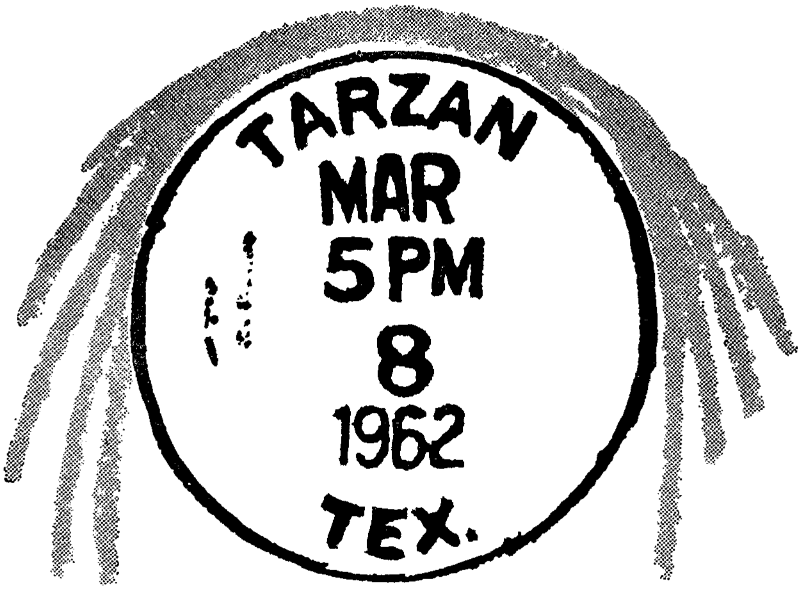

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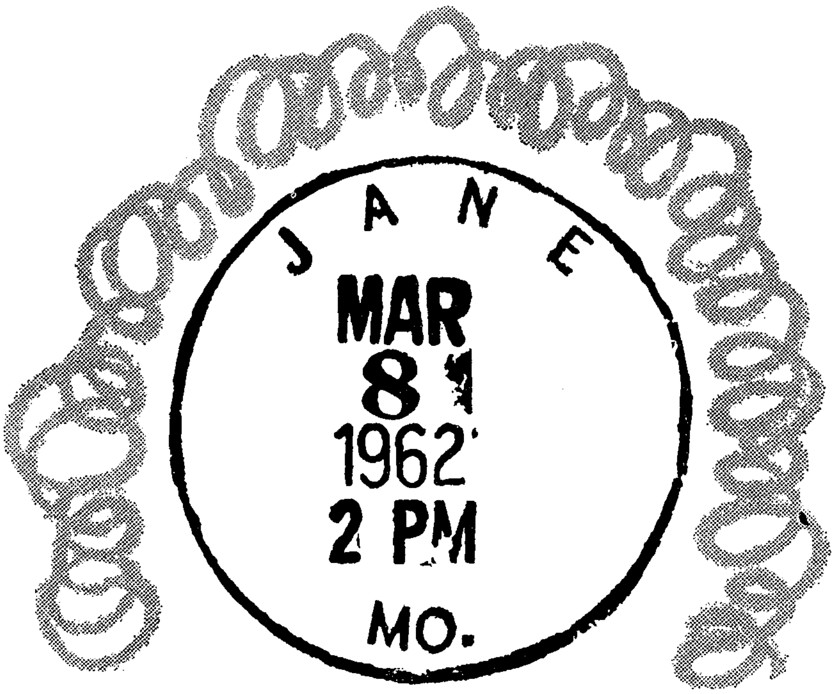

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desk was a long, neat boxlike object, containing electronic equipment and sprouting language selectors, microphones, earphones, and volume controls. We seated ourselves in the chairs and clamped on the earphones. Thirty feet below us were the blue-and-green hall and the delegations, with the aristocratic, cocker-spaniel head of President Mongi Slim unmistakable among them. Sherry explained that he interpreted all of the Russian speeches and Fagan all of the Spanish and that the two of them took turns interpreting the French. If there *should* be an unexpected Russian interpolation in the debate while Sherry was away from the booth, Fagan, who knows no Russian, would switch his selector to the Spanish or French version of the Russian speech and interpret—or, technically, relay—from it. The Nationalist Chinese, happily, always spoke in English.

"The great triumph of Georgie-Porgie," Fagan said, his hand nervously playing with the microphone switch, "was when he translated Vishinsky's allusion to Pushkin's 'Boris Godunov' by a quote from 'Macbeth.' A great virtuoso, my boothmate, a great virtuoso."

"It was *noth*ing," Sherry said earnestly. "You see, around 1950 there was guerrilla fighting between Greece, on the one hand, and Bulgaria and Albania, on the other. Vishinsky, while making a speech on the subject, shouted, 'The boys [of the West] have bloodied themselves in front of our very eyes, and can say, in the words of the poet, "*I mal'chiki krovavye v glazakh!*" ' I remembered the complete verse of Pushkin, so I naturally recognized this as an allusion to Boris's being haunted by the vision of Ivan the Terrible's sons, whom he had done to death so that he, Boris, could sit on the throne. Nevertheless, I knew I was in the middle of a split-second linguistic crisis—you have one of them every ten minutes with a good speaker who knows his literature and has a fondness for metaphor. What flashed before my eyes was the face of Richard the Third, whose life paralleled that of Boris, but the words that rolled instantly off my tongue belonged to Macbeth. I found myself shouting into the microphone:

"Will all great Neptune's ocean wash
  this blood
Clean from my hands? No, this my hand
  will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine . . ."

In the soundproof booth, Sherry's voice had an unnatural muffled quality as he declaimed these lines, but it resumed its ordinary tone as he turned

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suddenly to his colleague and said, "Fagan, leave that switch alone. Otherwise, we'll be on the air."

"*You'll* be on the air," Fagan retorted. "*Who* forgot to turn off the microphone that time and *who* serenaded the burning ears of all the delegates with '*Pace e gioia*'?" Fagan's wooden voice rose into a clumsy aria:

> "*Pace e gioia,*
> *Basta, basta,*
> *Basta per pietà*—"

"*Avant de donner la parole au premier orateur inscrit,*" I heard through the earphones, obliterating the vague Assembly crowd noises of a second before, and almost the sound of my heartbeat as well. My panic was pointless, because Fagan's "*Pace e gioia*" instantly fled the room, and before I knew what was happening, Sherry's hand had flicked the switch, and his twangy voice, snapped to attention, was saying firmly into the microphone, "Before I call on the first speaker on my list . . ." Meanwhile, the French words were spilling into my earphones in a rush: ". . . *je tiens a rappeler aux Membres de l'Assemblée que la liste des orateurs sur les deux points que nous examinons actuellement sera close cet après-midi à six heures.*" It was only when, an instant afterward, I heard "6 P.M." in English that I realized that Sherry had kept pace, and also that I had, unconsciously, taken in his English translation ("I should like to remind members of the Assembly that the list of speakers for the two items now being discussed will be closed at 6 P.M.") from outside the earphones.

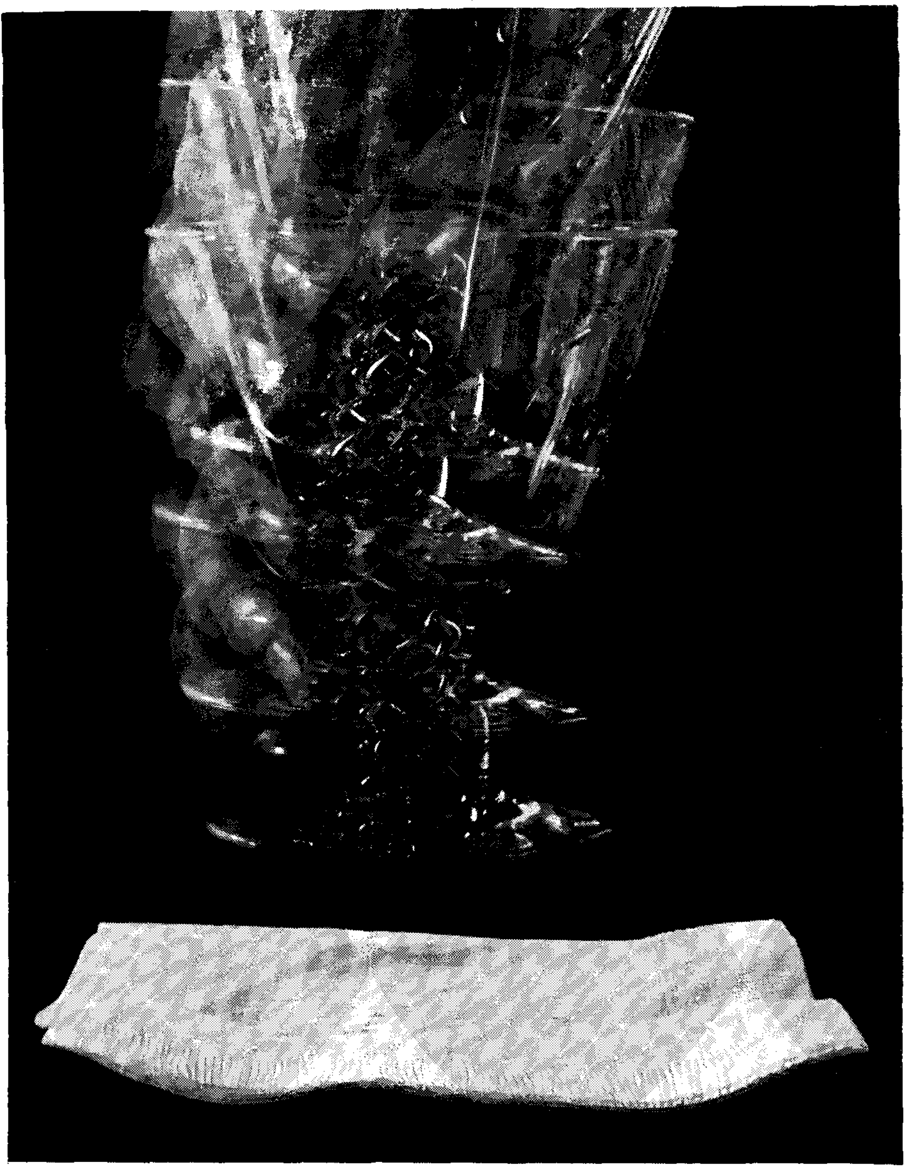
This pronouncement was followed immediately by a Ghanaian delegate's speech, which, being in English, gave us a breathing spell. I complimented Sherry on his instantaneous response.

"Oh, it means nothing," he said, dismissing it with a wave of the hand. "I find that subliminally I am listening through the earphones all the time, and somewhere, in some layer of my memory, it's all registered—including, for example, what the Ghanaian delegate is saying this second. Just let a single foreign word intrude into his speech and my hand will fly out to the switch and I'll be in action."

"Do you ever come to know the delegates you interpret?" I asked.

Sherry shook his head, and Fagan said, "Yes, occasionally, but some of them I wouldn't want to know, and in any case the U.N. is too large now for interpreters to be included in cocktail parties."

"It's part of our job to be unobtru-



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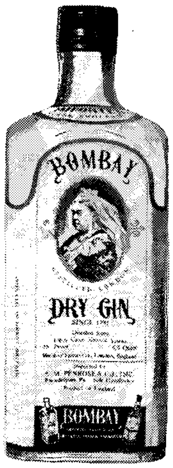

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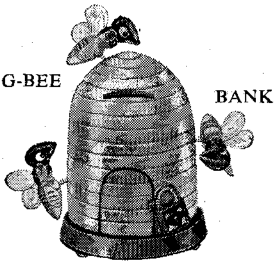

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sive and anonymous," Sherry said. "To be only voices."

"There is no future in the job," Fagan said. "Except that now and then you do get to know the mind of a delegate. All interpreters are normally assigned to particular committees, and they usually come to plenary Assembly meetings like this one only when a question that concerns their committee is being discussed. George and I are both attached to the Political Committee, and we find that after you've interpreted a delegate on China or the Congo you overflow with information on his point of view—to such an extent that if in the heat of debate he makes a slip, you automatically correct it in—"

Sherry flicked a switch and started interpreting the second speaker on the list, L. F. Palarmarchuk, of the Ukraine. I turned my selector to the Russian, to catch the sound of Mr. Palarmarchuk's voice; it was thin and boyish. I returned to the English, and heard Sherry's firm, twangy voice talking in the earphones and also in the booth, in an eerie echo. "The point is, of course," it was saying belligerently, "that, while adopting the slogan 'Make haste slowly,' the Western Powers intend, as before, to sidestep the solution of a perfectly clear and fully ripe question and to continue their cowardly policy of moratorium with regard to the restoration of China's legitimate rights in the United Nations. We do not consider that the position of the ostrich, which hides its head in the sand, is an intelligent position. The majority of sound-thinking people throughout the world are openly deriding this ostrich policy, which considers that the world will stop changing once the ostrich has closed its eyes. We are surprised that responsible representatives of the United States government consider the ostrich's position to be the acme of wise statesmanship—so much so that they even boast about and preen themselves on the game of the moratorium which they thought up . . ."

A FEW days later, I stopped in at the Secretariat around ten o'clock in the morning to see Sherry again and found him unenthusiastically waiting to interpret the ceremonial recommendation, by the Security Council, for the General Assembly's admission of the U.N.'s hundred-and-fourth member, Tanganyika. "No fireworks this morning," he said as we made our way from the Secretariat lobby to the Security Council's English booth. "Without exception, everyone will congratulate Tanganyika, and the whole debate will

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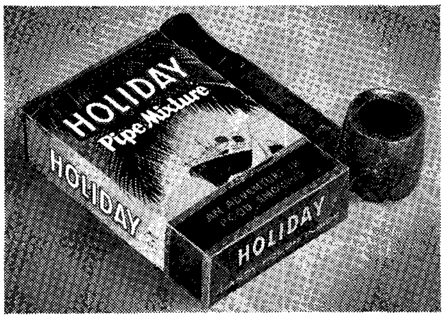

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be dull as ditchwater. Smooth sailing is fine, but a good hand would much rather sail in rough waters."

Inside the booth, Sherry introduced me to two colleagues—Nicholas Spoov, a tall, thin man with a small face and baby-blue eyes, whom Sherry described as "originally a Shanghai Russian, now a naturalized Canadian, with an engineering degree from McGill," and Richard Ross, a rather solemn-looking American. Then Sherry went out into the chamber, where he was to do some consecutive interpreting, à la Kaminker. Ross and Spoov started discussing the speakers for the morning, and I had a couple of minutes to take in the scene. Our booth, which was at a higher level, flanked a large horseshoe table, around which were ranged the eleven delegates, with Omar Loutfi, of the United Arab Republic, the president for the month, at the apex of the horseshoe. Bisecting the horseshoe was an oblong table, at which were seated four interpreters—two for English and two for French—and several verbatim reporters and press officers. But the most prominent thing in the room was a towering mural behind the president, which told the story of man's progression from the darkness of ignorance into the light of technology; the slain dragon, the prisoners behind bars were done in gloomy gray, green, and black, the brighter colors being reserved for celebrants, flowers, machines, and microscopes. "Rather grotesque, don't you think?" Spoov said to me. "I paint, and this—"

On my left, the rather dry voice of Ross started racing with the president's French: "Before proceeding to the agenda, I should like to express to Ambassador Zorin, the representative of the Soviet Union, on behalf of the members of the Security Council, our gratitude for the manner in which he conducted the debates of the Security Council during the course of his tenure of office as president of the Council . . ."

After the president's remarks had been translated consecutively into English, Spoov, on my right, skipped through Zorin's reply: "Mr. President, I wish to thank you most sincerely for the thanks that you have addressed to me, and in turn I should like to express the wish that you will be successful in carrying out the responsible tasks of the presidency . . ."

Sir Patrick Dean, of the United Kingdom, and Nathan Barnes, of Liberia, made their formal speeches in English, with floor interpreters supplying interstitial French versions. Then came Professor Gunapala Piyasena

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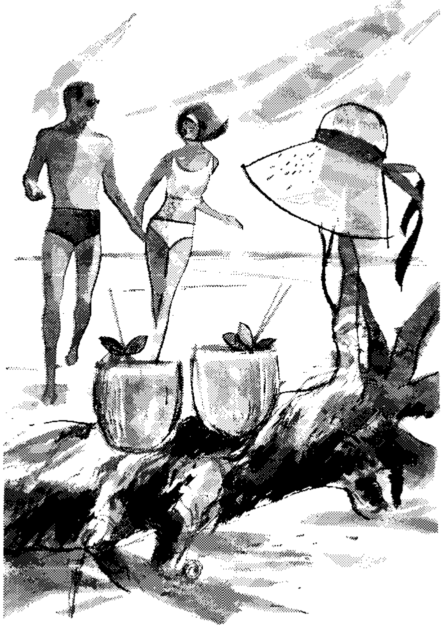

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Malalasekera, of Ceylon, who talked with more emotion about the Tanganyikans; Spoov actually stopped his parody of the Russians to listen. "Tanganyika is a country unique in many ways," Malalasekera said. "Archeologists say that it may well have been the cradle of the human race. The Olduvai skull of what has been called the 'Nutcracker Man,' which was found there, belongs to the oldest human being at present known to science, and has been ascribed to an age between one and two million years, doubling thereby the accepted antiquity of mankind." Armand Bérard, of France, who followed Malalasekera, spoke in exquisite French, which Spoov nimbly translated from the booth. But the heartfelt words of the Ceylonese had evidently caught the attention of Adlai Stevenson, who seemed to have as lively a pair of ears as the interpreters, and hardly less of a penchant for improvisation. When Bérard and his interpreter had finished speaking, Stevenson took the floor. "If American slang is not forbidden," he said, picking up the reference to the ancient "Nutcracker Man" in Malalasekera's speech, "I could express the hope that the United Nations might find in Tanganyika another 'Nutcracker Man.' " Everyone in the Council turned to look at Prime Minister Julius Nyerere, who had flown from Tanganyika specially to attend the meeting, but Spoov merely said, "How do you suppose one would make the Stevenson pun in French?"

I said I didn't know.

Spoov waited eagerly for the consecutive man to rerun the "Nutcracker" sentence. "*Si l'on me permet de m'exprimer dans le langage familier américain*," the floor interpreter soon said sonorously in the earphones, "*je formule l'espoir que les Nations Unies trouveront au Tanganyika un autre homme 'casse-noisette.'* "

"It's not quite right," Spoov said in a discouraged tone. "Not quite right."

Between Stevenson and Zorin, who was to speak last, there were several routine speeches of welcome, and except when Ross was running the Spanish course, Spoov talked rather gaily about other Sherry interpretational feats. "Once," he recalled, "when the delegate from the Soviet Union was taking to task the speakers who had preceded him by referring to them all as 'honorable delegates," Sherry, with a bow to Shakespeare's Antony, interpolated, 'So are they all, all honorable delegates." And then there was the time when he came up against a Russian proverb. The Russian delegate was talking about all

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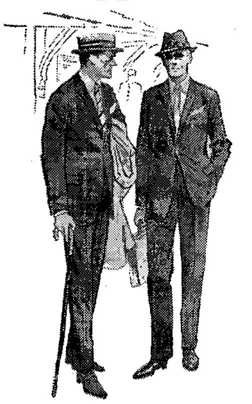

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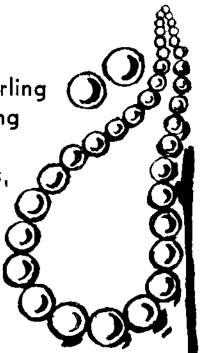

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capitalistic countries having a natural attraction for each other, and said, ‘*Kulik kulika vidit izdaleka.*’ George knew that ‘*kulik*’ was some sort of swamp bird, but, as he later remarked, he’d never learned the names of all the birds, because ‘the whole lot of them refused to talk back to me.’ Anyway, being unable to think of a literal translation for the exact bird, he came up with a similar English proverb, ‘Birds of a feather flock together.’ ”

“That’s not the best one,” Ross said slowly, putting down his earphones. (The Nationalist Chinese had the floor, and many people were openly not listening.) “Do you remember the time Sherry was interpreting that French delegate, and the honorable delegate said very prosaically, in French, that the resolution about Cuba had been amended beyond recognition though the spirit still remained? Sherry’s translation was ‘The resolution is like a Cheshire cat, which has gradually disappeared, leaving only the smile.’ ”

There was a stir in the chamber. Nationalist China had finished, and Russia was about to speak. Spoov, who had turned several of Khrushchev’s anti-colonialist speeches into English in 1960, now interpreted Zorin’s homily, which seemed to me remarkable only for its lack of great rhetorical flourishes, and quite up to the general level of the debate. All during Zorin’s speech, Sherry sat with chin in hand and stared at Zorin. He took only a few notes. “That was short and sweet,” Spoov said at the end of the simultaneous, and then, as Sherry began to speak, he listened to find out whether Sherry, in the consecutive, would improve on his rendering. Like Kaminker before him, Sherry seemed to be redelivering the sermon word for word.

I asked Spoov how this was possible.

“When a speech is being made,” Spoov said, “Sherry jots down the key words—the operative words—of the sentences. For instance, if Zorin says, ‘In the Congo, mercenaries are a hideous manifestation of the age-old, eternal iron heel of imperialism,’ Sherry is likely to jot down ‘hideous’ and ‘mercenary.’ But I am really as mystified as you are.”

As the Maestro concluded his tour de force, Spoov shook his head in wonderment. —VED MEHTA

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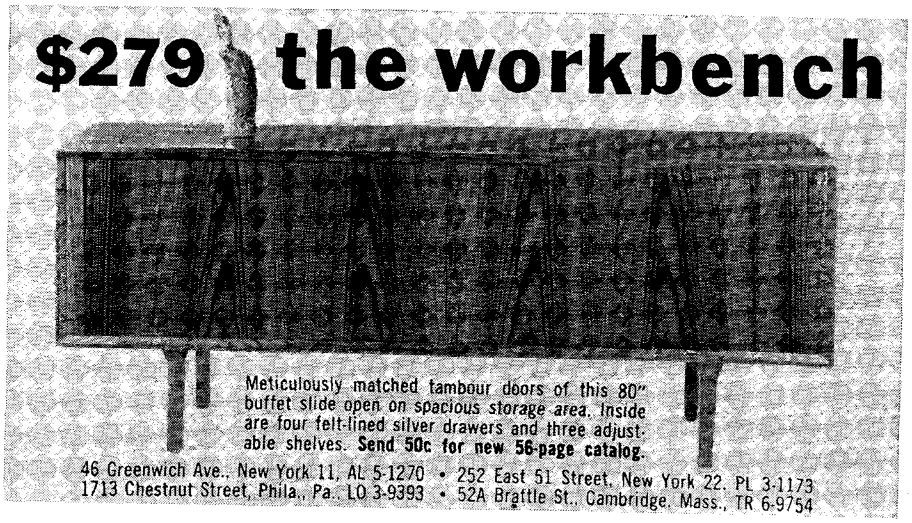

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

THIS AND THAT

MADEMOISELLE RICCI is the group name for the mannerly collection of clothes—young ones, as the title suggests—designed by Jules François Crahay for women in sizes 6 to 16. Their clearly happy home is the third floor of Lord & Taylor, an abode they are nevertheless prepared to leave in the company of anyone who will part with between $70 and $150. This parting, to judge by what I've seen of the stock on hand, should be the sweetest of sorrows. Among the daytime ensembles are coats and dresses of cotton-and-silk in a brown-and-white check. The coats, which hang straight, have narrow folds at the standoff necks, and their sleeves are slender; stitched-down pleats run from the bateau necks of the dresses down almost as far as the knees. Brown-and-white is also evident among the cocktails-on-into-the-night arrangements. The fabric is Paisley cotton, the result is coats that are concave in front and billowy at the rear; stand-away collars and loose sleeves are part of the equipment. With them go circular-skirt dresses of brown chiffon. Some three-piece outfits with a little-boy aspect are composed of single-breasted jackets (a single breast pocket) and slim skirts, both of natural linen, plus shirts of yellow linen. Bias-skirt Empire dresses of black silk linen are paired with short-sleeved coats of brown-and-white toile de Jouy. These will do nicely for lunch and/or dinner in town. Bateau-neck sunup-to-sunset dresses are of raspberry linen. Wide panels attached at the sides of the bateau necks go as far as the waist in back, where black bone buttons hold them down. The dance dresses of black slubbed cotton will swing out at the flounced hem when you twist or twirl around the floor. Last of all, long, stark tubes of toile de Jouy have high, square necks forward, but the décolletage aft plunges down to the Deep, Deep South. The colors are red and white.

ACT III, a lively shop at 1079 Third Avenue (63rd), collects cool and loose summer dresses. Most all of them have high or scoop necks and no sleeves. (Will sleeves ever stage a comeback?) Shifts of orange or lime are of India cotton, and there's a broad border, at the hem, of white embroidery in a sort of Paisley and (if anyone can picture this) porthole design. Tiny metal mirrors fill in the portholes, luckily. These shifts are $35, to give you an idea, and sashes of white cotton tipped with white tassels are included. Trapeze dresses of a cotton print from Africa in which brown predominates involve vast turtles and small hearts (the symbolism escapes me) or towers that extend from the neck to the hem, with sea gulls in between (can this be Chekhov?). Another African cotton print, in a mixture of miniature black-and-orange checkerboards and scarabs, ends up as dressy dresses whose flounces, at the hem, are emphasized by ruffled underpinnings. What Act III calls Sunday Muumuus, of a cotton print in which immense black-and-white tropical flowers abound on a café-au-lait field, are edged at the high, round neck and the cuffs of the butterfly sleeves by loops of black cotton that imply rickrack braid. There are sheaths, too, in any number of Italian crêpes—flowers that combine turquoise, hyacinth blue, orange, white, and rust, or violet, white, and magenta. They're lined with harmonious China silk. Evening coats of magnificent Paisley cotton brocade in a medley of charcoals, apricots, yellows, blues, and grays have dropped shoulders and round wooden fastenings; $95, to give you another idea. The ascot scarves at the collarless necks match the linings, which are of apricot organza.

BONWIT TELLER's seventh floor has brought from Europe a bundle of inexpensive cotton sports clothes. Sweden is responsible for a lot of things here. Let's begin with the beach sheaths (mid-calf length), which are done in strawberry-pink cotton embellished with red flowers as far as mid-thigh, then done in white cotton with red and strawberry flowers on down. Tent dresses that go below the knees could be worn over bathing suits. They're suspended from practically nonexistent shoulder straps, and the material is white cotton in a most contrary print—mammoth pale-green ovals full of cocoa flowers and one or two lonely brown ovals filled with brown flowers. Street-length dresses with wide, round necks, elbow sleeves, and flaring skirts look very vernal in their yellow cotton, on which pea-green beehives, hearts, and medallions create quite a mélange. Long overblouses of another cotton, this one in a print of vertical bands of yellow and orange lace, have elasticized hems. That's enough about Sweden. West Germany has made several contributions. Play dresses so brief that they resemble bathing suits are of an aquamarine cotton print on which mauve croquet wickets and (for a perfect non sequitur) yellow wheels with mauve spokes appear. Long-sleeved beach shirts in a cotton whose checkered career combines gold, chartreuse, and white, have turnover collars (gold is the color) and tiny buttons. Sleeveless jackets of cotton horizontally striped in charcoal gray and white have pipings of brown cotton at the collarless neck and bands, of the same stuff, at the hem.

Up on the eighth floor are Lawrence of London raincoats of thin-as-paper taffeta, and many of them could do extra duty as evening wraps. Double-breasted ones of beige silk are lined with Pellon. Close-up standing collars, three-quarter kimono sleeves, and enormous beige buttons of bone are characteristic. Tailored coats of the same goods have double vertical tucks all the way around. Raincoats of black silk, with Eton collars and neckties, are cheerfully lined with crimson silk on which clusters of black flowers repose. A matching rain bonnet accompanies every one of the coats.

SOME of the summery clothes in Bendel's Maternity Shop should find favor even with countless millions of women who are not incipient mothers. The tank front of a one-piece bathing suit of white cotton sharkskin is ornamented by white cotton lace edged with ball braid. Shorts (just three inches of them) of black Helanca jersey bring the whole thing to an end. Bloomer bathing suits, which look their best on long-legged girls, are half of orange and half of hot-pink cotton poplin; a two-tone sash is for lagniappe. Bathing dresses that are very, very feminine (the stuff is yellow-and-white checked gingham) are encircled at the décolletage and above the flounce (at the hem) by white ball braid. Dashing knee-length beach dresses with drawstrings at the high, round neck appear in white cotton on which the sort of designs you see on totem poles appear in black, Shocking pink, and burnt orange. For cabaña or fireside cocktails there are above-knee-length tunics of a red Paisley cotton that's as lustrous as silk. Mandarin collars and wide side slashes are entailed, and so are tapered trousers

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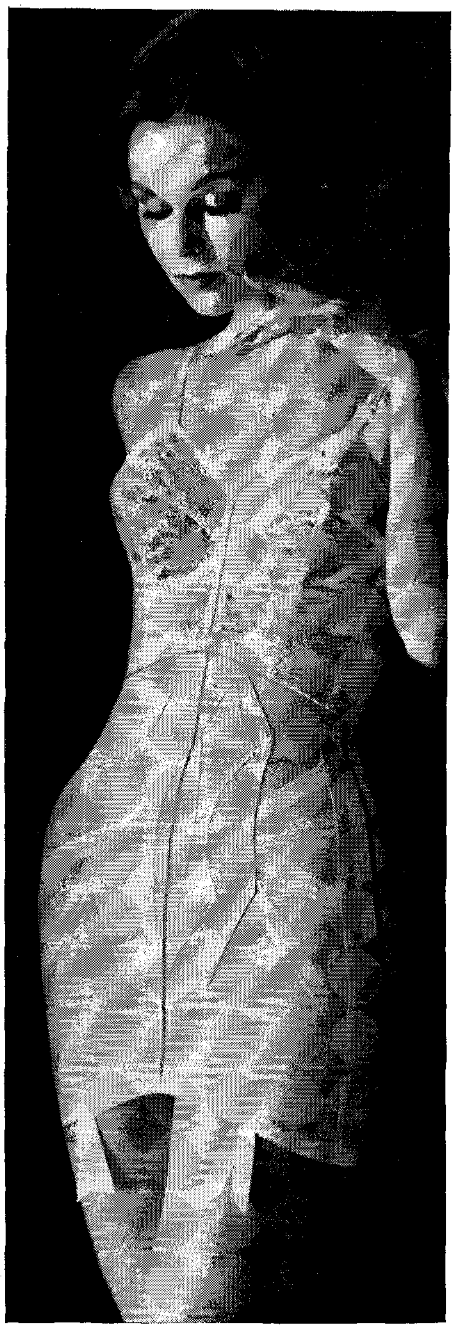

of white piqué. As for one-piece dresses, why not the ones of yellow-and-white cotton-and-rayon tweed? The long bodices end in Vs below the waist, and there are box pleats below them. Evening tent dresses of black rayon crêpe are gored sixteen times, and they sweep into broad fringed ruching at the bottom. White piqué hemmed in by watermelon-pink French ribbon at the Empire waist provides ingénue short dresses and hip-length tunics with long, slinky skirts. These are $50 to $70, respectively. Pièce de résistance: trapeze dresses of black or cocoa cotton organdie are set all aflutter by fourteen ruffled tiers from the high, round necks to the hems; $145. Sizes in the collection are 4 to 14.

THE maternity department at Saks Fifth Avenue runs between sizes 6 and 16. Among the ensembles are combinations of coats of black-and-white checked cotton fastened by shiny black buttons and scoop-neck shifts of black silk-and-cotton; $35 for the whole deal. Scoop-neck Empire dresses (late afternoon and even later) of black cotton-and-rayon go with buttoned-in-back boleros of white eyelet-embroidered cotton; $30. High, round necks and no sleeves are two of the specifications. Triple bands of cotton loop fringe decorate the flippant hems of some beige sailcloth dresses. The top row is henna, the middle row is gold, the lowest row is shamrock green. Schoolgirl jumper dresses of red or navy nubbly cotton have four rounded patch pockets and a detachable matching belt. The tops are filled in by gilets of white crinkled Dacron with wide turnover collars and three-quarter cuffed sleeves. Coat dresses of white piqué to below the bosom and to the waist in back are of red or navy piqué everywhere else. Gold-metal discs fasten them down the front, but they fit equally well if they're reversed to button in back, for a change of scenery. Women who make a habit of going into reverse might add to their collection the reversible scoop-neck tent dresses of blue-and-white striped cotton ticking on one side and red-and-yellow calico on the other. A pair of bows is the only thing that keeps the shoulders from being bare. Plain, ordinary, non-reversible chemise dresses of blue-and-white or red-and-white striped ticking have enormous low patch pockets, and there's a six-inch flounce at the hem.

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salon on the premises of Elizabeth Arden. A narrow wraparound robe, which is always a travellers' haven, shows up in drip-dry Dacron that looks like surah. It is, though, plastered with thousands of prints of airline labels, on the not altogether plausible assumption that we'd all like to be sandwich women. The long of it is $35 and the short of it is $29.95. Brief robes that go out to the tips of the shoulders are to be had in a red-and-white or blue-and-white checked nylon tricot that resembles gingham. Red or blue taffeta cummerbunds nip them in. Negligees of white rayon chiffon (romance, romance!) are a seething mass of yellow poppies and green foliage. Fuller-blown blossoms appear on the loose sleeves and the rippling hem. Trim dusters of blue denim are embroidered in front with red carnations and in back with red leaves. What the trade calls sleep coats are demure indeed in their crinkled white cotton bound with yellow, red, or blue flowered ribbon that's edged by infinitesimal white pleated ribbon. Miss A., as usual, has a notable collection of hospital gowns (these are more practical gifts than get-well cards) in this crinkly substance. Some are in pink or hyacinth blue, and the low, round necks and the three-quarter sleeves wear quite un-hospital ruffles of white Chantilly-type lace; $16.95. Voluminous balloon-sleeved robes are of cotton in alternating peppermint stripes and rows of two-tone pink blossoms on trailing green vines. Elaborate one-piece hostess culottes, as full as skirts at the ankles, appear in Shocking-pink shantung. They also appear through the ombréd silk organza of the accompanying peignoirs, which shade from pink to red; $89.95 for everything, including a big bow on the left shoulder.

I. Miller has opened an ornate salon at 734 Fifth Avenue (57th), which contains, it insists, forty thousand pairs of shoes. No glass slippers, though. Pumps flourish. Among the multitude are some of ostrich leather in parchment or milk chocolate, and alligators in summery shades—bois de rose, Wedgwood blue, greige, and ivory. Ostrich is $49.95, pale alligator is $90, black or brown alligator is $70. Pumps with three-inch wineglass-stem heels come in black, navy, or taupe calf, in black patent leather, or in black silk. Whichever way, they're $29.95. Pumps with oval toes and those wineglass heels are of matte-finished lustre calf (taupe, midnight blue, café au lait, red, green, or black). Slender swirls of the leather

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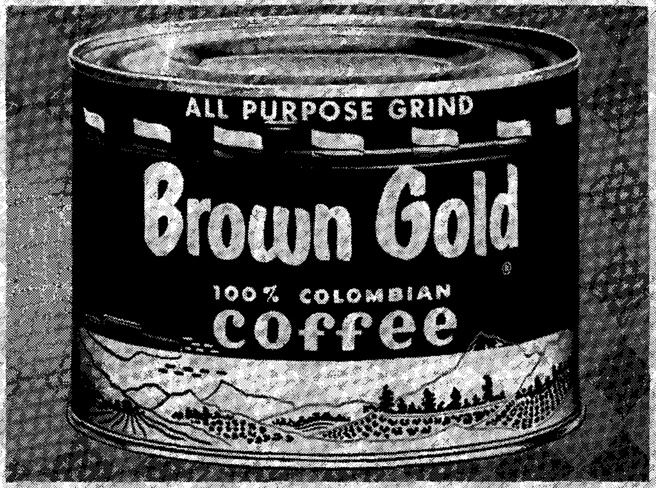

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appear on the outside quarters. Women with narrow feet who like their pumps very high at the vamp and sides may choose between lizard, alligator, suède, calf, patent leather, and silk in just about any color. Low-heeled walking pumps show up in alligator, lizard, or calfskin in solid shades or combinations thereof. —M. M.

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THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

[From the Surrey Comet & South Middlesex News]

After his car had plunged into the Thames at Kingston early yesterday morning, Brigadier John Maxwell, of The Granary, St. George's Hill, Weybridge, climbed out unhurt. The accident happened as he was returning home from a Royal Artillery officers' mess dinner in London and he was in full evening dress, complete with a row of miniature medals.

"I fell asleep at the wheel," the Brigadier told the SURREY COMET later in the morning as he surveyed his half submerged Humber Super Snipe, a new car which he had bought less than two months ago. Above the water could be seen the crumpled offside wing and the dented top of the bonnet.

Brigadier Maxwell, who retired some ten or 12 years ago, passed the advanced motorists' driving test a year ago.

His car veered to the offside as he was driving along Portsmouth Road. "I came to as the wheels struck the kerb," he said. After knocking down 24 ft. of iron railings, the car ploughed its way down the terraced garden, narrowly missing a large tree, and dropped three feet on to Queen's Promenade. It careered across the promenade and the grass verge and down a five-foot embankment into the water.

"KEPT MY HEAD"

"I swung the car past a lamp standard and took this"—indicating the rock garden and embankment—"like a steeplechase. It was like taking a hunter over a stiff fence," said Brigadier Maxwell.

"I kept my head and as soon as I found myself in the water I turned the engine off and switched off the lights. As the car settled on the bottom I opened the nearside door and climbed out."

Brigadier Maxwell found himself in water up to his thighs and clambered up the steep embankment on to the promenade. Meanwhile, the police had been called and after giving particulars, the Brigadier was driven home in a taxi.

"I am the luckiest man alive," he said.

Noise of the crash awakened Miss B. Danvers, of 21, Portsmouth Road. She told the SURREY COMET, "I shot out of bed and when I looked out of the window I saw the railings on the promenade had been knocked down. I put on a coat and went to the river bank, where I saw the top of the car showing just above the water.

"At that moment I heard the Brigadier shout, 'It's all right; I am up here.' I saw the driver, a very distinguished looking man in evening dress. He was perfectly calm and collected and apologised for having disturbed me."

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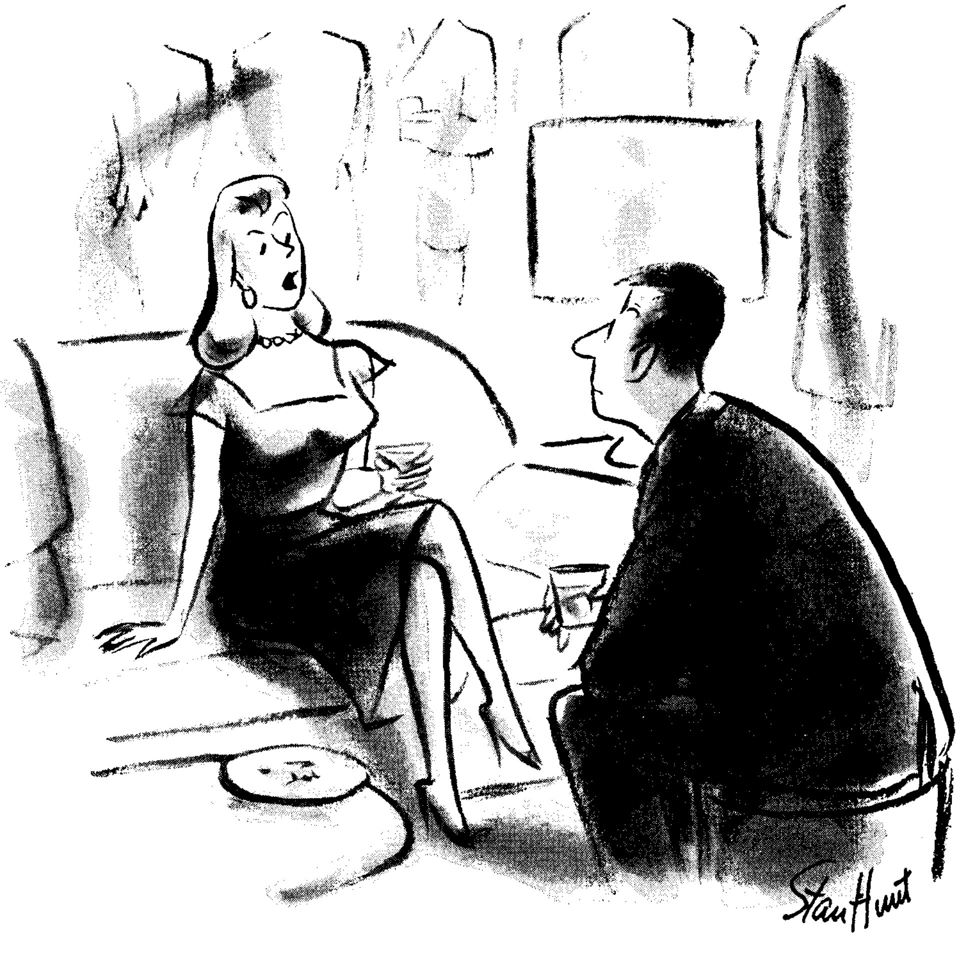
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

APRIL 6

IT is expected that within a few days the Secretary of State and the new Soviet Ambassador here, Anatoly Dobrynin, will reopen negotiations over Berlin. There is a flickering hope that these meetings will be productive. There is also a widespread anticipation that, productive or not, they will be followed by a summit rally, probably in June, which seems to be the favored month for these and other solemn rites. The hope, such as it is, is based mainly on the Russians' recently expressed interest in Western proposals for international control of the East German section of the Autobahn. British and American spokesmen have repeatedly advanced this scheme. Lord Home has referred to it in a number of speeches; President Kennedy recommended it to Aleksei Adzhubei, the editor of *Izvestia*, in their talk last November; and in a press conference on March 1st Mr. Rusk urged it as a possible basis for a settlement. Until a couple of weeks ago, the Soviets held it to be an absurdity; their position was that the Autobahn east of Helmstedt is an East German road, to be maintained and policed by East Germans. But in Geneva, just before the Foreign Ministers took off, Andrei Gromyko told Mr. Rusk that his government was interested in looking into the scheme. State Department officials say that Mr. Gromyko also left Mr. Rusk with the clear impression that if the Russians accepted the Western proposal they would expect some concession from the West, such as the removal of the American, British, and French garrisons from Berlin. Still, a minor concession to the West always appears to be a major departure from Soviet policy, and the possibility always exists that appearances will turn out not to be deceiving. In any case, the feeling is that, whatever may or may not be done about the road to Berlin, the way to the summit is being cleared. Not only have we reached that season when summiteers seem to yearn for a rendezvous but there are signs that the President has lately been moving from the traditional American position, which is that heads-of-state meetings are valuable only when progress has been made at lower levels, to the established British position, which is that the case for these meetings is at its most compelling when the lesser figures have been unable to make any progress at all. (The established view of the Fifth French Republic is that summits are never valuable. That of the U.S.S.R., despite the fact that Mr. Khrushchev has been slow in issuing his customary springtime appeal this year, is that summits are always good, and the larger the crowd the better.) There has been some speculation here, encouraged by figures high in the administration, that this year's call to the summit may be issued by the President and presented to the world as an example of American initiative.

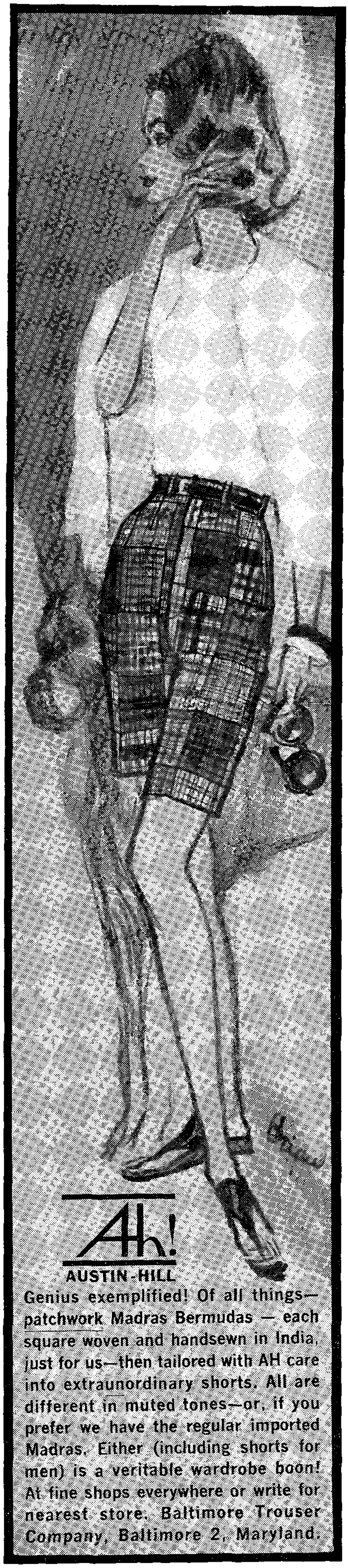
Had the Russian show of a measure of reasonableness come a month or two earlier, it might have had consequences it is unlikely to have now. Even after the administration had weighed the scientific, military, and political arguments for and against the resumption of nuclear testing in the atmosphere, it was eager for the Soviet Union to provide some evidence of a concern for the easing of tensions that would justify deferring our plans for testing. Berlin would have been the place to provide such evidence. Whether the President gave the Russians any hint of this is not known, but he expressed it plainly enough to members of his own administration, and came quite close to saying it in his public statements. In that period, the Soviets chose to stage aerial circuses in the Berlin corridors, buzzing Western planes and stepping up their efforts to jam Western radar. The administration would still like a justification for delay (just this week, the State Department issued a new plea for Russian consideration of a treaty based on international inspection), but it is probably too late in the day for it to accept the new turn of events in Berlin as being hopeful enough to warrant another delay. This is a melancholy circumstance in many ways, for while there are not many people here who anticipate a full Berlin settlement based on international control of the Autobahn or any other access routes, there are a good many who think that the readiness to discuss such proposals can be taken as fairly reliable evidence of Soviet satisfaction with things as they are in Berlin, and of a Soviet desire to prolong the existing situation by engaging in another round or two of time-consuming negotiations. For several months now, the prevailing opinion here has been that a settlement of the sort that could be written into a treaty is



"I don't really dislike you, Edward. It's just that I wish you didn't say 'ergo' quite so much."

unlikely in the extreme, because neither side is willing to yield on anything of substance, and because, furthermore, neither side has much confidence in the efficacy of its own proposals. International control of the Autobahn is a fine idea, but it isn't at present a very *necessary* idea; that is to say, it lacks the urgency it would have if Western access were presently being denied or restricted, or if there seemed much danger of fighting between Western and Communist troops. But traffic has been moving along at a good clip, and there have been only trifling incidents. The one major Western objection to the existing situation is the continued presence of the wall. The one major Eastern objection is the continued presence of Western troops. The West knows that the wall will not be removed, and the East knows that the troops will not be removed. If it is impossible to foresee a joint acceptance of changes in the postwar protocols and statutes that still theoretically establish and define the city's status, it is quite easy to foresee an unwritten understanding based on things as they are. Mayor Willy Brandt has said that he believes Mr. Khrushchev prefers this to the risk of "complications that no one likes." Herr Ulbricht has hardly been heard from since his February visit to Moscow, where, it is generally assumed, he was told to make himself scarce.

THE administration's approach to Berlin, to nuclear testing, and to a number of other questions is in many ways strikingly different from what it was a year ago. In the weeks before the building of Ulbricht's wall, and, more particularly, in the weeks immediately following it, the general feeling was that there might very well be no escape from war even if both sides wanted escape; the road to disaster, one State Department man said at the time, seemed like an expressway with all exits blocked. Now the general view is that a war over Berlin could come to pass only if it were preceded by some major upheaval elsewhere, such as an overturn of the leadership in the Kremlin. If the Soviets had resumed atmospheric testing in the early days of the Kennedy administration, and if it had been thought that they were anywhere close to overtaking us, we would have lost as little time as possible in conducting our own tests. Now, although we are getting ready for explosions in the atmosphere later this month, there seems to be little feeling that time is of the essence, and one has the impression that we would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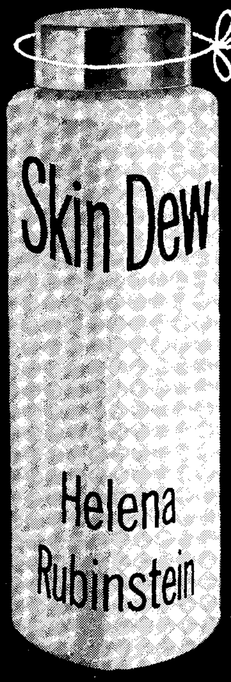
call off or postpone the scheduled experiments if the Soviets would give any encouragement at all to those of our negotiators who remain in Geneva. It is difficult to imagine the administration in its first months in office—even if one assumes that it was in possession of the data it has since assembled—seeking to deny the B-70 bomber to General Curtis LeMay and the Strategic Air Command. Now it does so quite confidently, and on the ground that the deterrent power the B-70 would provide would not be worth the ten billion dollars it would cost us over the next eight years.

To a degree, the more relaxed attitudes of the present are a consequence of the mere passage of time and the acquisition of experience. The fact that a head-on collision in Berlin was avoided during the period of maximum tension encourages the view that it can be avoided in a period of lessened tension, and the same fact encourages the view that we can get by for a bit longer with the deterrents we already have. But to a far greater degree, it would seem, the present attitudes have grown out of a deepening conviction that the whole nature of the Cold War has been changing—changing, indeed, to such an extent that it may be misleading to go on thinking of "the Cold War" as a term that describes, even roughly, the focus of our activity in the world. Throughout the Truman and Eisenhower administrations, it was possible to think of the world, or the greater part of it, as a theatre of conflict between "international Communism," with its headquarters in Moscow, and a politically and economically diverse group of powers, led in strength and prestige by the United States, that were opposed to Communist expansion. In English, at least, "cold war" was a good description of the relationship of blocs fiercely opposed to each other, constantly preparing for bloody conflict, but never quite engaging in it, and it seemed sensible enough to apply the definite article to the term. Cold war was not the only disturbance in international life, but it was the one that overshadowed all others; in any case, it was a single conflict between great power blocs. One thing perfectly clear today is that if the term "cold war" has any relevance at all, it is relevant not to a single conflict but to several. In Europe, and primarily in Germany, there is a conflict between the old antagonists—the Soviet Union and the NATO powers. In the Far East, there is another Cold War, between Communist China, on the one hand, and, on the other, some Asian powers that are whol-



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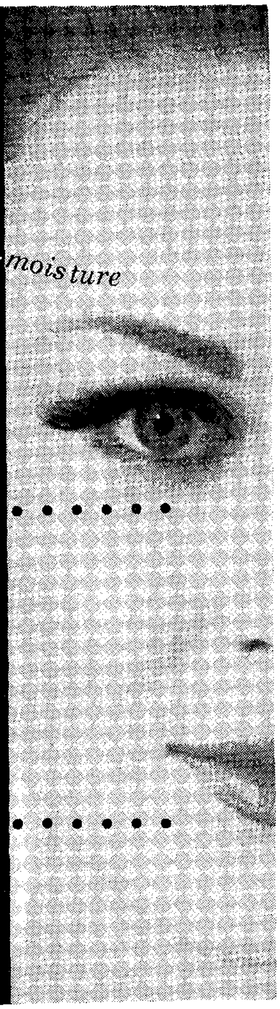

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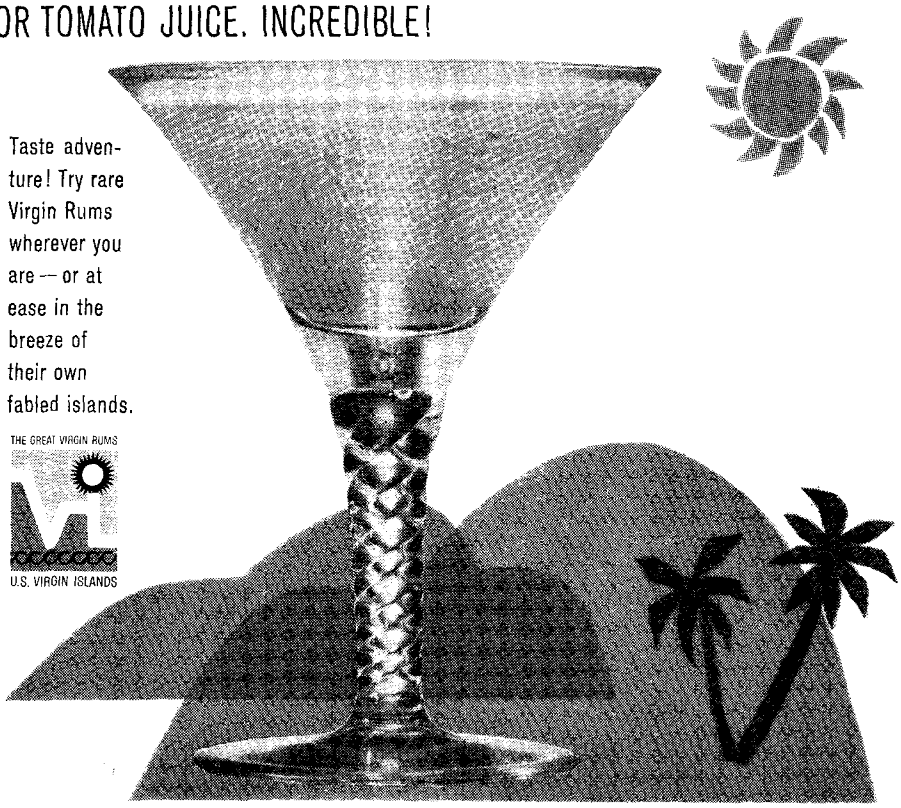

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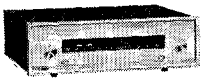

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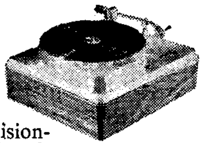

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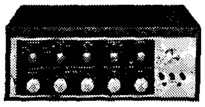

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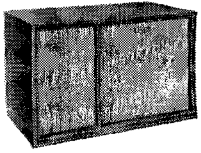

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ly independent and some that are client-states of ours. And there is plainly a third Cold War, within the Communist world, between the U.S.S.R. and Communist China. This may be settled rather more quickly than many people here would like to think, or it may grow more and more intense, but at present the tensions are great; indeed, the conflict is at least as fierce within the Communist movement and in those countries we continue to speak of as the "satellites" (despite the fact that many of them now describe very different orbits) as the original Cold War was in such places as the Middle East and Latin America. The term "international Communism" lacks the reality it had a few years ago; the threats to the security of other nations now come chiefly from "national Communism." There are today two principal varieties—Russian and Chinese—but the chances are good that in a very short time there will be three, four, or five. Fidel Castro in Cuba and Sekou Touré in Guinea are Communists who seem either compelled or determined to be independent of Moscow in their respective bids for leadership in Latin America and Africa; neither one may last even in his own country (Castro is having trouble with the Cuban Communist Party, and Touré has sent most of his Soviet advisers packing), but their examples show the difficulties of centralized Communist leadership where the lines of communication are geographically and culturally attenuated. If powerful Communist blocs develop in Latin America and Africa, it seems almost certain, in view of the experience the world has already had with Communism, that they will pose their own specific challenges, and that these might endure even if the original Cold War were somehow brought to an end.

The original Cold War goes on, not as the global conflict it once was and might conceivably once more become but essentially as a struggle over issues that are of paramount concern to the North Atlantic powers and the Soviet Union—the future of Germany and Eastern Europe, and the future of nuclear armaments. And in a certain sense it is possible to say that some phases of it are already over. In the late forties, when the Marshall Plan was launched and NATO was organized, the conflict raged in Western Europe itself, especially in France and Italy, and there seemed a real danger of Communist victory by subversion or by Soviet arms, or by a combination of the two. It is agreed in almost every capital that that phase is over. Since the middle fifties, at least,

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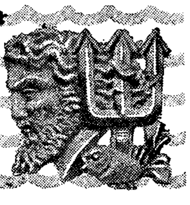

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Russia's chief concern has been with Eastern Europe, and the principal danger has been that war would be brought on as a consequence of its efforts to consolidate its position there. But for three or four years now it has been quite apparent that the Soviet Union is as fearful of nuclear war as the West, and shares most of the Western theorists' fears about the dangers of speedy "escalation" in the event of a direct confrontation by the conventional forces of nuclear powers. It would, of course, be foolish to suggest that the hope of Sir Winston Churchill and others that the possession of ultimate weapons would make war obsolete has at last been realized; it is not foolish, though, to say that for more than a decade the great powers have been *behaving* as though ultimate weapons had made war obsolete. Their conflicts in this period have been—as Louis J. Halle, one of the most brilliant of the original members of the State Department's Policy Planning Council, recently pointed out in the *New Republic*—like those of rattlesnakes, who push and wrestle with one another in fights for dominance but never bring these contests to an end by using their venom on one another. The nuclear powers today may differ in their estimates of the dangers of war by misunderstanding or miscalculation, but it is these dangers, rather than the dangers of deliberate, calculated war, that their diplomats are most eager to eliminate. The military men are concerned about keeping an adequate supply of ultimate weapons on hand, but this is because their governments wish to make sure that the deterrent power of their ultimate weapons is maintained.

There are other phases of the original Cold War that seem to be over—for the present, anyway. In the aftermath of the summit conference at Geneva in 1955, which was where the adversary powers originally formulated the concept of "competitive coexistence," it was assumed that there was to be a massive economic struggle on all continents between the United States and the Soviet Union. Each would seek to win the allegiance of the uncommitted powers by lavishing foreign aid upon them, by building dams and factories for them, by buying their raw materials, and by sending them boatloads of skilled technicians. There was reason to believe that the Soviet Union was for a time quite serious about this; it undertook some fairly large projects, a few of which are still in existence. But the economic contest never became a serious one, and Soviet aid never became a really impor-

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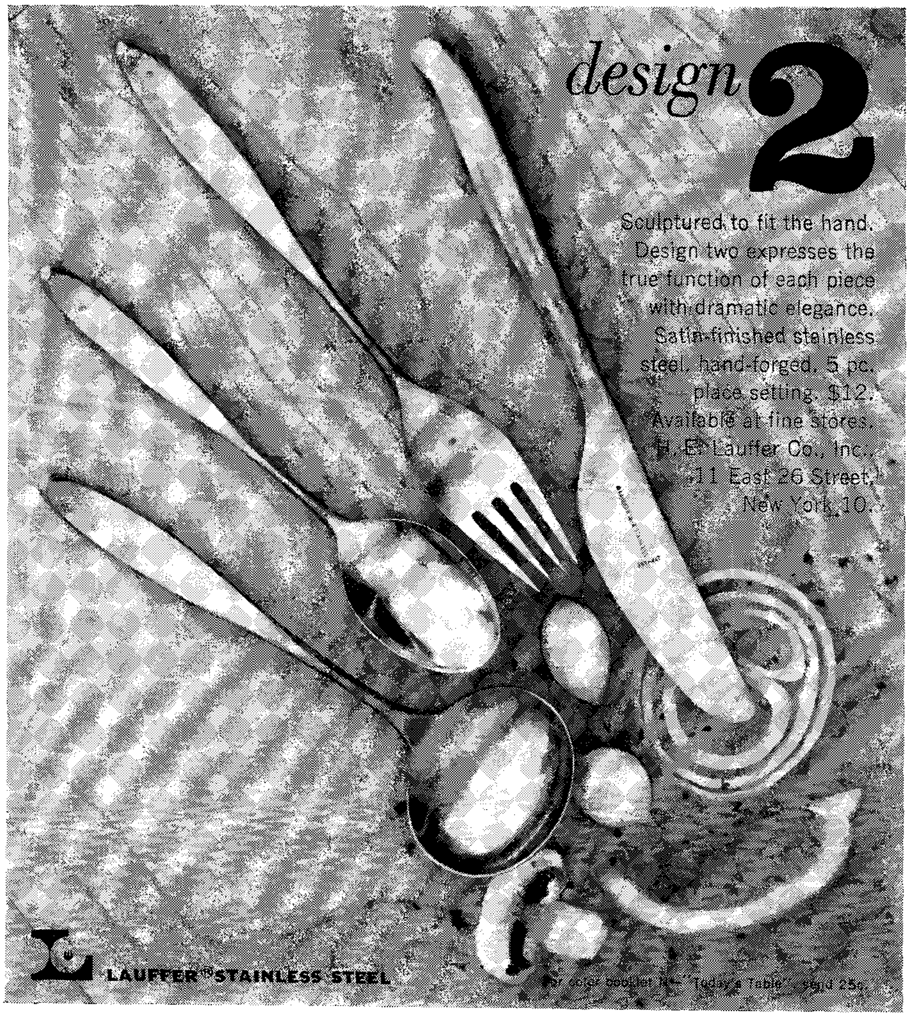

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tant factor except in a few countries whose economies were so small, as in Cuba, or so primitive, as in Afghanistan, that something approaching dependence could be bought very reasonably. It may be that the Soviets observed that American economic efforts outside Europe were not getting us much in the way of outright political support; it may be that they came to feel that their own economy was not as well adapted to enterprises of this sort as to certain others—the great leap into space, for example, which probably brought Russia more awe and prestige than fifty hydroelectric projects would have done. In any case, the economic contest fizzled out and is today not one half as important as the direct propaganda contest, the paramilitary operations, or even the political agitation by the Communist parties.

No one in the administration has thus far attempted a full or coherent appraisal of recent changes in the world as they are seen from here, and it is going to be some time before any politician with his wits about him ceases to justify his decisions and indecisions by calling them contributions to "the struggle against international Communism." In a democracy under arms, almost as much as in a totalitarian society, there is a need to keep nourishing the citizenry's sense of beleaguerment—to keep the people alive to the possibility of defeat while assuring them of the certainty of victory. It is easy to frame a speech saying that we are opposing a global conspiracy; it is difficult to frame one saying that we confront several enemies, some of whom are fighting one another, and that, in addition, we face a number of sticky problems with our friends and several other problems with peoples and forces that are neither for us nor against us. No one has said or is likely to say that Major General Edwin Walker is as close to the truth when he says we have a "no-win" policy as are those who say that we have a "win" policy. The President has evaded rather than met the issue when he has said, on a number of occasions, that in a nuclear war there can be no winners. He has not said that, assuming there is no nuclear war, we will probably all be dead from more or less natural causes before it is possible to say whether things have worked out well or badly in Africa, in Latin America, in Southeast Asia, or even in Central Europe. Mr. Kennedy has, however, gone quite a distance in trying to make clear what he considers to be the true dimensions of the problems facing American diplomacy. At the University of California a couple of weeks

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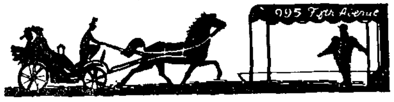
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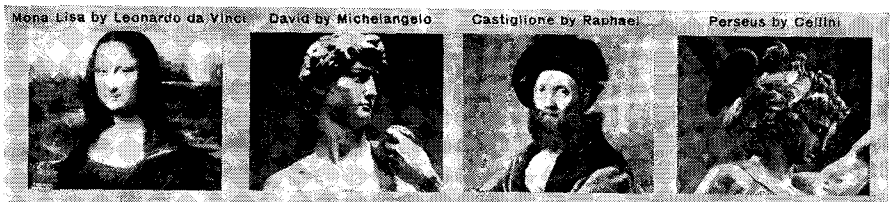
ago, he dwelt not on the urgency of rallying peoples to resist "conquest of the world by a single dogmatic creed" but on the hopeful prospects that might come into view with "the liberation of the diverse energies of free nations and free men." He pointed not to a Communist bloc united by its hostility to us but to the "profound divisions within the Communist world itself," and he singled out the emergence of the new sovereignties in the world as "a fundamental fact of our era," and one that is quite distinct from the fundamental fact of conflict between Communist and anti-Communist powers.

What is not explicit in speeches is implicit in the substance of policy. Our military planners are still thinking, as they must, about the original Cold War. It might take cunning and ingenuity to meet military challenges outside Europe and from adversaries other than the Soviet Union, but none of them would require much in the way of power. Less and less of our diplomatic and economic and political activity, however, is directed primarily toward gaining an advantage in the conflict with the Soviet Union. The case for a test ban, arms control, and general disarmament rests not on ideological considerations but on prudential ones. It is the arms race itself, far more than the political character of the powers that have developed ultimate weapons, that constitutes the main danger. Control of some sort would be almost as urgent if the Soviet Union and the United States were not ranged against each other but were close allies. The case, indeed, would be very strong if there were only one nuclear power; as John McCloy, the President's disarmament adviser, has recently pointed out, the danger of accidental self-destruction—of blowing ourselves up, or of the Russians' blowing themselves up—is not much less than that of accidental war. The administration is employing a good deal of Cold War rhetoric in stating the case for its trade policy, but the merits of the case would be about the same if there were no conflict at all. The same is true of our efforts in the underdeveloped parts of the world. It is a fact, of course, that there are Communists in Asia, Africa, and Latin America who are eager to impose their own kind of order and who see their best chances wherever there is now disorder and poverty. The last few years, though, have revealed more of Communist weakness than of Communist strength in these places. Yet neither this nor the Soviet Union's declining interest in development schemes



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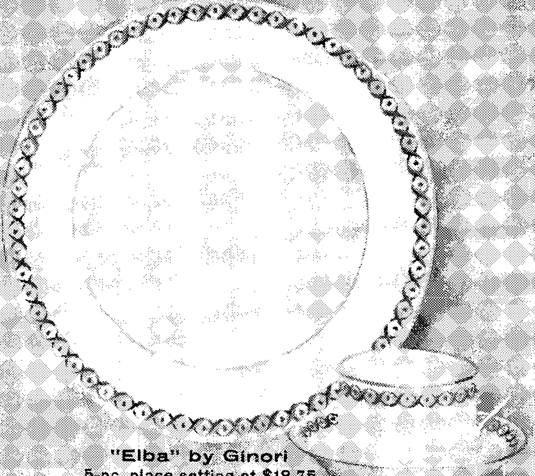

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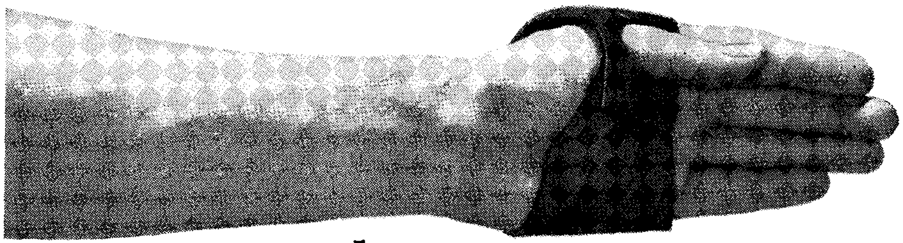

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has lessened the enthusiasm for this sort of activity in our administration or among our politically independent authorities on the problem. The non-Cold War argument for a vigorous development program rests on two assumptions. One is that the widening gap in well-being between the peoples of the developed and the underdeveloped regions—essentially between the Northern Hemisphere, including the Soviet Union and its European allies, and the Southern Hemisphere—will in time create non-ideological tensions fully as hard to endure as those of the past ten or fifteen years. The other, suggested in the President's words about liberating "the diverse energies of free nations and free men," is that an increase in the number of power centers in the world, though it may produce new anxieties and hostilities, will tend to make the present ones less dangerous.

When American policy toward "international Communism" took shape, in the late forties, it was based, rather shakily, on the premise that the Communist expansionist drive, particularly if it met with repeated frustrations, would in time disappear. And it was then the American view, and that of most of our allies, that the Communists were probably right in two of their major premises—that Marxism was a single global movement (that, no matter in how many places it took hold, its direction would be centralized), and that all Communist powers would have identical aims; these were bits of Communist doctrine subscribed to by nearly all anti-Communists. The first premise remains to be confirmed. The second, happily, has turned out to be wholly mistaken, and the consequence is that the expansionist drive has been fragmented and, in a sense, turned inward. The Cold War has changed in meaning for the Communists, too, and become less relevant to many of their problems. What this administration hopes, one gathers, is that it will in time end by becoming irrelevant to most of the world.

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THE ART GALLERIES

American Abstractionists

IT seems fairly well established that human life began in the Eastern Hemisphere, not in ours, and it is generally accepted that what we now call modern art originated in an even more localized section of the same area—France. According to my sources, it took man from five hundred thousand to a million years to make the migration to this country, and he did it west to east, finally arriving by way of the Bering Strait. Modern art came by a shorter route, east to west, and—as the new loan show of paintings, sculptures, and other works at the Whitney Museum, called "Geometric Abstraction in America," indicates—made the trip in considerably shorter time. In fact, because of the period selected for exploration, the exhibition tends to exaggerate the length if not all of the perils of the journey. Apart from a few slightly earlier pieces (notably the fine "Egg Beater, No. 2," by Stuart Davis, one of the famous series of such studies he did in the late nineteen-twenties), the focus is on the three decades from 1930 to the present—at least a full generation later than the parent developments abroad—while in my view modern art had been infiltrating over here long before that.

There was the Armory Show, to begin with (it has become almost obligatory to cite that, and give its date, 1913, in any discussion of modern art in this country), and even before it a number of American artists—among them Arthur Dove, Alfred Maurer, Marsden Hartley, Max Weber, and Davis himself—had travelled abroad and been impressed by what they saw going on there. It is true that a great part of their and other men's early work does not come strictly under the Geometric label, but the show itself overflows here and there into other categories in the broad, general field of abstraction—as in the airy studio interior "Blue Space," by Balcomb Greene, Georgia O'Keeffe's sinuous "Black, White and Blue," and Hans Hofmann's "Fall Euphony," none of which seems to me to fall, really, within the titular classification. The show strains at the seams in other ways, too, most particularly in the inclusion (Marsden Hartley's very early and rather dry "Movement No. 9" and

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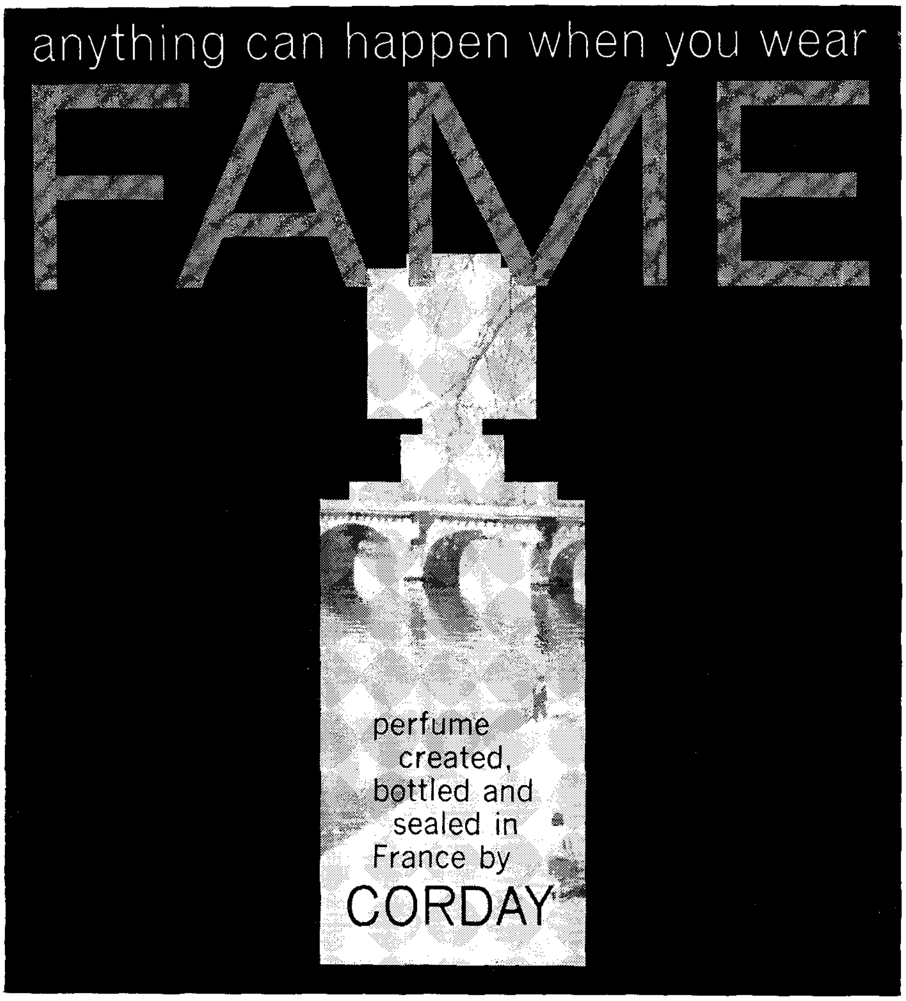

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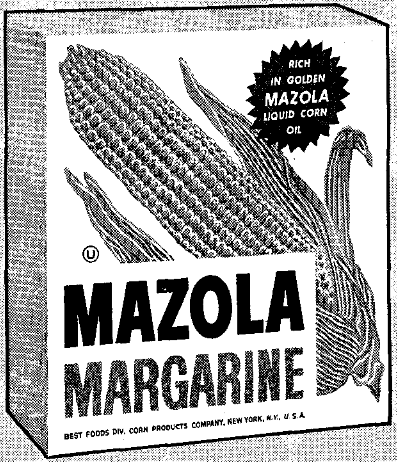
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the Hofmann just mentioned, among them) of quite untypical examples of the artists' over-all production, apparently to round out and enlarge the scope of the exhibition.

All this, I imagine, was done with the idea of presenting a collection that would be neat, compact, and attractive, and if the emphasis is on this idea, rather than on true authoritativeness, it must still be said that, taken on these grounds, the show is an enjoyable and instructive one. I was especially interested to note the influences that have been at work here in the period covered by the show. Piet Mondrian is not represented, though he lived and worked here for the last four or five years of his life, but there are echoes of his stylistic approach everywhere, from such fairly direct evocations as the Burgoyne Diller "Construction," dated 1942, and Harry Holtzman's four-sided painting called "Sculpture" to such others, more remote in their derivation, as Ilya Bolotowski's "White Abstraction" and "Yellow, Black and Gray Horizontal," and the "Tondo No. 46, Relational Painting," by Fritz Glarner. Moholy-Nagy is another pervasive influence, partly perhaps because of his position as head of the New Bauhaus in Chicago during its short but lively existence in the nineteen-forties, and so is Josef Albers.

These last two men are well represented in the collection, Moholy by an oil called "Space Modulator" and an intricately involved construction, "The Spiral," and Albers by the early "The Gate" and "Bent Black 'A,' " both of which are of interest for their elusive perspective suggestions, and the more recent, beautifully organized "Homage to the Square: 'Ascending.' " Of them all—and to my surprise—Kandinsky's influence seems in some ways the most powerful, or am I reaching out too far in relating him as a background figure in such superficially quite different pieces as Perle Fine's jaggedly patterned "In Staccato" and Carl Holty's nervous, jagged "Of War"? I don't think so, though I confess I had never before noticed this relationship, which appears even more unmistakably in the ladderlike design of Jean Xceron's "Composition 269."

I was interested as well in following the development of some of the artists in this period. I could have wished that the exhibition had fringed out a trifle more chronologically; as it is, setting 1930 as the starting date smacks of arbitrariness, since such men as Ralston Crawford, Richard Lippold, Ellsworth Kelly, and Sidney Gordin were relative-

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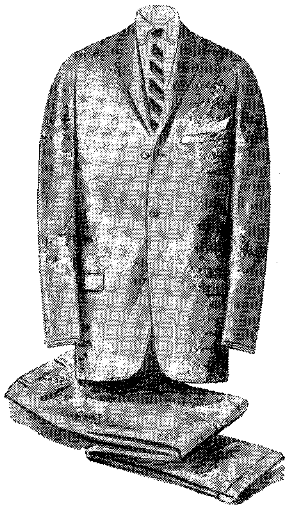

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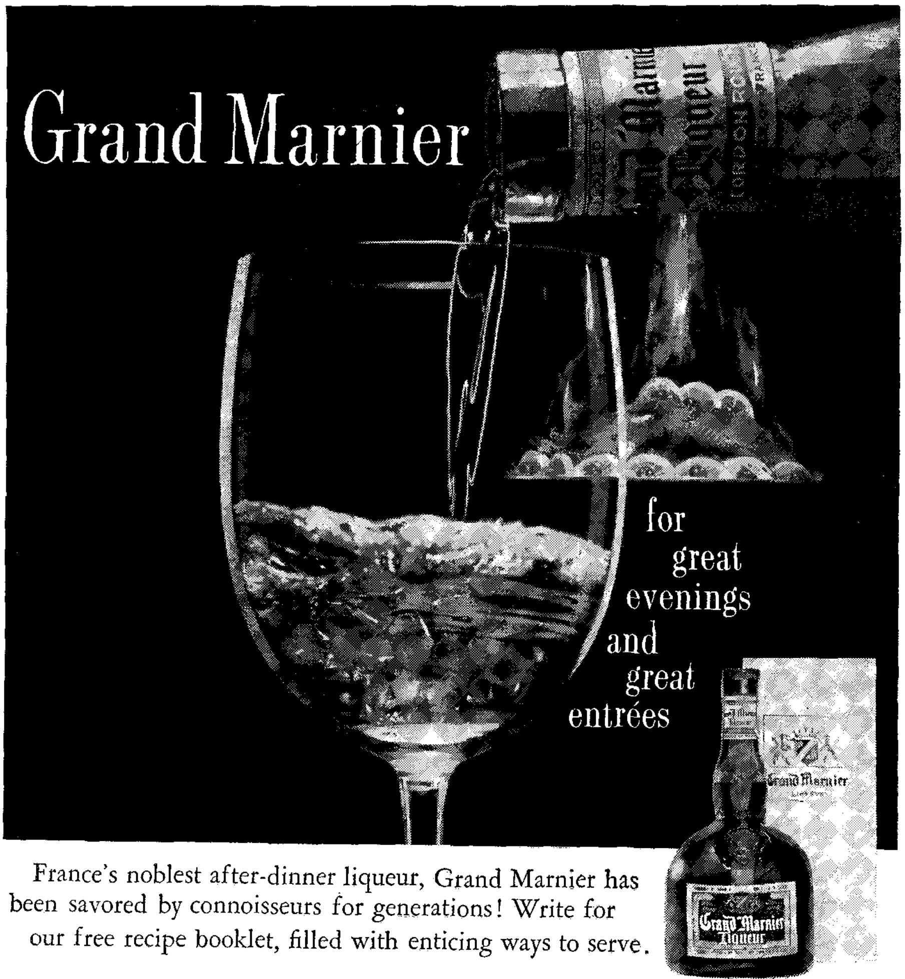
ly in their infancy, while most of the others I've mentioned were in mid-career. Even so, there are some rewarding comparisons to be made—for instance, the relation between David Smith's early, chunky "Unity of Three Forms" and his larger, infinitely more confident "Nine Cube Unity," of just last year, and between an earlier "Construction," of 1940, by Diller, and his similarly conceived but much surer "Second Theme—Gray," also of last year. The adaptation of European abstract principles to the demands of American expression, it would appear, was not always an easy matter.

TWO important contemporary sculptors—Alexander Calder, at the Perls, and Henry Moore, at the Knoedler—bring us works that, big as they are (and they are big, make no mistake about it), manage generally to live up to their size in their feeling of monumentality. Of the two men, I had the feeling that Calder was a trifle less securely at home with the heroic style, to which he has lately turned, and the result is a slight sense of unevenness in his exhibition, which, although it contains only half a dozen pieces, crowds the gallery. Nearly all are stabiles, and of these "The Fountain," made up of a cluster of spikily uprearing triangular slabs of metal, is slightly heavy-handed, while "Clouds Over the Mountains," in which a silhouetted black range of hills is surmounted by a fluttering white mobile, seems, for all its unquestionably dramatic impact, fairly literal in conception. I liked better his huge, spraddly-legged "The Crab," and the large, horizontally patterned mobile called "The D and the Delta," which is a marvel of exact balance and movement.

THE main focus in the Henry Moore exhibition is on a group of large bronzes, some of them towering and totemic in design, and some less abstract but still sharply stylized studies of human forms. Most were done in the past five years or so; all are heroic in size, and, to be honest, I found them breathtaking. Even as I write it, I am conscious that "totemic" is a word that is often misused, or used so often to identify anything tall, columnar, and barbaric in suggestion that it has lost its true mystical connotation. Moore's work succeeds in bringing that connotation back, and in such pieces as "Glenkiln Cross," with its vaguely defined, eroded torso, and the even more impressive "Upright Motive No. 2," there's a deep feeling of religiosity that is as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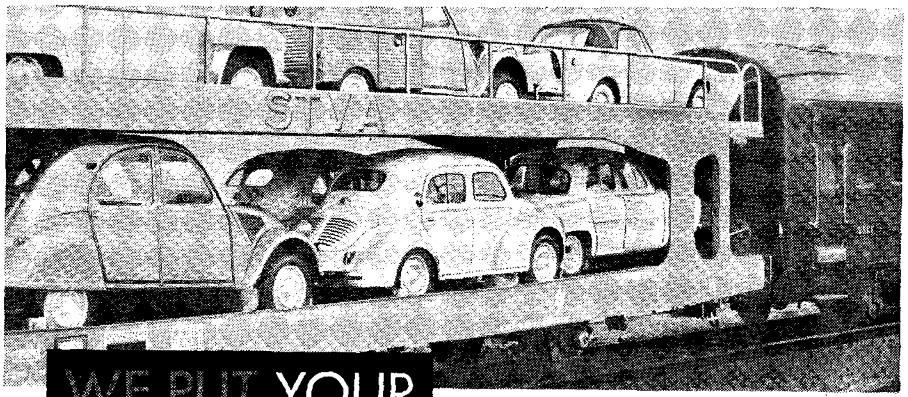
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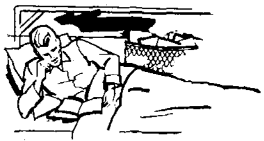
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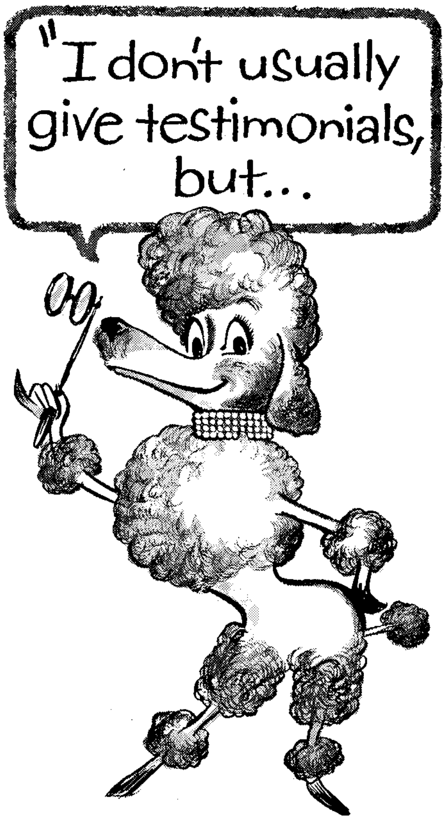
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serene as it is all-embracing. The same feeling, more explicit philosophically and mixed with compassion, flows over into the figure studies, most particularly the gaunt, highly simplified "Bone Figure (Knife Edge)" (note its resemblance to the "Victory" of Samothrace), the technically more experimental "Helmet Head, No. 3," and the "hollow" "Reclining Figure (Exterior Form)." Praise prolonged, though, can be cloying; I'll just add that it's definitely a show not to be missed.

THE Downtown Gallery, which has been uptown for over two decades, is in its thirty-seventh year, and I imagine most people think of it as being generally conservative, in line with the established tradition of more or less realistic painting. The show now there is "Abstract Painting in America, 1903-23," and it was planned, I suppose, as a pendant to the Whitney affair I've been speaking about. It turns out to be more than that. Eleven artists are represented by some sixty pieces. Stuart Davis leads the list, alphabetically, and William Zorach ends it, and all are members of this supposedly conservative gallery's group. What one gets, however, is a thumbnail roster of artists who have been among the most important figures in the abstract movement in this country. Only four of them—Davis, Dove, Hartley, and O'Keeffe—are also in the Whitney show, and because of this, and because of its broader frame of reference, the Downtown exhibit complements the Museum affair in more ways than one. Both the Davis "Apples and Jug" and the Hartley "Painting No. 5" (with its Expressionist undertones) help illuminate these artists' early development, while the O'Keeffe "Cerise and Green" and "Light Coming on the Plains III" reëstablish her on her usual plane of quite ungeometric emotionality. I liked, too, among many others, the Niles Spencer "City Walls," the Max Weber "Two Sculpturesque Heads," and the Sheeler "Pertaining to Yachts and Yachting."

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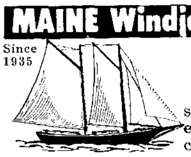

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LETTER FROM PARIS

APRIL 3

PARIS will now go back to politics, or as close to politics as the French ever get under President de Gaulle. The French are invited to vote next Sunday in a referendum, which will be like voting under a blanket. In his own recent words on television, de Gaulle asked them to give him "a massive affirmative response," declaring their adhesion to him "in my capacity as chief of state"—a strange but not unaccustomed request on his part for direct homage to that double identity in his eyes, France and himself. The referendum is really a popularity ballot, the mute and only way his people can speak to him quantitatively after what he said to them on television—a vitally significant popularity test, after his Evian truce accord, to make his high standing perfectly clear to France itself, to the dissident European Algerians, to the O.A.S. madmen, and to the world in general. Affirmative votes in the referendum will signify approval of de Gaulle's cease-fire agreements and give him the power to carry them out, but—and this is the surprise package under the blanket—it will also give him the expression of confidence that he asked the people for in regard to problems unconnected with Algeria, which he has never deigned to describe. All the Left and Center parties (the Socialists, the Communists, the bourgeois Radicals, and the Radical Socialists) are committed to voting "yes" but say that they will be voting "no" in their hearts on those unspecified new problems—that they will vote "yes" for him now and for his peace, and "no" against him himself when they can vote out loud at the coming elections. The liberal Catholic M.R.P. Party, which used to be Georges Bidault's group, will also vote "yes," probably also with its fingers crossed; Bidault, who has lately become quasi-O.A.S. and has a new party, La Démocratie Chrétienne, has asked his supporters to follow him and not vote in the referendum at all. Some of the country members of the Centre des Indépendants et Paysans group have stated that they won't vote, either ("It is like betting on heads or tails—too much of a gamble"), and the Unité de la République, pro-Algérie Française, will

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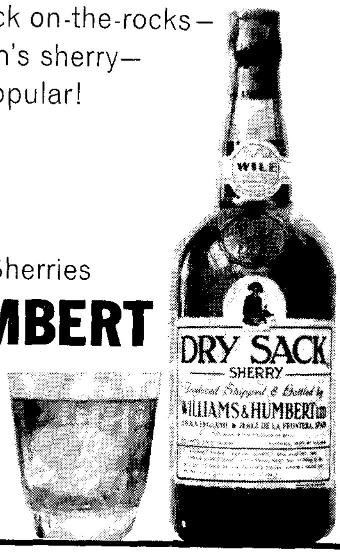

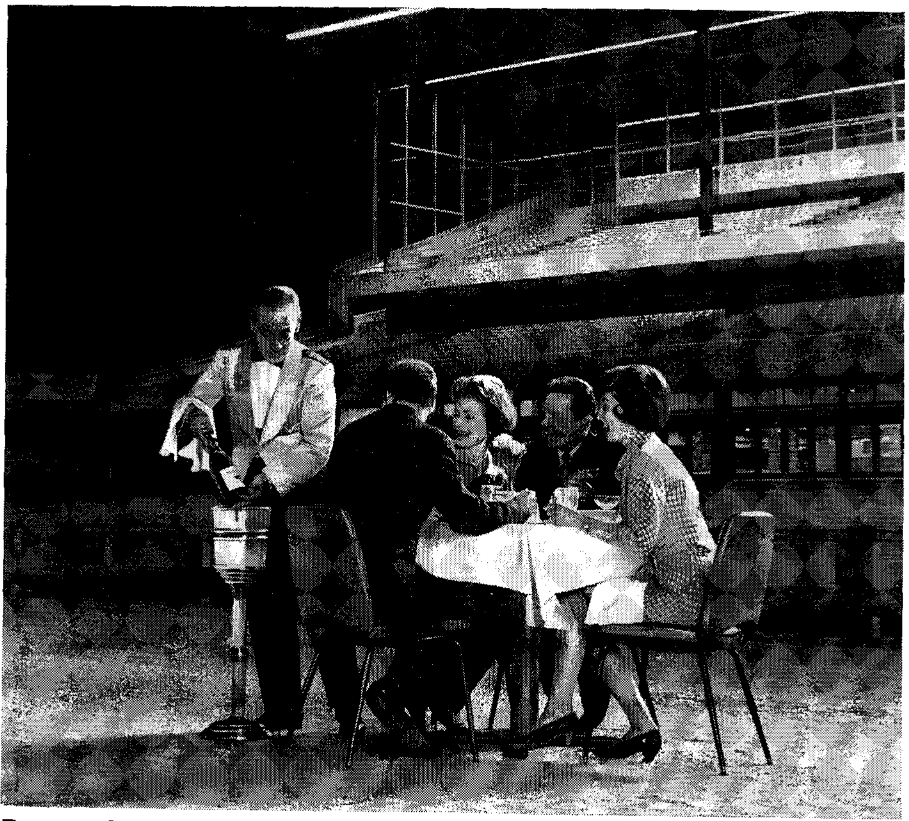

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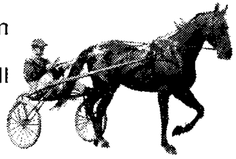

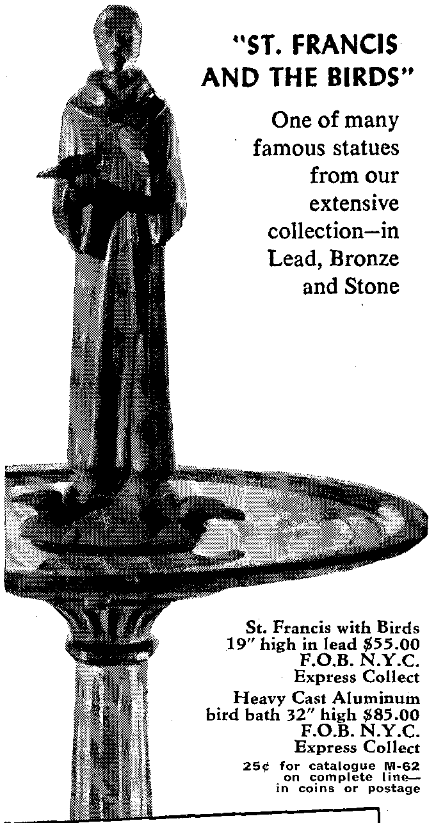
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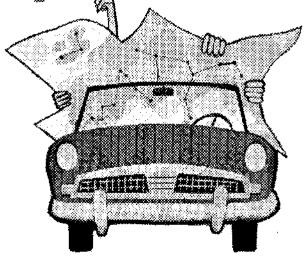

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also not vote; it would be voting "for our own exile," the party states with melancholy. In the right-wing rich, powerful Indépendants group, each man will vote as he chooses, which will lead to plenty of dubious ambiguity. The U.N.R., which is the Gaullist party and which the General disdains like any other political entity, will, of course, vote for him with devotion and not be thanked. Three weeks ago, it founded a little daily newspaper called *La Nation*, to aid its Parliamentarians and new candidates, and even President de Gaulle himself, in case there really are elections in July. But it seems a slim help to one of his stature. It consists of a single sheet printed on both sides, neither of them important or interesting.

HUNDREDS of O.A.S.-network men in Brittany, in southeast France, in southwest France, and all over and around Paris (like the *plastiqueur* who was picked up a couple of months ago in the Pam-Pam café on the Place de l'Opéra) have been arrested, often with their names published in regional or national papers, yet rarely do they seem to come to trial, or even to be heard of again. There is undeniably and naturally a considerable amount of sans-culotte emotion here—an impatient and so far defrauded feeling that for their organized wickedness, for the anguish, destruction, and, in some cases, death or mutilation they have caused, at least certain individuals among them should be trussed up by the law and punished. The recent capture of ex-General Edmond Jouhaud, wearing a false goatee and eating cookies with a young girl secretary in a smart seaside Oran apartment house, has aroused in the public here a wave of curiosity and bitter interest in his coming fate. He is to be tried in a week. He is the first of the important O.A.S. leaders captured in Algeria since the Secret Army Organization became an open rebellion against the government. He was born a *pied noir* in Algeria, was an excellent Resistance officer, but late in 1958 had already become sufficiently suspect to de Gaulle to be promoted to Chief of the Air Staff in Paris, as a means of getting him out of his homeland. His is a military trial that will be second in interest only to the trial, so long ago now, of Maréchal Pétain; though Jouhaud's is far less significant, it deals with similar delinquencies in national honor, anti-republicanism, intimacy with enemy propaganda, and the tarnishing of French patriotism and arms. Jouhaud's colleagues in the April mutiny were Generals

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IT has been a long time since a major art exhibition openly publicized itself as having anything at all to do with beauty, the word having lapsed out of style. It is now reëstablished in the elaborate and leisurely title "Première Exposition des Plus Beaux Dessins du Louvre et de Quelques Pièces Célèbres des Collections de Paris." As an announcement, "First Exhibition of the Most Beautiful Drawings of the Louvre" has breathtaking authority. The drawings chosen are merely a hundred and twenty in number—the museum's optimal treasures, redoubtably selected from the eighty thousand that fill the Louvre's Cabinet des Dessins, richest in the world. The "Certain Celebrated Items from the Collections of Paris"—meaning those other treasuries, the Bibliothèque Nationale, the Institut de France, the Beaux-Arts, and the Petit Palais—number only fif-

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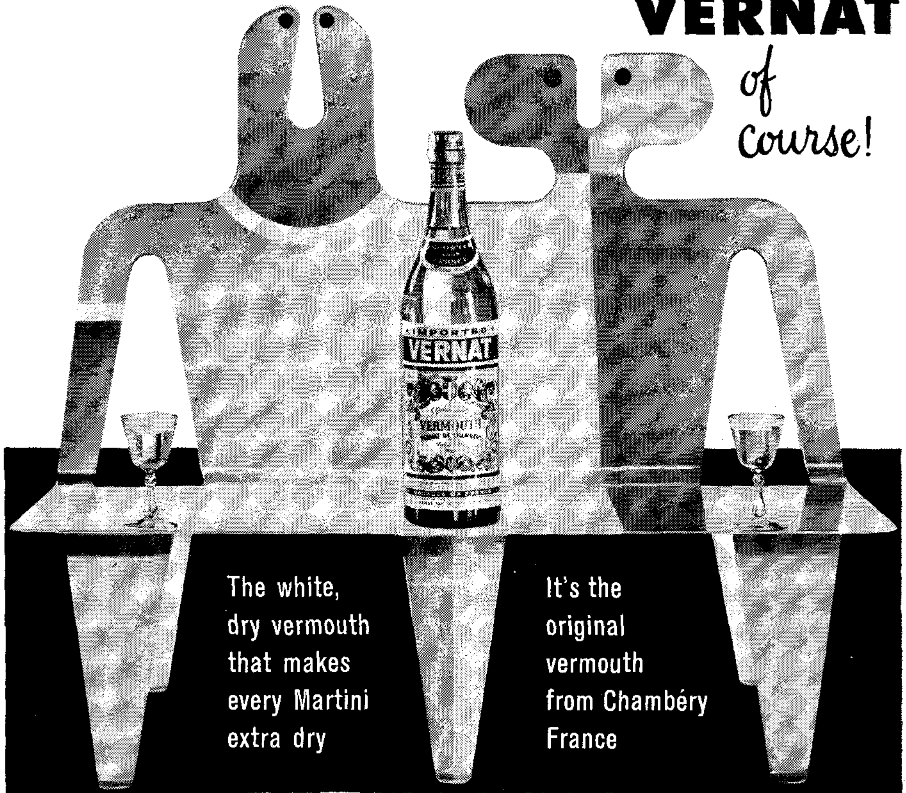

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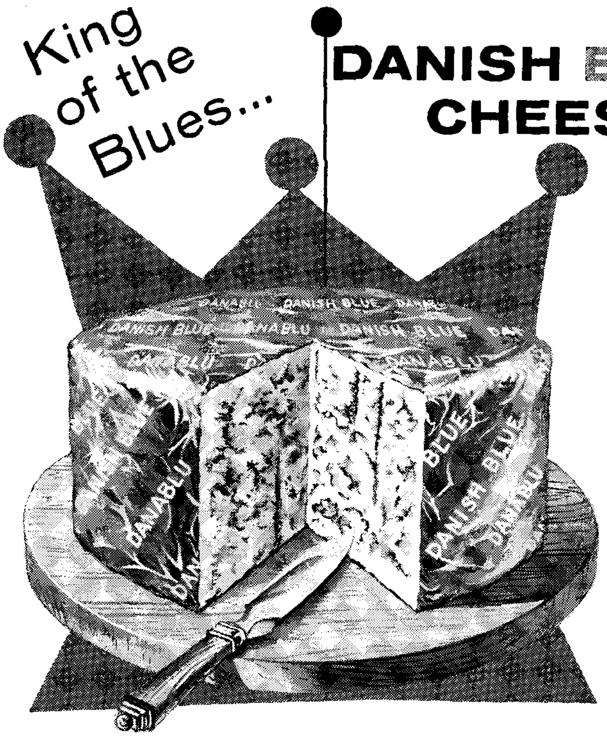

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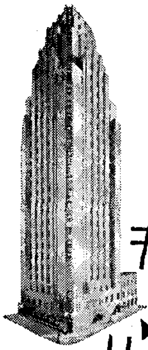

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teen. This assembly of a hundred and thirty-five famed pieces, surely the smallest, strictest, and choicest exhibit ever culled from such plenitude, is the French state's rarest official show of the year and will be on view until the end of May in the small Galerie Mollien of the Louvre itself. As the elaborate catalogue states, this exhibition was requested by M. André Malraux, Ministre d'Etat Chargé des Affaires Culturelles, "to whom drawings are of particular interest"—and to whom a special public with similar appreciations is thus beholden.

The earliest drawings date from the first half of the fifteenth century and come from Italy, being Pisanello's celebrated pair of saddled horses, alive all these centuries because of the exact art of their delineation. The last ones are early drawings by great modern French artists who mostly died in this century, such as Cézanne's nude of his corpulent wife, Renoir's three sketched nude maidens for his "Grandes Baigneuses," and a beauteous Degas female nude with lifted arms, from the painter's pure youth. There are several da Vincis, and although they include a "Virgin and Child" and his famed portrait of Isabella d'Este, the greatest of them all (and the most dazzling piece in the show), made while he was still a student in Verrocchio's Florence studio, is "Study of Drapery," such as might lie across the Virgin's knees, his young genius having so nobly draped its rhythmic folds—mere textile, but recorded with intense mastery of execution—that it is the most celebrated of all his exemplary fragments. Among the Michelangelo sketches are the "Resurrection of Christ" and a curious one of a nude male in a distorted pose of distress. There is an exquisite Raphael, "Young Woman by the Window," posed like Mona Lisa, and a splendid, sanguine del Sarto of a man with his hair standing on end, intended for a Medici villa. Among the northerners there is Albrecht Dürer, who in the spring of 1495, as he was coming through the Tyrolian mountains after his first visit to Venice and its painters, made and colored fifteen drawings, of which the most beautiful was of the Val d'Arco, depicting a fortress as if built only in his imagination, above fresh green valley trees and amid a rocky landscape, intricate and unreal. There is one of his noted charcoal portraits of the kind-faced humanist and feminist Erasmus of Rotterdam, this one drawn in Brussels, and also shown is a portrait by Holbein of the Earl of Southampton in

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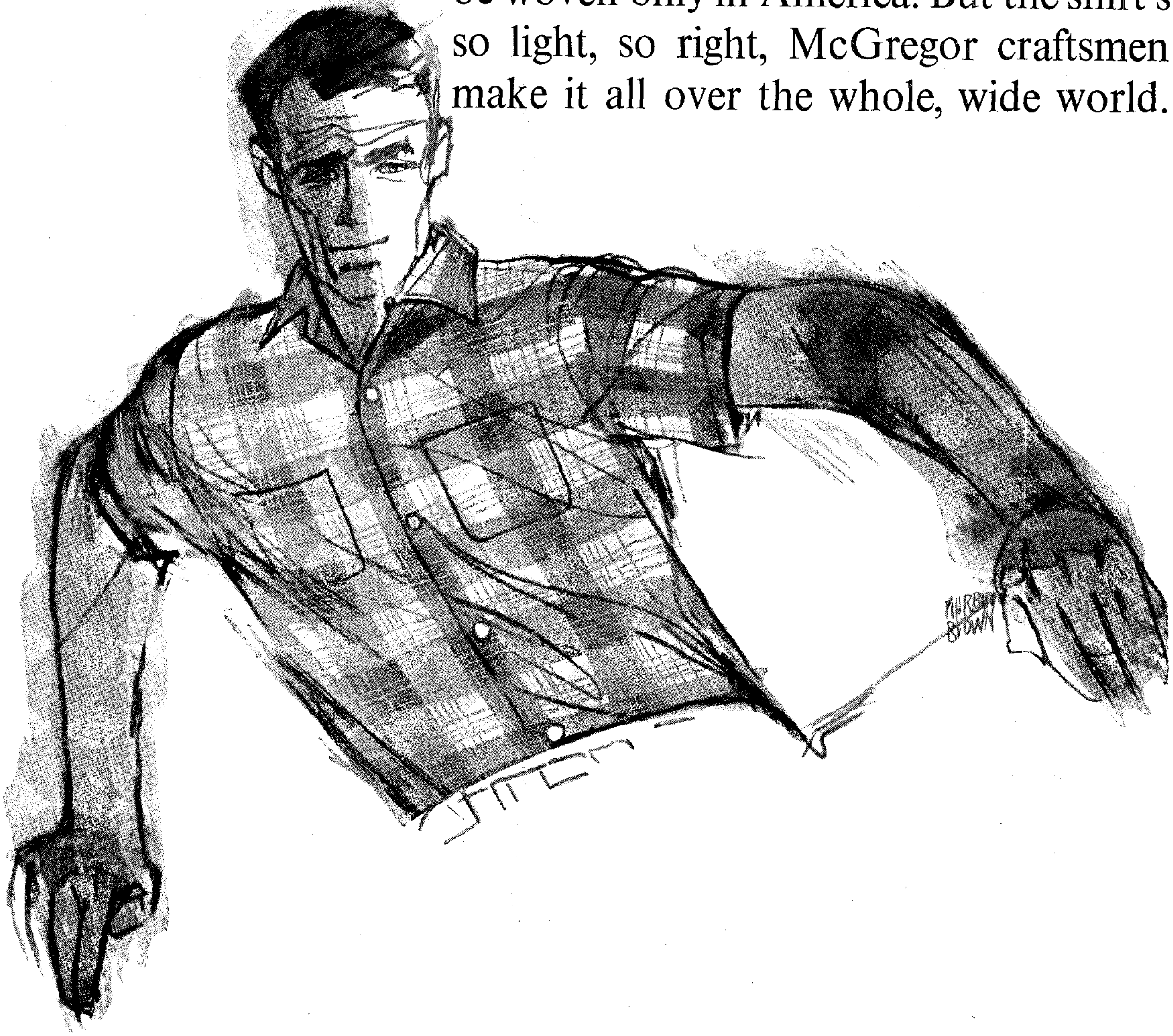

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London, done just before Henry VIII noticed Holbein and made him the English court painter; it was a small world for painters of genius, and they all got about in it. After the delicate Lowland Virgin heads of van der Weyden, things changed, for Rubens, Rembrandt, and Vandyke set in with a new style, making modern portraits of queens, nobles, and the bourgeoisie, splendidly manifested in this exhibition. But drawing in its purer forms had earlier gone farther south, to France (Fouquet, Clouet), where it continued safely into the early eighteenth century of Versailles, formal gardens, and gallant ladies *en déshabillé* by Watteau, Boucher, and the virtuoso Fragonard, whose handling of his crayons placed him among the greatest *dessinateurs* of his time. What superb drawings of his in this show! It seems unbelievable that he, like Boucher, was influenced by Rembrandt; after Boucher died, Fragonard bought his Rembrandt drawings and etchings—close to a hundred of them—to harden his drawing hand. The show ends with good drawings by Delacroix; a Zola-like Daumier; an admirable Degas of Mary Cassatt tying on her bonnet; a lovely domestic drawing of Odilon Redon's homely, beloved wife; a Seurat pointillist cookstove; and a page of Gauguin's "Noa Noa." Really, none of these comes up to Pisanello's two horses. —GENÊT

•

BALD MOUNTAIN—The Mountaineers 4-H Club attended Achievement Night at Cambridge Central School Saturday. Mark Harrington won a transistor radio for placing second in the ticket-selling contest for Fair ride tickets.

George Harrington Jr. received a pin as his national poultry award.

Diane Harrington, attending as individual member, received a participation certificate for judging at the Fair and a five-year completion win. The members were accompanied to Cambridge by Mrs. George Harrington.

PERSONALS

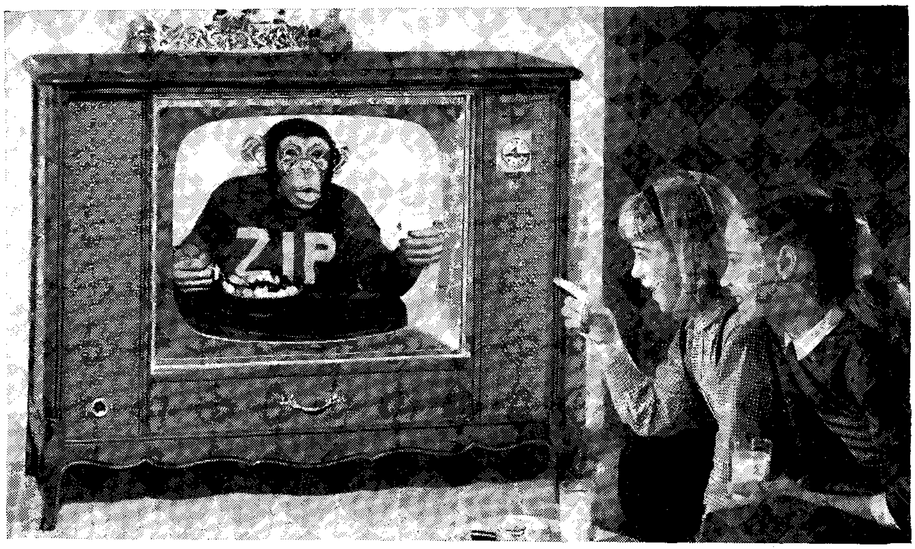
Mr. and Mrs William Harrington of South Argyle called on Mr. and Mrs. George Harrington and family.

Mrs. George Harrington attended the preferred hostess Stanley supper at the Blue Sky Restaurant Wednesday night and won one of the special prizes.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brayman of Fort Edward spent Tuesday afternoon at the George Harrington home while Mrs. Harrington was in Saratoga Springs.

George E. Harrington Jr. returned to State University College at Plattsburgh Sunday afternoon after spending the weekend with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George E. Harrington.—*Saratoga Springs Saratogian.*

Who in the world are these Braymans?



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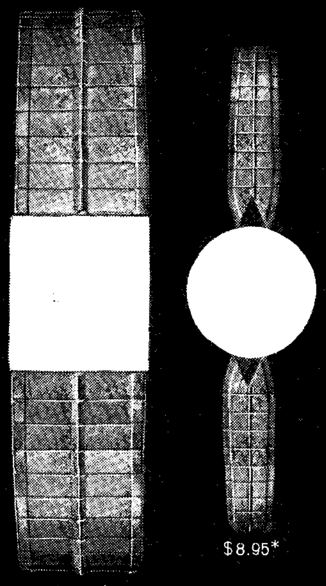

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Teen-Aging

I KNOW not what Mayor Wagner and other occasion-proclaimers may do, but as for me, I hereby proclaim this Tiny Tot Week, with all the rights and privileges thereunto pertaining, among them the almost total abdication of one's critical faculties. For the two pictures I have to deal with are plainly designed for children, or perhaps I should say are designed for plain children, and it would be folly to object that for us members of the post-teen-age set—and a very small fraction of the population we seem to be these days—the pictures will prove to have their languors. "Moon Pilot" is a milky-smooth science-fiction comedy from the hand of Walt Disney, and is remarkable solely for being so subversive; it pokes fun at the Air Force, the F.B.I., the United States Senate, astronauts, motherhood, and the one thing that is currently more precious to us than motherhood—I refer, of course, to outer space—and I'm sure that only the notoriously respectable Mr. Disney could afford to tease such a herd of sacred cows without being publicly trampled to death by them. Imagine making a picture about a handsome young Air Force captain who is afraid to volunteer to go into orbit around the moon and has to be literally prodded into doing so by a chimpanzee with a fork! Imagine making a picture in which our hero, *in uniform*, is shown going A.W.O.L. somewhere beyond Andromeda, with a girl who not only isn't an American citizen but isn't even human, and, to add insult to injury, speaks with an accent!

For the information of my young friends, the handsome astronaut who behaves in such an un-Glennlike fashion is Tom Tryon, and the girl who comes from the planet Beta Lyrae and lures Tom into accompanying her there is Dany Saval. Miss Saval, who is nineteen and rather fluttery, isn't really from Beta Lyrae; she's from Paris. Homeworld girl makes good.

"STATE FAIR" is the sort of picture that goes on being made over and over, on purpose, and I don't suppose it's any better or worse this time around than it was in 1945, when Rodgers and

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Hammerstein first turned it into a musical, or in 1933, when it starred Will Rogers, Janet Gaynor, and Lew Ayres. Some new songs have been inserted by Mr. Rodgers, and the setting, which I recall as having been Iowa, is now Texas, but if anything else is novel, it doesn't feel that way. Of the four members of the happy, homespun Frake family, Mom is played by Alice Faye, Pop (or is it Dad?) is played by Tom Ewell, son Wayne is played by Pat Boone, and daughter Margie is played by Pamela Tiffin, who gives the impression of being a direct descendant of Little Miss Muffet. At the fair, Wayne meets and falls for an aquacade dancer, and Margie meets and falls for a TV announcer—precise clues to how skimpy their choices were back on the farm. The aquacade dancer is played by an actress whose full name appears to be Ann-Margret, and I don't envy her when it comes to opening charge accounts. The TV announcer is played by Bobby Darin, who, like Pat Boone, sings and sings, in a strong little voice. An important party to the proceedings is an enormous Hampshire boar named Blue Boy. Now do you remember?

—BRENDAN GILL

•

THE UNCLOUDED CRYSTAL BALL

[*From "Pragmatism," by William James, 1907*]

The scope of the practical control of nature newly put into our hand by scientific ways of thinking vastly exceeds the scope of the old control grounded on common sense. Its rate of increase accelerates so that no one can trace the limit; one may even fear that the *being* of man may be crushed by his own powers, that his fixed nature as an organism may not prove adequate to stand the strain of the ever increasingly tremendous functions, almost divine creative functions, which his intellect will more and more enable him to wield. He may drown in his wealth like a child in a bath-tub, who has turned on the water and who can not turn it off.

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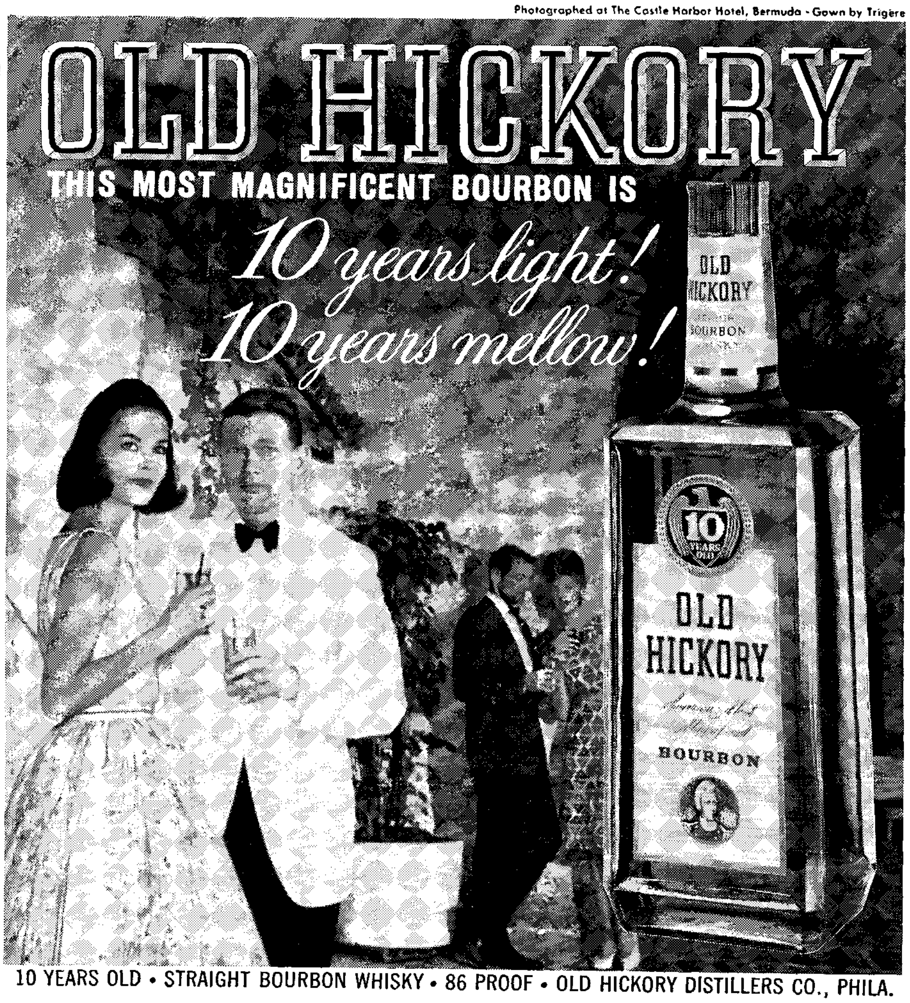

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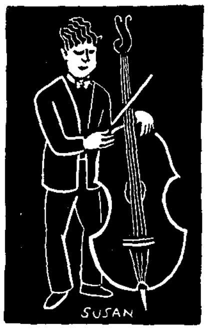
MUSICAL EVENTS

Time on His Hands



LEONARD BERNSTEIN started the second half of last Friday afternoon's Philharmonic concert in Carnegie Hall with a curious disclaimer, which was, as far as I know, unprecedented in the annals of symphonic performance. He declared himself to be at complete odds with his soloist, Glenn Gould, who was presently to play the piano part of Brahms' First Piano Concerto. The interpretation that was about to be set forth, he said, was Mr. Gould's idea, not *his;* in fact, he disapproved of it, and was going along with it against his better judgment, mainly out of respect for Mr. Gould's remarkable musical intelligence. Having thus washed his hands of responsibility for anything that might ensue, he proceeded to conduct the work according to what presumably were Mr. Gould's specifications. Mr. Gould himself, having ambled to his place at the piano in a manner that suggested somnambulism, provided an even more colorful demonstration of dramatic eccentricity than usual. He crouched with his head in his hands, took an occasional sip of Poland Water from a glass, conducted Mr. Bernstein with sweeping gestures of his left hand, flung his arms toward heaven in gestures of supplication, and, all in all, did practically everything but roll on the stage floor. Having watched Mr. Gould's performances for a number of years, I was not surprised by these extracurricular antics, but I *was* surprised by what reached my ears on this occasion. Mr. Gould's new concept of the concerto consisted simply in playing it just a little more than half as fast as other pianists play it. It is difficult to fathom precisely what he had in mind in inflicting this queer slow-motion reading on his audience. Perhaps he sought to emphasize the fact that Brahms' music is usually played somewhat faster and somewhat more rigidly today than it was in the pre-Toscanini era, and that some of its romantic magic has been lost in this change of fashion. But even the heaviest and slowest of old-fashioned Brahms virtuosos would never have retarded a work like this to the creeping pace that

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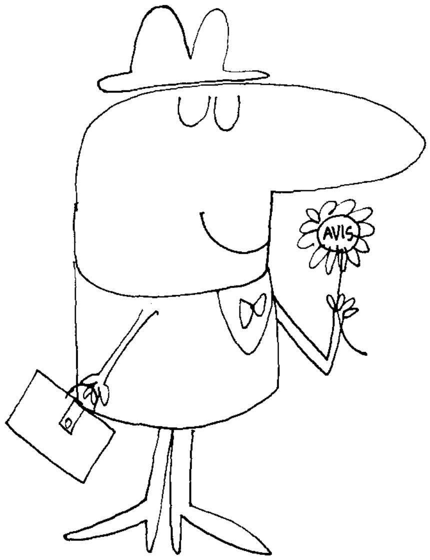
Mr. Gould chose for it, and certainly no old-time magic resulted. The pace, indeed, was such that all the work's stirring momentum was lost, and a kind of agony set in, similar to the feeling of impatience one experiences while riding in a delayed commuter train and counting off the interminable stops that separate one from one's goal. I have often admired Mr. Gould's performances in the past, and I hate to play the role of schoolmaster to the very young, but I must say that the incredible arrogance involved in disregarding the great tradition of three or four generations of supreme virtuosos does not sit very well on Mr. Gould's shoulders. This tradition is almost as sacred as the notes Brahms himself wrote down, and one does not flout it unless one is as good a pianist as, say, Josef Hofmann, which Mr. Gould is not.

I was glad to see some works of the Danish composer Carl Nielsen resuscitated during the first half of this program, since Nielsen is one of those Late Romantic composers—Pfitzner and Dohnányi are others—who have been neglected recently in favor of men of less talent but more sensational appeal. His Fifth Symphony and the overture to his opera "Maskarade" were the pieces that were played the other afternoon, and though neither of them has the pronounced imprint of a great master's personality, each shows a profound understanding of the art of symphonic music and enough originality (or special north-European poetic outlook) to make it a rewarding experience. The Adagio and Presto movements of the symphony are of particular beauty, and the overture is exuberant and quite delightful. Mr. Bernstein conducted the symphony brilliantly, and left the conducting of the overture to an assistant, John Canarina, who officiated adequately, though I suspect that a more mature hand would have evoked a greater degree of polish and bravura from the Philharmonic's strings.

ON Friday evening, I dropped in at the City Center, where the New York City Opera was putting on one of its numerous recent performances of George Gershwin's "Porgy and Bess." The performance I saw was by no means an entirely satisfactory one. The girl who sang Bess was no great shakes as a vocalist; Rawn Spearman, as Sportin' Life, seemed to be bent on impersonating Al Jolson's impersonation of a Negro, rather than on giving a credible characterization of an inhabitant of Catfish Row; and there was a



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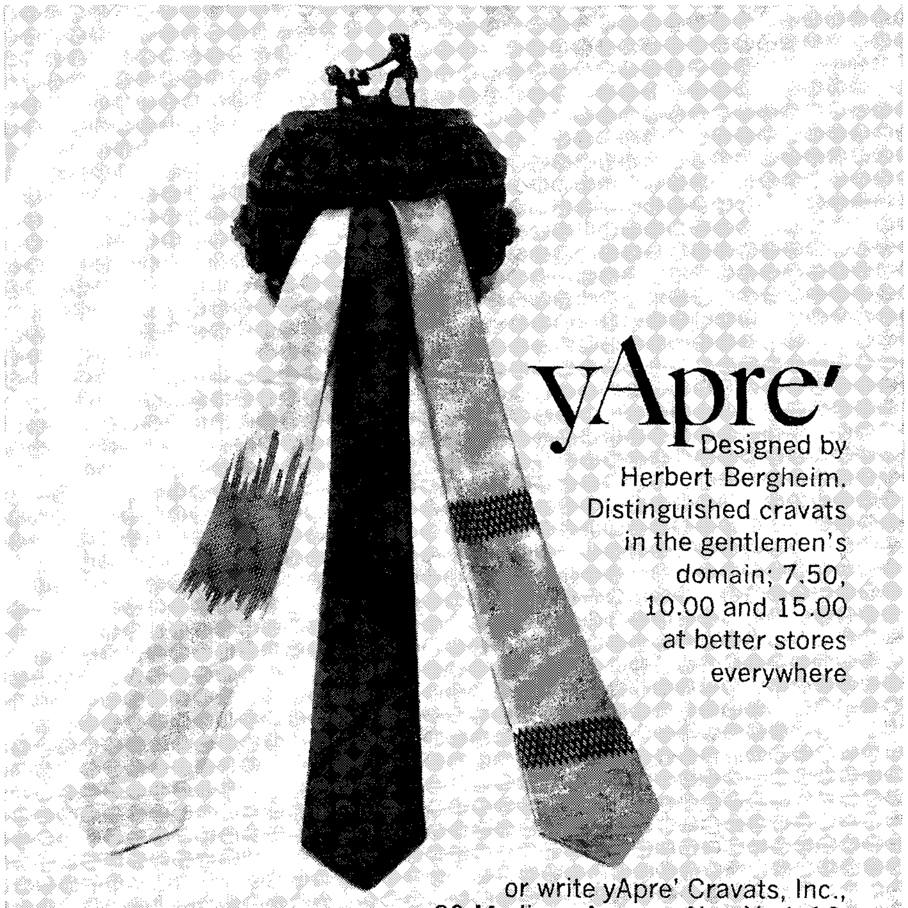

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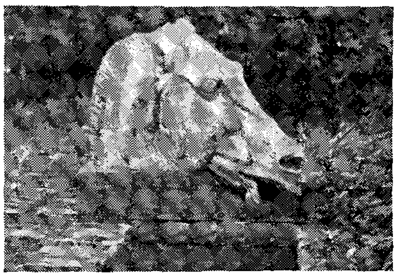

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frightful amount of mechanical unanimous arm waving, which I suppose is to be credited to William Ball, who did the staging. Here and there, to be sure, there were a few good things, including some very agreeable singing by Gwendolyn Walters, as Clara (the character who sings "Summertime"); a generally praiseworthy Porgy, done by Lawrence Winters; and quite a number of nice touches in the bit roles.

During most of the evening, however, I was occupied in trying to reassess this very popular opera, which has certainly demonstrated its right to be called the most successful American work of its genre, and which I had not seen for a number of years. "Porgy and Bess" does contain flashes of genius. They are to be found in the unforgettable Gershwin tunes that embellish it, and, to a slightly lesser extent, in the inimitable lyrics concocted by Ira Gershwin for such numbers as "It Ain't Necessarily So." It also has a viable drama, though this seems to me to involve a good many stereotypes of both plot and character and to present a picture of Negro life that is gradually becoming almost as dated as "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The necessity of singing synthetic spirituals, the romanticizing of the Negro as either a sexually supercharged animal or an oily crook or a good, infinitely pitiable masochist are all part of this picture, and it is a picture as seen from Broadway, with all the Broadway clichés and not much depth. The music, moreover, is Broadway music—music that reflects what Broadway thinks the Negro should feel, not what his own musical expression shows him to feel. Some of it—the tunes—is especially fine Broadway music, since Gershwin was a master songwriter. But the connecting tissue—the recitatives and the music accompanying stage action of one sort or another—is, on the whole, extremely crude and, from the operatic point of view, inept. The scene between Crown and Bess on Kittiwah Island, for example, is not necessarily, in itself, vulgar, but it becomes inexpressibly vulgar when thrown into relief by raucous music that might have been written for a bump-and-grind routine in a burlesque house. To me, "Porgy and Bess" remains a bastard product, in which the aggressiveness of the brasher type of old-fashioned musical show is mixed uneasily with some of the ingredients of a subtler art form. As a show, it has its points, and, again, the tunes are superb, but I cannot see it as what it is often called—America's great contribution to opera.—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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Is there any exercise that will develop my little legs? B. F. G., Washington.
—*Glamour.*

Yes, there is. But generally speaking it is inadvisable to exercise the little legs. Enjoy them in passivity. Remember, your little legs are little for a good reason, and if you will forgive our saying so, we think yours are rather cute—especially that little left one. Exercise would put an unwarranted strain on these tiny members, and we do not recommend it.

Consider the advantages of little legs! Beach avoidance is an obvious one. A girl with your limbs is not tempted to join beach parties and picnics, where exposure is the thing, the heat oppressive, the food improperly prepared, the men torpid and wearisome in the thin shade of the umbrella, the girls subjected to the lewd glance of customers' men and shell collectors, satiety gripping everyone as the noonday gin wears off, and the fierce aftermath of sunburn, snarled traffic, and sand residue in the underthings. With your little legs and natural disinclination to show them, you can sit quiet and composed on a cool veranda, reading "Sense and Sensibility," while conventionally formed women clog the littoral.

Or take sailing. Like the thin tendrils of the clematis, the little legs wrap themselves round and round the jibstay while you are forward, leaving you with both hands free to handle the anchor. Girls with legs of a stouter sort and larger diameter are clumsy and insecure in similar circumstances.

Take the chase. We are thinking of butterflies. If you have a net, and an interest in Lepidoptera, you are beautifully equipped to exploit the sunny hours. The little legs, because of their frailty, give you a lurching motion when you are on the run, and this is just right for butterfly work, as the butterfly's progress in the air is so erratic as to make the lurching hunter more likely to connect than the hunter with normal legs and a forward motion lacking in unpredictability.

Yes, enjoy your little legs! And remember, too, that Nature has chosen to place you in the company of some of her loveliest creations—the African dik-dik, the barn swallow, Ethel Merman. The swallow's marvellous body, its wings and tail, combine to produce a kind of elegance and grace in flight, yet the swallow has slight support below. Almost no legs, you might say. This is your lot, and should be your pride. Although in your inquiry nothing was said about the rest of your body, which the little legs uphold, we are not deceived. It is, we feel sure, superb. You can't fool this old fellow.

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BOOKS

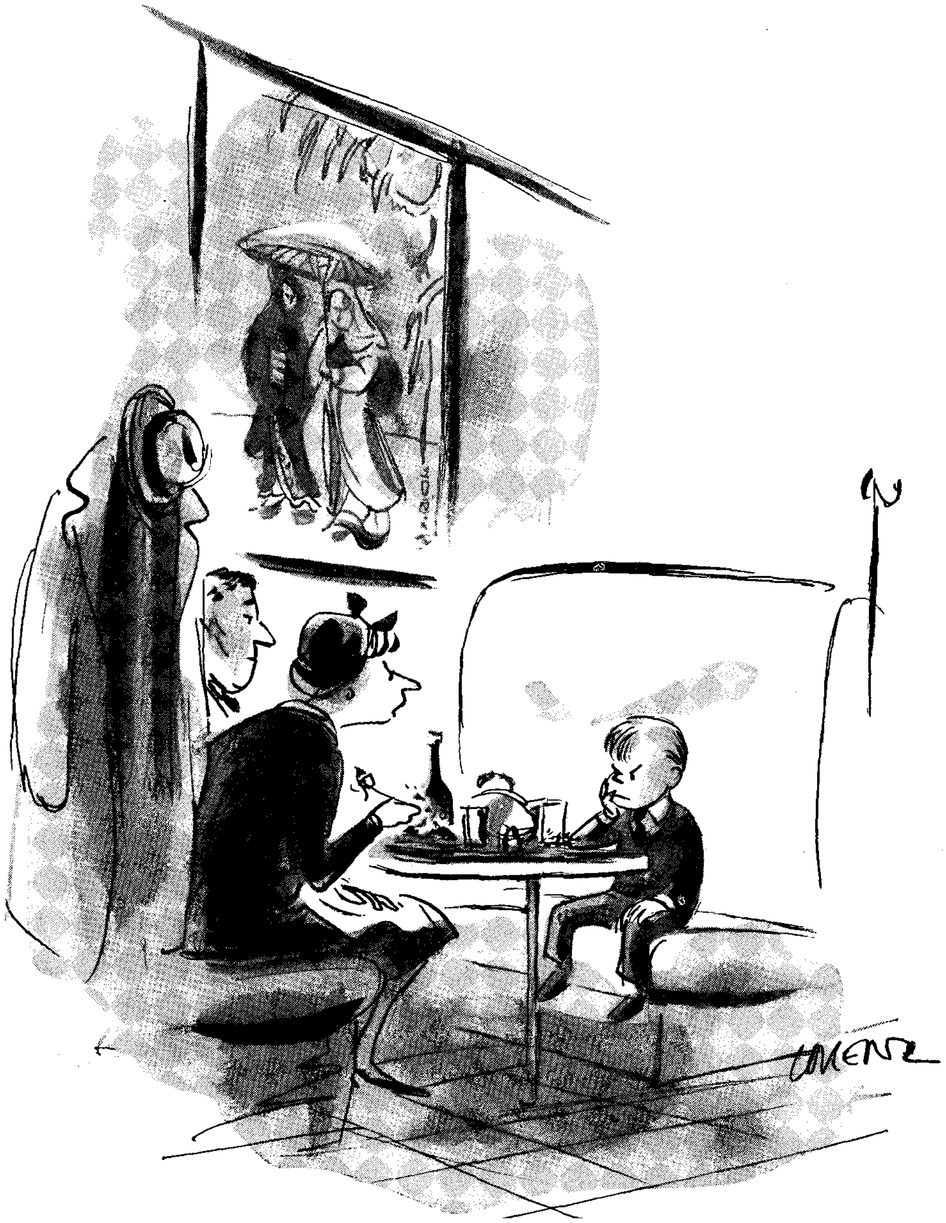
Men of War

BARBARA W. TUCHMAN has an extraordinary ability to write about war as if the complicated, confusing mess were clear. In her third endeavor, "The Guns of August" (published by Macmillan, and latched onto by Book-of-the-Month), she puts this skill to brilliant use in dealing with the first month of the First World War—all of it, that is, except the first Austrian invasion of Serbia, a mistake that was called off after one week, and the opening engagements between the Austrians and the main strength of the Russian Army in Galicia. Despite these deliberate omissions, she has a great deal to cover—the German swinging thrust from Liège, "the portcullis guarding the gateway into Belgium," through Belgium and northern France to the Marne and beyond; the gruesome fighting in Lorraine and the Ardennes; the campaign in East Prussia, where the Germans engaged the Russians; and the weird escape of the German cruisers Goeben and Breslau, which were in the Mediterranean when the war broke out. She also devotes an entire chapter to the German Navy's surprising refusal to leave its home base, Heligoland Bight—and what a marvel of compression and wit that chapter is!

And first, before the fighting begins, Mrs. Tuchman sets the scene—the European political situation, the maneuvers of the diplomats during the final hours of peace. Her exposition is of such elegance that it hardly seems possible that she is merely polishing off the obligatory preliminaries. On top of that—in order to study the failures of the war plans, or the failures to execute them properly, when the conflict began—she is required to detail the German, French, British, and Russian schemes as they were evolved during the two decades before 1914, and she transforms even this dusty technical material into a fascinating series of chapters.

Her big point is that von Moltke's meddling with the splendid von Schlieffen Plan, which he had inherited from his predecessor, explains Germany's failure to defeat France and Great Britain that very first August, and that Joffre's uninspired execution of France's Plan XVII, combined with Sir John French's hesitation about letting the British Expeditionary Force fight, led to the Allies' failure to cripple the Germans on the Marne in September, and that together these lapses produced an enormously influential lack-of-a-decision. "The deadlock," Mrs. Tuchman says, "fixed by the failures of the first month, determined the future course of the war, and, as a result, the terms of the peace, the shape of the interwar period, and the conditions of the Second Round." There was no better world after the war—the one dénouement that could have justified in some measure its appalling cost. The war's length and the peculiar ugliness of the trench warfare on the Western Front added to the feeling that it had all been in vain. I'd have been just as happy if she had omitted this thesis. She needs no excuse for concentrating on the August battles; it is enough that they were fought and that she can describe them so well.

Mrs. Tuchman's style is acerbic and funny, though irony, by force of circumstance, is her principal kind of humor. She asks her readers to pay close attention; her prose quickly covers quantities of compressed information in just a sentence or a short paragraph. (Rapid-reading students, bent on skimming, should choose another text for practice.) She reveals, without showing off, that her researches have gone to unusual lengths; her use of specific detail—the colors of things, for in-



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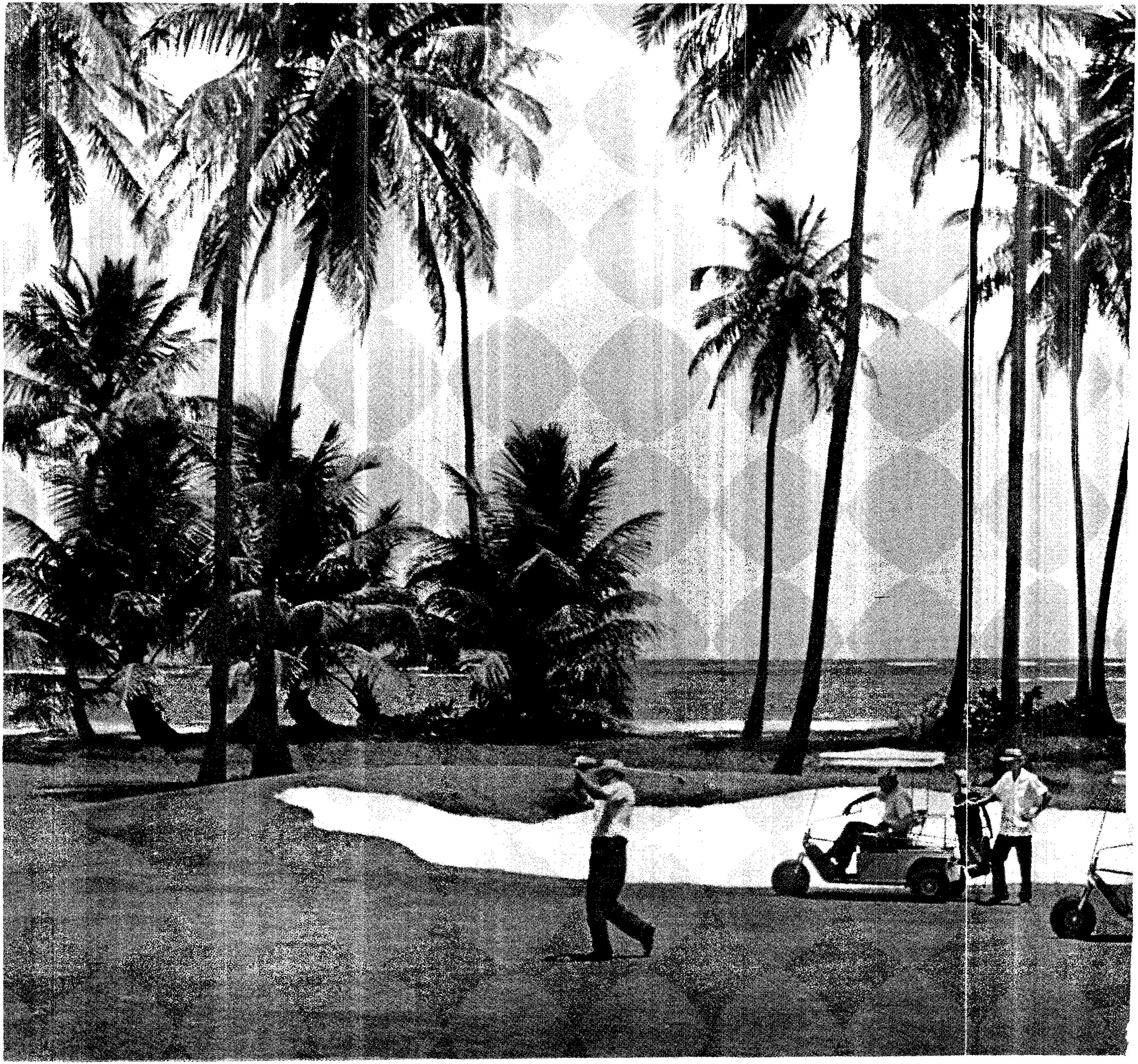

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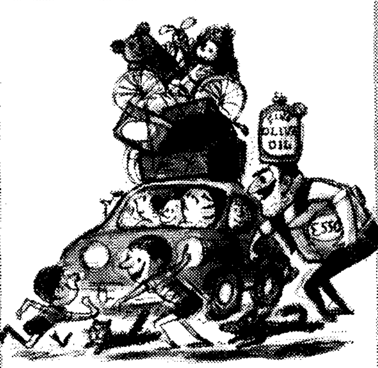

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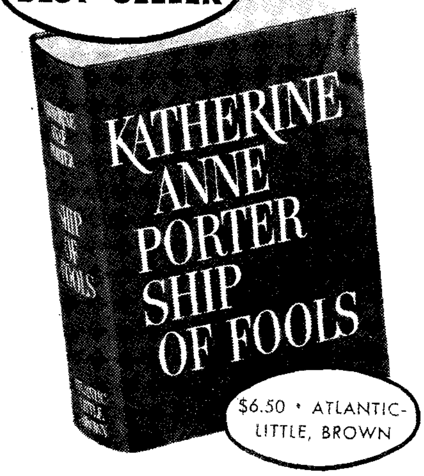

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stance—implies interminable hours in libraries. (According to the dust jacket, when she devoted a month to travelling over the battlefields she chose August, when, presumably, the terrain would look as much as possible the way it did in August of 1914.) Her narrative grips the mind; she does not need maps—which is just as well, because the accompanying maps are second-rate. Instead, she uses excellent descriptions of places and, above all, puts emphasis on the commanders and on how they made their decisions. Almost everybody she mentions by name is described vividly, and the important soldiers get biographical and character sketches—brief, mostly, but to the point—which she slips adroitly into the developing narration. Her actors are well portrayed, and the idea of tracing an army's or a division's route in detail—the usual preoccupation of military-history fanciers—to her hardly seems worth bothering with. All in all, Mrs. Tuchman's account is so deft that I imagine "The Guns of August" will come to be the authority on the battles it describes, just as Mrs. Cecil Woodham-Smith's "The Reason Why" acquired this honor (and responsibility) in relation to the Crimean War.

The last word on historical controversies has often gone to the best writer, which isn't entirely unfair. Mrs. Tuchman leans toward seeing issues as black and white, but her control of her material is so certain and her opinions are so passionate that it would be risky to argue with her. Still, I think it's axiomatic that any military history is no more than a slice or two of the whole truth. Mrs. Tuchman, by virtue of her nearly perfect literary triumph, may outshine all the other accounts of these actions and so obliterate some differing interpretations and some differing perspectives that may be worth saving. I notice that she seems to despise nearly all her generals. Pity might have been equally appropriate. She uses the phrase "the military mind" several times as an insult. I'm not sure I know what it means. Is it the kind of mind good generals don't have? Mrs. Tuchman proves, beyond question, that those August battles were tragedies of error. But I've always understood that every battle, closely examined, was a catalogue of blunders. Perhaps she blames von Moltke, Joffre, French, and the others for some things inherent in the nature of war. She is unduly upset—she mentions it repeatedly—by Joffre's famous insistence on good meals at regular hours. Of all the failures she describes, von Moltke's tampering with the von Schlieffen Plan

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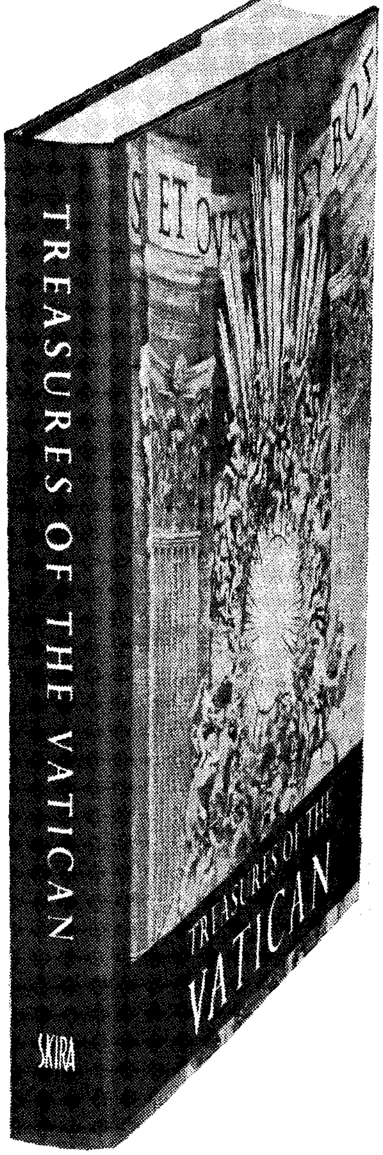

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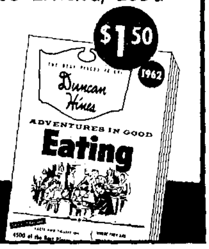

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draws Mrs. Tuchman's iciest scorn; and, indeed, as all R.O.T.C. students are asked to memorize, von Moltke's failure to concentrate more of his strength on his right was a horrible violation of basic principle. Still, he has had several defenders. He was wrong, but his reasons for being wrong were pretty good. Mrs. Tuchman might have included an additional slice of truth by saying more about them.

ANOTHER military history, "Night Drop," by S. L. A. Marshall (Little, Brown), is entirely unlike Mrs. Tuchman's beautiful, angry critique. The Marshall book, which describes the fighting by the American 82nd and 101st Airborne Divisions on the right flank of the Normandy invasion, is flawed by patches of spectacularly bad writing. There is no orderly, lucid, subtle organization; one is quickly lost in a hodgepodge of small-unit and even of individual actions, many of which make no sense, on the Cotentin Peninsula—though not by accident, or the author's oversight, but because that was what the battle was like. I think it's a splendid book.

The paratroopers were dropped in the early hours of D Day, before the main assault. They were followed by glider troops and, when the skies grew light, by the 4th Infantry Division, which landed on Utah Beach. The airborne soldiers were widely scattered. During the several days that Marshall examines, small clusters of soldiers wandered around doing what they could to help out the invasion, and it was difficult, because as often as not they were lost, out of contact, or so baffled by the situation that every effort seemed pointless. General Marshall, who is part soldier and part newspaperman (the Detroit *News*), knows as much about what happened on this battlefield as any man. It was his job, as historian for the European Theatre of Operations, to talk to the survivors. In the absence of unit journals, written orders, recorded telephone conversations, situation reports, and the rest of the paper that normally accumulates during a battle, Marshall's notes have been the basic source of practically everything that has been written about the action. This is the first time he himself has used them.

Marshall talked to everybody he could as soon as he could. Here, as in several of his other books, he is trying, as perhaps no one has ever tried before, to discover just exactly how men fight. The subject, as he would undoubtedly admit, remains mysterious. Still, he has

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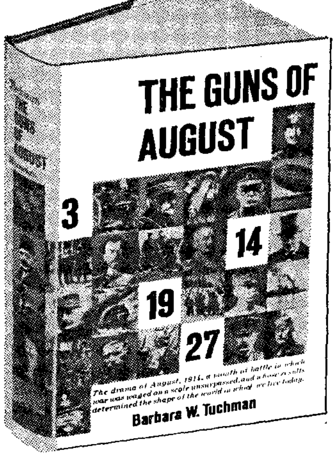

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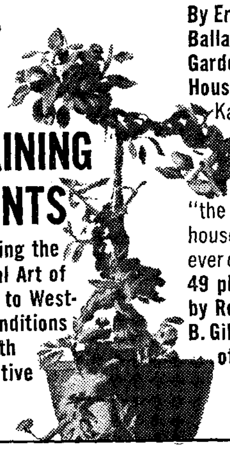

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at least approached the answer by using a remarkable technique that he had a hand in inventing—mass interviews of the survivors, in groups as large as the remainder of a battalion, within a few days after the battle. A soldier not only doesn't lie when everyone else who was there and can still talk is seated beside him; he also loses his sense of shame. So Marshall, as a combination group therapist and interlocutor, draws forth an astonishly candid narrative. It contains the facts, so far as the star witnesses, confronted by one another, can agree on them. It indicates the mood of the occasion. It reports how odd trivialities sometimes took precedence in the minds of the men over the large realities. It explains the influence of personalities, rumors, training, myths, the darkness of night, and all the infinite variety of circumstances that affect soldiers. The more one knows, the more incredible the whole enterprise becomes. There is hardly a page of "Night Drop" that does not present a staggering revelation. I suppose each reader will be flabbergasted by his own choices. The particular passage I cannot get out of my mind is Marshall's description of how—during the bloody struggle for the causeway on the Cherbourg side of the town of Carentan—one company, put into a state of shock by the action of two German dive-bombers, is overcome by irresistible sleepiness:

> Item [Company] was down and out. Flattening when the bombs fell, its men could not rise again, save for a sturdy half dozen, whose first thought was to evacuate the worst of the stricken. The great number fell victim to the deadly drowsiness that overtakes infantry after calamitous shock losses. They had no interest in what had happened to them; they expressed no curiosity about who had been hit. Lieutenant Robert G. Burns found he could not keep his men awake no matter how he tried. Some were in heavy sleep within two minutes of the bombing. It confused Burns; he could not tell which were the sleepers and which the wounded and dying. He saw men who, having tumbled down the bank, lay still with their bodies half in water . . . they were sleepers who . . . had not awakened when they slipped into the frigid marsh. . . . Item Company had become a cipher in the column.

There must be several hundred combat anecdotes in Marshall's book. A count would be difficult, because many of them are consecutive and it is hard to say where one breaks off and another begins. They are incredible stories, for the most part. Hardly anyone would dare invent the soldiers Marshall describes. Their actions are so preposterous that the reader enters a fantastic world where anything at all can hap-

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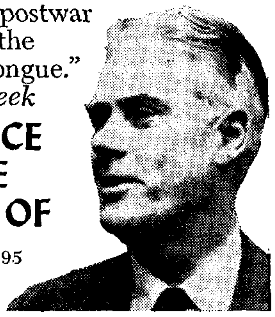

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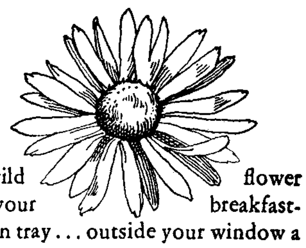

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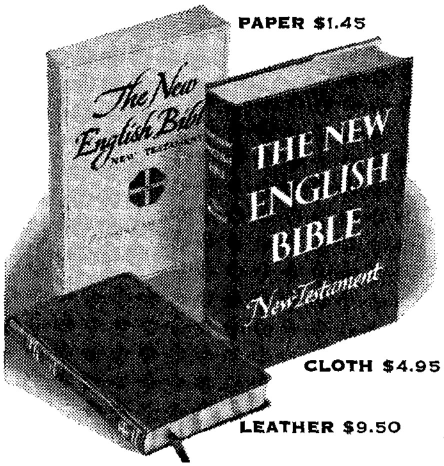
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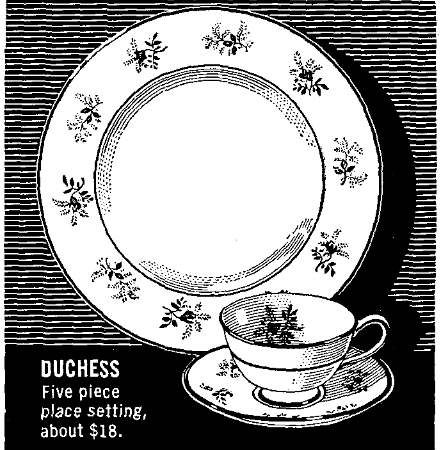
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pen. The power of the material is so formidable that everything falls before it, beginning with the imperfections in the writing. For "Night Drop" teaches as much as—perhaps more than—one can bear to know about the infantry's ordeal and the distinctions between heroes and cowards. —BRUCE BLIVEN, JR.

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

AMBASSADOR EXTRAORDINARY, by Paul Hyde Bonner (Scribners). A cheerful description of American diplomatic life in a Latin-American republic called Antilla. Sherman Biggs, the Ambassador, is a lecherous, greedy man of great wealth, whose gifts of money to the Party at home have earned him his present post. He is so awful that all those around him seem delightful, but there is really no story—it is only a charade, which is no doubt what Mr. Bonner intended.

THE NOVICE, by Giovanni Arpino (Braziller). This tinselly tale of a romance that blooms between a nineteen-year-old novice nun and a forty-year-old accountant is set in Turin. The novice was placed in the convent and dedicated to the religious life before she was old enough to know what was in store for her, and now she is anxious to escape the obligation of taking her final vows. The accountant is a shabby bachelor who craves relief from the dullness of his life.

A GIFT FOR GOMALA, by John Baxter (Lippincott). According to Mr. Baxter, everyone in Washington is playing hide-and-seek—in and out of offices, in and out of cocktail parties, in and out of bed, in and out of the public pocket. The time is the present, and the principals are nearly all State Department men and their wives. It is a light, gossipy work.

STORIES FROM MODERN RUSSIA, edited by C. P. Snow and Pamela Hansford Johnson (St. Martin's). Sir Charles and Lady Snow offer these half-dozen stories as a contribution to international understanding. Since they are one and all pious and sentimental Victorian tracts, and since we know that, from Isaac Babel to Boris Pasternak, another sort of Soviet fiction has written, the whole venture seems inexplicable.

GENERAL

A VIEW OF THE SPREE, by Alson J. Smith (John Day). A biography that rattles a skeleton in the author's

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own family closet—that of his great-aunt, an ambitious, sanctimonious woman of Connecticut Yankee descent and comfortable fortune who married, successively, two European noblemen and became for a time the mistress, mother-substitute, spiritual director, and political adviser of Wilhelm II, the German Emperor. The progress of Mary Esther Lee—first a wholesale grocer's daughter, then the Princess of Noër, and finally the Countess von Waldersee—from the domesticity of Little Old New York to the splashiness of Second Empire Paris and on to the crude animosities of the Hohenzollern court is nearly incredible. Every step of the way is fascinating, and the fact that the lady herself is loathsome doesn't hurt the story a bit.

EMERGENT AMERICANS: A REPORT ON "CROSSROADS AFRICA," by Harold R. Isaacs (John Day). Crossroads Africa is a private predecessor of the Peace Corps. Founded and run by the Reverend James H. Robinson, a Negro Presbyterian minister, it sends young Americans, both Negro and white, to work alongside Africans in the summer. Mr. Isaacs' objective study of the project shows that in its four years of life it has been a considerable success. The Americans, who arrived with preconceptions mostly based on Tarzan movies, learned about an Africa where snakes could be seen only at the zoo, and liked most of what they encountered, not including the native diet. The educated Africans who worked alongside them made the important discovery that there were educated people who did not find manual labor degrading, and liked them despite their folly. Mr. Isaacs is realistically aware that a few hundred such contacts will not revolutionize world relations, but he calls his book "Emergent Americans" because he thinks that the experience produces the kind of American fit to cope with the emergent African and Asian world. His intelligent and sensitive book is wonderfully cheering.

TOLSTOY REMEMBERED, by Sergei Tolstoy, translated from the Russian by Moura Budberg (Atheneum). This book is the work of Tolstoy's eldest son and consists of bits and pieces that were found among the latter's effects after his death in 1947. Its informality and the fact that its author had nothing to do with its publication are its chief (and considerable) virtues; to read it is to seem

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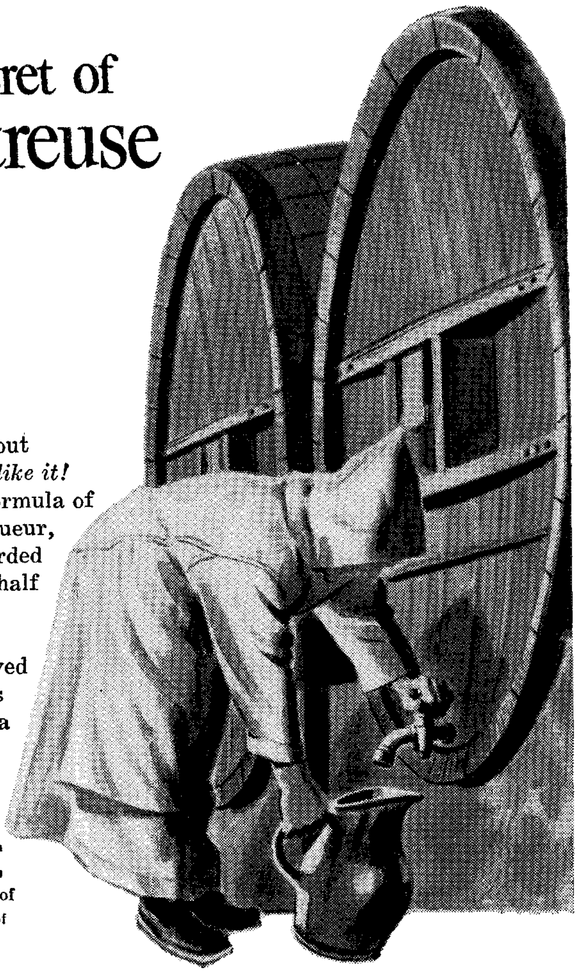

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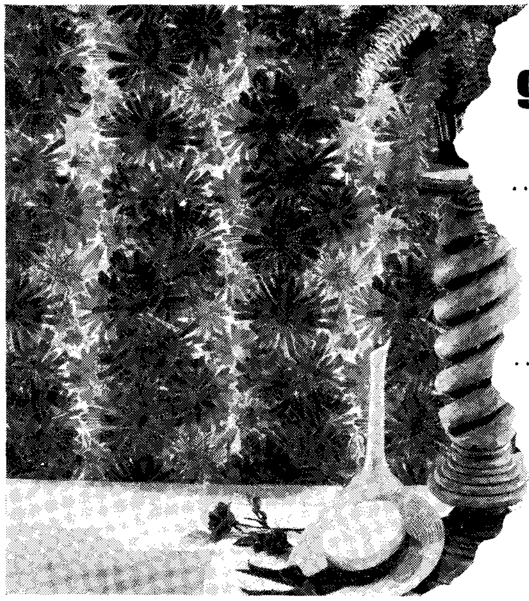

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to overhear an honest man talking to himself. It shows us Tolstoy in a variety of postures—wrangling with his young and middle-class wife (whom he wished to "mould to his own design"); alternately treating his children with annoyance, affection, and sarcasm; arousing the household with his nightmares; dreading death; trying to stop smoking; and, finally, running away from home at eighty-two to die as miserably as Ivan Ilyitch. But it is most illuminating when Sergei Tolstoy attempts to unravel his own tangled emotions: "We not only loved [Father], he occupied a great place in our lives; but we felt that he obliterated our personalities, so that sometimes we wanted to escape." The publishers have given this important addition to the Tolstoy literature the handsome mounting it deserves, but they have come close to botching it with careless proofreading.

THE IMPARTIAL KNIFE, by Peter Paris (McKay). A memoir by a young and pseudonymous English doctor of a working sojourn in Cyprus in 1958, the last year of the British occupation. The author's job was at the General Hospital in Nicosia, and the book is largely concerned with his professional experiences there, but since all his patients were Greek or Turkish Cypriots, and most of them (men, women, and children) were victims of the bloody civil war (shot, stabbed, clubbed, burned, starved), his recollections go far beyond mere medicine and show us, in the most shattering human terms, the underside of patriotism, nationalism, and colonialism. It might be added that Dr. Paris abhors with fierce impartiality all three of the pertinent isms. Hence the protective pseudonym.

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD, by Leslie R. Groves (Harper). General Groves, taking charge of his narrative in a military manner, tells in detail how the atomic bomb was devised, constructed, tested, and dropped. As the man who was in command of the Manhattan Project, Groves is especially mindful of the countless people and corporations involved in the two-billion-dollar job; the credits, as he dispenses them, are a wonder in themselves. Some of the material has been under security wraps until now, but the value of Groves' report is hardly a matter of old secrets declassified; the basic story is a thriller as strange as any chapter in

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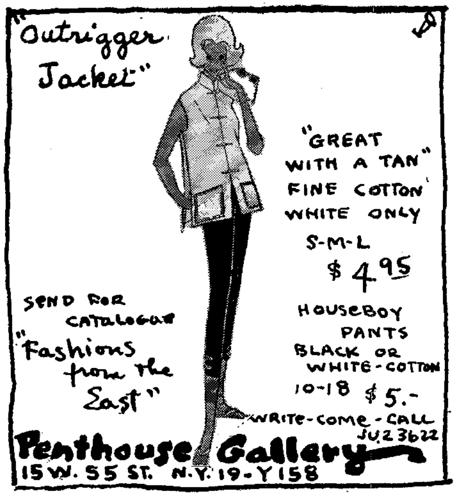
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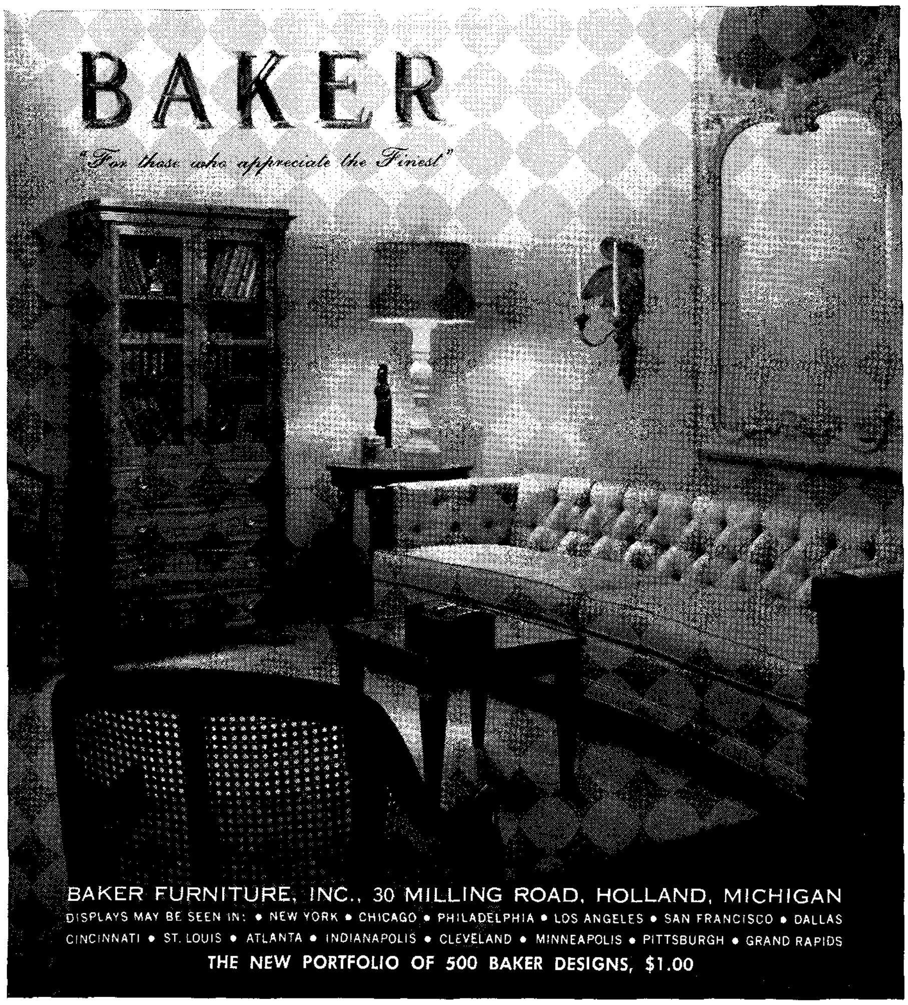
MEN WHO MAKE US RICH, by Edward Ziegler (Macmillan). An ambitious book, surveying America's whole economy and explaining how it works (and doesn't work) and where it's headed. Mr. Ziegler hovers indecisively between hilarity and wrath, and he isn't always careful to distinguish his opinions from generally accepted facts. Still, there's a good deal of commendably original thinking here, and Mr. Ziegler's attitude toward powerful entities like big government and big business is a nice, healthy disrespect.

A BOOK OF AUSTRALIA, edited and with an introduction by T. Inglis Moore (Collins). This anthology, the work of an associate professor of Australian literature at the Australian National University, in Canberra, is the first book of its kind to appear in this country, and, it may be, anywhere. It consists of two hundred selections—poems, folklore, frontier tales, biographical sketches, descriptive pieces, bits of local history, and the like—that combine to produce a remarkably vigorous and flavorful portrait of the world's remotest (and perhaps least understood) inhabited continent. Most of the writers, including most of the best (Joseph Furphy, Henry Lawson, Lance Skuthorp, Banjo Paterson, L. W. Lower), are workers or wanderers or journalists who wrote what they saw or heard or imagined in a fashion completely outside the genteel literary tradition, and it is both a pleasure and a revelation to make their acquaintance. The book also contains a number of excellent functional photographs that nicely supplement the text.

MERCHANTS OF ART: EIGHTY YEARS OF PROFESSIONAL COLLECTING, by Germain Seligman (Appleton-Century-Crofts). Mr. Seligman—one of the front-rank Paris-New York art dealers and the son of a possibly even more famous one, Jacques Seligmann—grew up in what will probably always remain the great days of art collecting, when fortunes were huge and unencumbered by taxes. With his father, he was among the first to undertake the dissemination of culture on a cash basis here, and the result is a book of memoirs in which anecdotes about such foreign collectors as Gustave Dreyfus, the Counts de Camondo, and the fabulous Roths-



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childs alternate with anecdotes about Frick, Hearst, Widener, and the equally fabulous Pierpont Morgan in this country. The anecdotes, to be sure, are discreet, but they are often revelatory, and the general atmosphere is perceptive and, in the best sense, worldly. Along the way, there are interesting sidelights to be noted. For example, paintings have only recently become a major predilection of big collectors; until at least the turn of the century, according to Mr. Seligman, who should know, they ranked well below marbles, works in cloisonné and other enamels, and bijouterie generally (which may explain the array of such articles that, as bequests, clutter so many of our minor museums today), and it is fascinating, in a slightly disheartening sort of way, to observe the treacle-slow fashion in which collectors, once they did become interested in buying paintings, were led on from such safe purchases as Boucher and Fragonard to an occasional dabble in contemporary art. A hundred and twenty-eight pages of illustrations, all in halftone. Ten dollars.

VERSE

THE GARDENER AND OTHER POEMS, by John Hall Wheelock (Scribners). Mr. Wheelock's first book of poems appeared in 1911; the present volume marks the fiftieth anniversary of that beginning. Wheelock, during his long career, has not deviated to any great extent from his original approach to art and to life. He has continued to profit by the example of the great Romantics, for whom the power of the imagination was sacred, and who saw the universal reflected in the temporal. The large, eloquent, and openly emotional poetic manner, by which the poet proceeds step by step to an intense crisis and a calm resolution, is now rare indeed, and any sort of transcendent belief is even rarer. Wheelock, at seventy-five, continues to express, with ordered and sustained power, his deepened sense of life's enigmatic revelations of harmony, fulfillment, and joy, and to affirm man's situation as the opposite of the absurd.

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